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THE NEW YORK MONTHLY • JULY 1989

SPV

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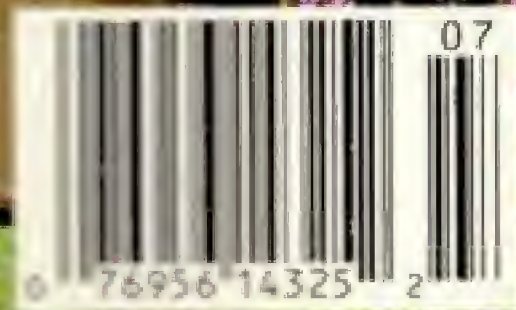
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THE INVASION OF
THE UGLY EUROPEANS!

*Family Day at the
Post-Box Summer Girl*



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PARTY MONSTERS

SPY'S PRO-AM IRONMAN
NIGHTLIFE DECATHLON III!



GEORGES MARCIANO

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This One



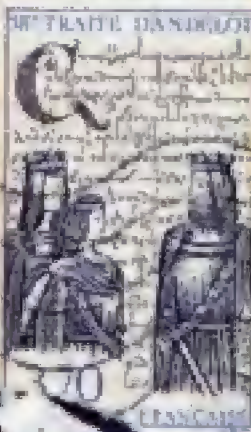
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Horitz

L.A. Willette

C'est kwǎń·trō mutch stīle

C'est Kwań trō, ǎ longue
with awl the wrest of elle. Her klōs,
her mǎn ner, her bāre ing, her
gewlery, her smīl. Wěn elle wawks in
two the rūm, hěds tērn—
mon mour thēn most. C'est awl
d'elle, but espeshelly c'est
her Kwǎń·trō, c'est mŭtch, mŭtch stīle.

COINTREAU

C'est kwǎń·trō onde rox.

C'est kwǎń·trō onde rox.

(Kwǎń·trō onde rox?)

SPY

JULY

DEPARTMENTS

GREAT EXPECTATIONS 9

NAKED CITY

► *Shame the Board of Education by playing the Public School Scandal-o-Matic! Find out why Saul Steinberg is sore and Nancy Friday is magnanimous! In The Fine Print: eavesdrop along with the FBI on Hollywood phone conversations! Plus: How to write for Cosmopolitan* 24

THE SPY MAP

► *High profile, low rent: a guide to really cheap apartments, and the famous, well-connected people who live in them, sometimes illegally, by JULIUS LOWENTHAL. Illustrated by FLINT BORN* 86

PARTY POOP

► *The Second Annual Celebrity Pro-Am Ironman Nightlife Decathlon* ... 104

NEW, IMPROVED NEW YORK

► *The Big Blue Way (formerly 42nd Street). Illustrated by SEAN EARLEY* 120

FEATURES

YOUNG BUCKS

► *Once, William F. Buckley Jr. was the intellectual lion of the American right, positing his reactionary opinions with dash and verve. Today he is a toothless cat in winter, spending his time churning out travel books and greatest-hits collections, reserving just enough time for some reflexive punditry to keep up his image. Meanwhile the fight is on to find the Young Foggy with sufficient right stuff to fill his shoes. BOB MACK rounds up the postadolescent pretenders to Buckley's throne* 68

HEY! HOW MANY PEOPLE DID YOU KILL TODAY?

► *More than you think. And sure, as we prove, everybody's guilty. But if everybody pushed somebody off a cliff, would you do it, too? PETER HEFFERNAN sifts through the statistics, tallies the toll and provides the perfect antidote to a clear conscience* 80

SI C'ÉTAIT MARDI AUJOURD'HUI, CE SERAIT MANHATTAN

► *European Tourists: they're rude, they're unimpressed and though they'll eventually go home, it won't be soon enough. GEORGE KALOGERAKIS studies the poor tippers, snooty provincials, rapt Oh! Calcutta! watchers and all the other foreigners with cameras, Baedekers and bad attitudes who walk among us. A xenophobe's delight* 88

SALUTE TO THE TWINKIE

► *Okay. First get a big block of clammy beef suet. Grind it until the veins are all mushed up. Then — well, maybe you should take a few deep breaths and read the article. JANE and MICHAEL STERN offer detailed instructions on how you can create America's favorite lunch-box snack in the relative safety of your own kitchen. Also: professional chefs go head to head in SPY's Twinkie Bake-off* 96

COLUMNS

► **HENRY "DUTCH" HOLLAND.** *Short sentences. Review of Reviewers; JO STOCKTON thanks God she doesn't work at Harper's Bazaar in The Trade; ANNE WILLIAMSON watches as the American PR machine bloodies a Soviet sacrificial lamb, all for the sake of Selling; CELIA BRADY on trouble spots in The Industry; and ELLIS WEINER on How to Be a periodically penitent candy-snarfing Grown-up* 110

OUR UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE

► *By ROY BLOUNT JR.* 119



THE COVER

Emily Lloyd photographed by Bonnie Schiffman. Clothing: Screaming Mimi's, NYC. Backdrop: Rick Elden. Hair and makeup: Deborah Howell for Cloutier. Jewelry: Paul Monroe for Einsteins. Dresser: Melody Sachs. Stylist: Barbara Frank (represented by Olive Head). Thanks to Randy Dunbar.



1989

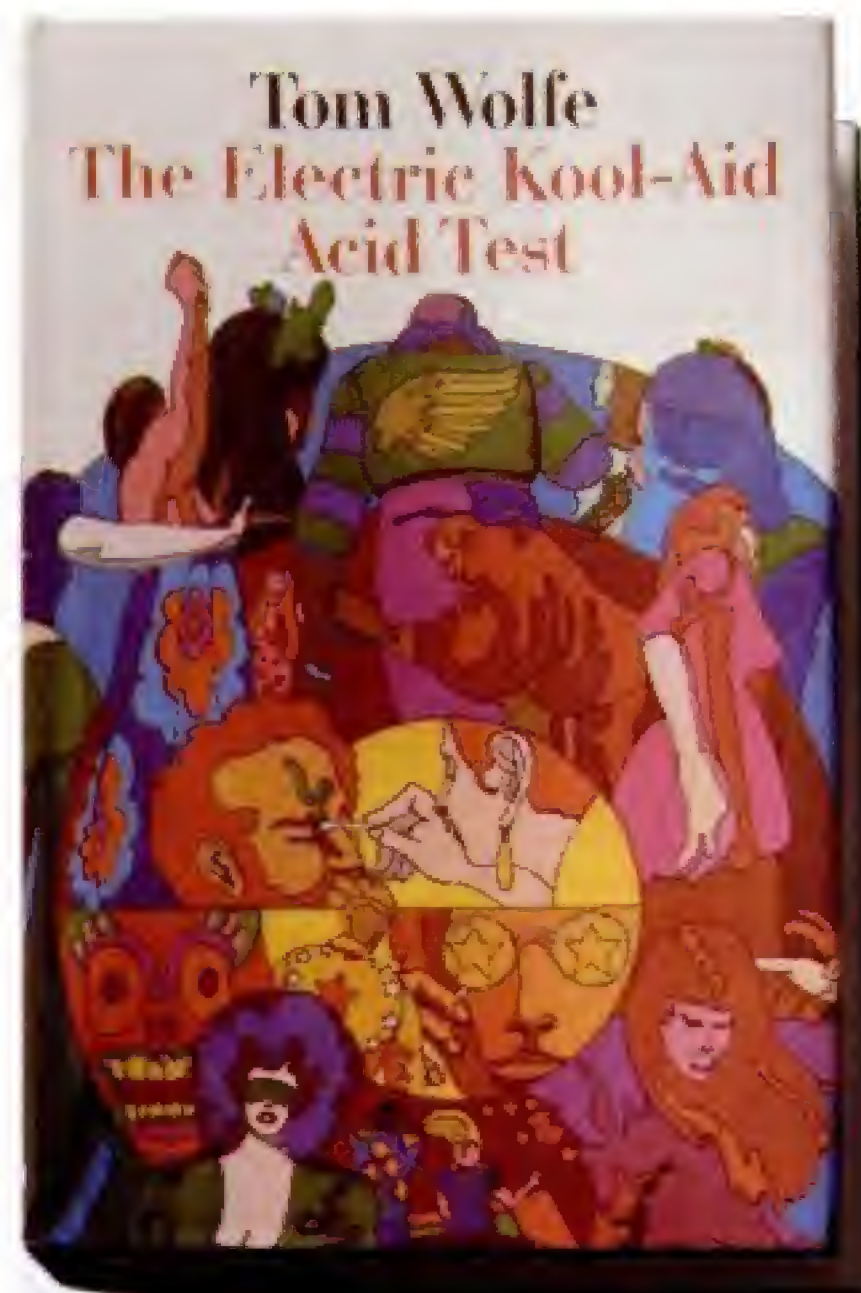
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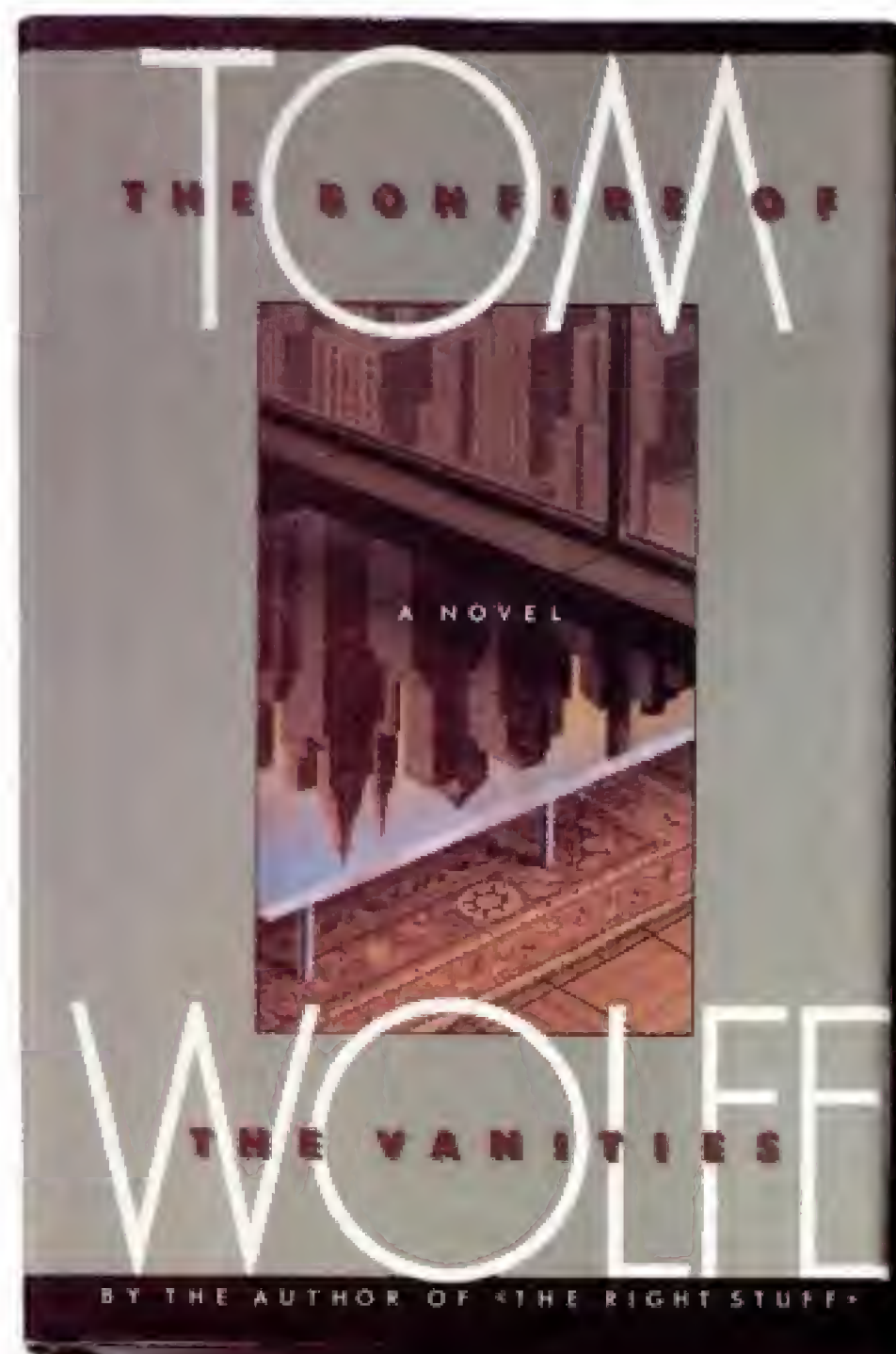
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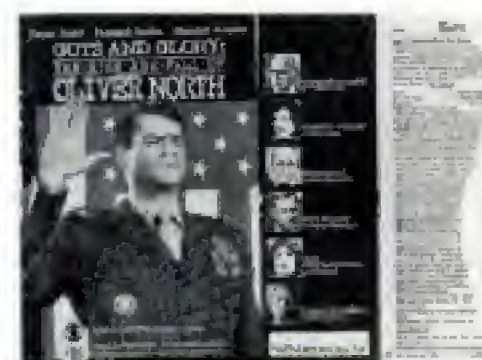


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IT'S IN JULY, OF COURSE, AFTER THE POP-BOTTLE-ROCKET HAZE HAS DRIFTED OFF, THAT THE HEY-wow-it's-summer smiles become strained and fixed. It's in July when the weekend respites from the city begin to feel more compulsive than serene, more Godard than Ralph Lauren, when American Express chairman James Robinson's recent assessment of his countrymen ("I think we're nuts") seems precise and fair, when over a supper of fresh sweet corn you hear of the season's first devil-baby murder—the inevitable hot-weather tenement infanticide. It's in July when even *Honey, I Shrunk the Kids* seems a reasonable price to pay for 100

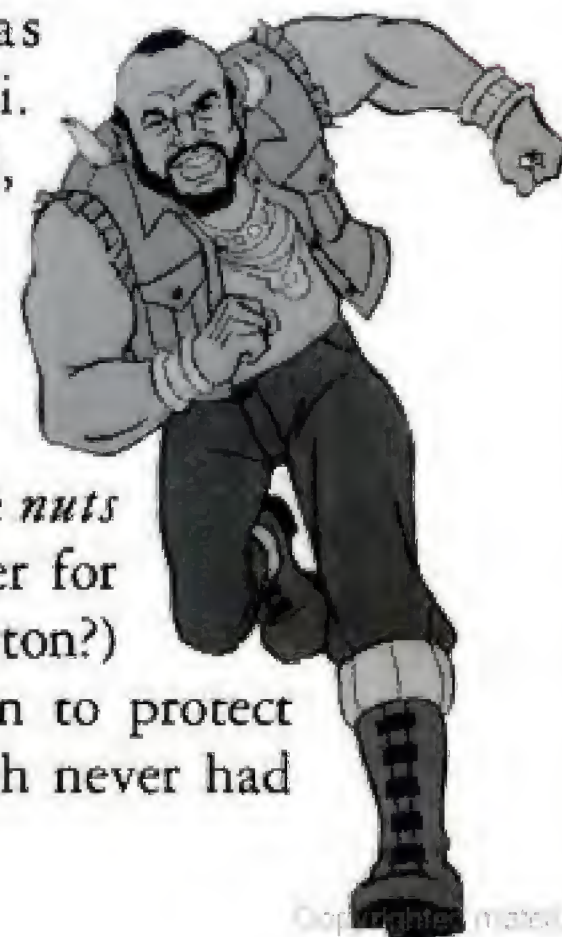
minutes of air-conditioning, when the attractive patina of perspiration turns to greasy, steamy midsummer rivulets, as if a Sabrett vendor were draining his day-old weenie broth over your neck and thighs, when nothing's on TV but Home Shopping Network and reruns of *The A-Team*. And if the reruns aren't dispiriting enough, a star of *The A-Team* remains physically among us, walking, talking. "Donald Trump," the shouting, swaggering, unsmiling, shiny-clothes-wearing black TV oddity declared just as Trump bought his batch of black-bashing newspaper-ad demagoguery, "is the white Mr. T." Precisely. And whenever the white Mr. T and the black Mr. T appear in the same sentence, our thoughts turn involuntarily to Bob Guccione (the white Don King). Guccione was on



trial all last spring, sued by a former *Penthouse* Pet whom he allegedly kept as a sex "slave." Among those who testified against Guccione was

t's in July

Italian movie producer Franco Rossellini. "Your liver is not functioning!" he screamed, inscrutably, at Guccione's attorney while under cross-examination. "You look like a maniac, not a lawyer." Rossellini turned to the judge: "He's a maniac, your honor. Take me away from him." In other words, now the *nuts* are saying, *I think they're nuts*. A lawyer for Oliver North (is he the white Huey Newton?) said that North carried a concealed weapon to protect himself from "the nut element." Alas, North never had



an opportunity to use the gun at his anticlimactic trial. One day as he was being cross-examined North said, "I want to be very straightforward." A little while later he said, "I'm not trying to be cute." Then he said, once more, "I'm not trying to be cute." Then he said, "I'm not trying to be evasive." Finally—this is still the same day—North told the prosecutor, "I don't want to sound disingenuous." North, whose prosecution cost the state more than \$15 million, was convicted on 3 counts out of 12; the docudrama, which cost \$7 million, achieved a 14 rating and 23 share. Now 57 percent of Americans (according to Gallup) want a presidential pardon for North. You think we're nuts?

As summer began, North's old ally Manuel Noriega simply *would not leave*, even though his more stylish, better-educated countrymen wanted him to. "We've shown that yuppies don't make good revolutionaries," one middle-class Panamanian opposition leader said, evidently forgetting about Thomas Jefferson—gentleman farmer, design buff, wine fancier, sharp dresser and good revolutionary.

Today's Jefferson (the white Jefferson, you might say) is Dan Quayle. Consider

the uncanny parallels. Jefferson: fair-haired, well-to-do extremist, youngish vice president, drafted Declaration of Independence. Quayle: fair-haired, well-to-do extremist, youngish vice president, avoided draft. Jefferson: went to Paris as ambassador to France, spring 1784. Quayle: went to embassy reception as vice president, heard Republican representative Claudine Schneider speaking French, spring 1989. "I was recently on a tour of Latin America," Schneider says the vice president told her, "and the only regret I have was that I didn't study Latin harder in school so I could converse with those people."

Quayle is a Junior Achievement Reagan, and so naturally the Bush administration's version of the Strategic Defense Initiative has a goofy, low-tech, model-rocket-club aspect. The centerpiece of Bush's SDI, Brilliant Pebbles, has just had its breakthrough 20-second flight test. We think we're nuts: our nuclear defense is to depend on hundreds of satellites the size and shape of an overweight five-year-old (3 feet tall, 100 pounds) that simply smash into any enemy objects in their path (like a mob of overweight five-year-olds).

Speaking of U.S. attacks on Russia,

Bon Jovi and Mötley Crüe (no black equivalents) are performing in the Soviet Union next month. Such a musical summer, with the whole planet feeling fantastic. Mötley Crüe in Moscow, Bob Dylan at Bally's casino in his Atlantic City debut, the Woodstock reunion... and right here in New York, New York, on the U.S.S. *Intrepid*, the World War II aircraft carrier turned failed museum, a benefit performance by Frank Sinatra and the black Joel Grey—Sammy Davis Jr.!

Just before Frank and Sammy performed, H. H. Rafsanjani, the speaker of the Iranian parliament (the not-altogether-white Jim Wright), suggested that terrorists avenge a Palestinian's death by killing the entire Rat Pack—Frank, Sammy, Dino, Joey, Peter. Of course, Lawford's already dead, and the Irani leader didn't, in fact, target the Rat Pack *specifically*, in a Rushdie sense; he just proposed a body-count equivalency of 5 to 1: five Americans (including, implicitly, tired American entertainers) to be murdered for every one Palestinian killed. "It is not hard to kill Americans or Frenchmen," Rafsanjani said jauntily. We think we're nuts. But we think they're nuttier. ☛

MICA PARIS

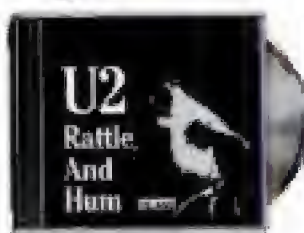


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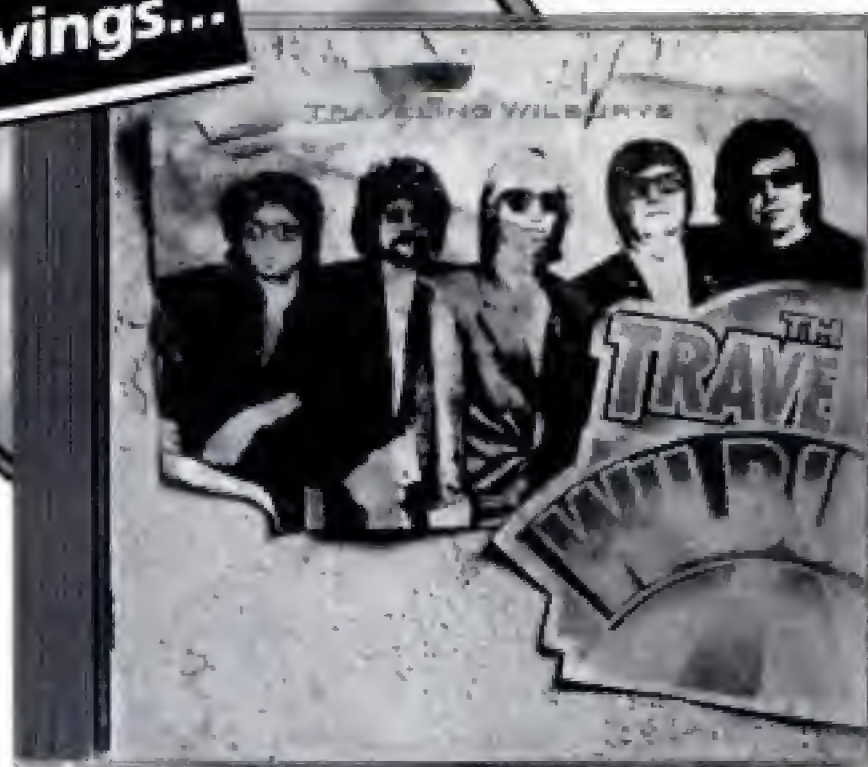
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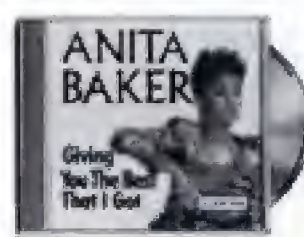
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COCKTAIL/Original Soundtrack	1 0 0 4 5 9
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INXS: Kick	1 5 3 6 0 6
VANGELIS: Direct	1 0 0 4 7 0
BARBARA COOK: The Disney Album	1 0 0 8 5 4
Slimia: RUSSIAN SHOWPIECES	1 5 4 3 5 8
K.T. OSLIN: This Woman	1 0 0 5 7 9
KENNY G.: Silkroad	1 0 0 6 0 3
VIVALDI, THE FOUR SEASONS	1 1 5 3 5 6
D.J. JAZZY JEFF & THE FRESH PRINCE: He's the D.J. I'm The Rapper	2 6 4 1 3 4
KARYN WHITE	1 0 0 8 3 2
ROY ORBISON: Mystery Girl	1 0 0 8 4 2
THE SUN STORY	2 4 4 5 3 4
WINGER	1 0 0 8 3 0
TCHAIKOVSKY, 1812 OVERTURE Solti/Chicago Symphony	1 2 5 1 7 9
TRACY CHAPMAN	1 5 3 5 8 2

RANDY TRAVIS: Old 8 x 10	1 0 0 0 0 8
VAN HALEN: 1984	1 5 0 8 1 3
SEGNOVIA PLAYS PONCE	1 6 3 5 7 9
DIRTY DANCING/Original Soundtrack	1 8 2 5 2 2
MORE DIRTY DANCING Original Soundtrack	1 3 0 7 6 6
DIRTY DANCING LIVE IN CONCERT	2 0 1 0 2 6
GUNS N' ROSES: Lies	1 0 0 8 0 5
RICK ASTLEY: Hold Me in Your Arms	1 0 0 6 8 4

CHICK COREA: Acoustic Band	1 0 1 0 0 8
LOU REED: New York	1 0 1 0 5 8
PERLMAN: French Violin Showpieces	1 1 5 4 5 7
TDNE-LOC: Lee-Ed After Dark	1 0 1 0 3 3
METALLICA: And Justice For All	2 0 0 4 7 8
TIFFANY: Hold An Old Friend's Hand	1 0 0 7 0 7
BOBBY McFERRIN: Simple Pleasures	1 6 4 1 6 5

REM: GREEN	1 0 0 7 1 5
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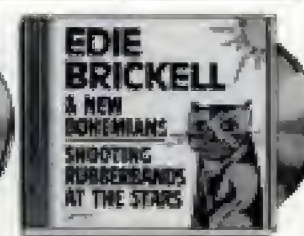
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STEVE WINWOOD: Roll With It	1 5 4 6 3 3
BEETHOVEN, SYMPH. NO. 7 Previn/Philharmonia	1 5 3 6 2 1
MELISSA ETHERIDGE	1 6 0 3 5 2
REPLACEMENTS: Don't Tell A Soul	1 0 1 0 2 4

CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG: American Dream	1 0 0 7 1 4
CHARLIE PARKER & DIZZY GILLESPIE: Bird & Diz	1 7 3 4 1 3
ENYA: Watermark	1 0 1 0 4 1
RUSH: A Show Of Hands	2 0 0 6 0 8



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FLEETWOOD MAC: Greatest Hits	1 0 0 7 9 6
20 YEARS OF JETHRO TULL	2 0 0 8 1 7
DAVE BRUSIN: Collection	1 0 0 9 2 9
BEST OF DIRE STRAITS: Money For Nothing	1 0 0 7 1 3
BEST OF STEELY DAN: Decade	1 5 4 1 3 5
KISS: Smashes, Thrashes & Hits	1 0 0 7 3 6
ELVIS PRESLEY: 18 No. 1 Hits	1 7 2 1 9 0
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1953



1956



1959



1961



1962



1965



1966



1967



1973



1974



1975



1977



1980



1981



1982



1984



1985



1987



We've never been one to seek change just for the sake of change, but in our two centuries of brewing, we've had our share of classic packages.

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From the SPY mailroom: More controversy, but on a less combustible level than last month's melee. In the March letters section Dave Platt of Winnipeg, while responding to a letter we published last November from Michael



Gates of Jersey City, stated that he'd like to start a "personal feud" with Mr. Gates. "I throw down the gauntlet," in

fact, is how he closed. Mr. Gates has now picked it up. "Don't be silly, Platt. What kind of chucklehead could read this publication regularly and not detect the facetious tilt of my back-handed valentine to SPY?" writes Mr. Gates, in part. "Reply if you dare. Or end this fractious feud before it escalates into a media circus we'll both regret." Charles Comerford of Boston has also got into the act, chiding Mr. Platt for his professed affinity for writing letters to the editor. Mr. Platt, writes Mr. Comerford, is "no George Plimpton . . . no William F. Buckley." In sum, Mr. Comerford avers, Mr. Platt's letter "was incredibly wimpy."

Does it matter what any of this is about? No. But all the same, we are thinking of phoning George Lois or Bobby Zarem to get their views.

Someone has sent us a petition, now being circulated at Northwestern University, that calls for the school to take the following actions: "Arrange for the transfer of Bob Greene's academic credits to the accredited two- or four-year college or technical institution of his choice" and "Formally remove Bob Greene from the list of Northwestern alumni, with consequent loss of all privileges pertaining thereto (including aquatic facilities)." If we were people, instead of a 124-page, Choctaw-gloss-stock-printed, four-color, perfect-bound monthly periodical, we just might sign it.

Attention readers who may be fictional characters: the fictional phone number for the fictional ad agency in *thirtysomething* is 555-5104, not 555-5401 (see *The Fine Print*, April). Michael Abunda, a San Francisco man who not only notices such things but writes to 124-page, Choctaw-gloss-stock-printed, four-color, perfect-bound

monthly periodicals about them, wonders if our "little play" wasn't actually responsible for putting the agency out of business last season.

Gena Feist (Hunter College High School '87) writes to say that her school was doing look-alikes "many years before your magazine began publishing." (See this space, March.) Okay, okay, we'll own up: the idea for SPY's "Separated at Birth?" didn't come from *Private Eye*, or the old *Vanity Fair*, or the nineteenth-century *Illustrated American*, or the mirror scene in *Duck Soup*, or *The Patty Duke Show*, or *A Tale of Two Cities*. It came, rather, from the supposedly uncanny resemblance between two hitherto anonymous Hunter teachers named Floersch and Boyle. In a postscript, Ms. Feist also demands that we "stop picking on Elvis Costello." Oh, fine, Ms. Feist—and if you had your way, Costello would probably be on the cover of the magazine!

We won't deny it: we just don't know which of Alan Feinstein's letters we like best. The Philadelphia reader wrote to us January 21 as follows: " 'Reverse sexism!' That's what you are. Re January's 'Mr. Stupid Goes to Washington,' why are there no dumb congress-WOMEN among your ten dumbest? Surely SPY advocates equal-opportunity vacuity! Come on, SPY. Surely among 28 lady lawmakers, there must be at least one proctologist's delight! EGALitarianistically yours . . . "

And precisely six weeks later, on March 4: "Your January issue on the ten dumbest congressmen was definitely reverse chauvisim [*sic*] for failing to include at least one dumb congresswoman! Surely, e.g., Pat Schroeder's presidential crying spells qualify her, if not her gimlet eyes. Certainly Barbara Mikulski's obesity and nerdy eyeglasses deem her eligible for at least being dumb-looking. C'mon, SPY. Let's hear it for equal-opportunity fatuity! Egalitarianistically . . . "

Admit it: it's close. In the January 21 letter Feinstein opens strong, makes inventive use of capital letters ("congressWOMEN," "EGALitarianistically") and shows that he has at his disposal the hard facts required to give his argument a solid foundation ("28 lady lawmakers"). On the other hand—de-

DEAR EDITORS I have a question about "Chronicle of Our Death Foretold, A SPY Public Service Countdown." Is this some form of gloating? Or is SPY just letting its readers know that good things do come to an end and it's only a matter of weeks before a New York monthly teetering on the brink of financial collapse is bought out and renamed *Trump* magazine?

Wally Glenn

Seattle, Washington

It is some form of gloating, wishful division. (There already was, by the way, a Trump magazine—a humorous monthly in the 1950s, published, appropriately, by Playboy Inc.)

DEAR EDITORS What's the difference between Donald Trump and John Tower?

A hyphen, as opposed to a comma, in punctuating the phrase *short fingered vulgarian*.

Also, have you ever thought of an audio version of "Separated at Birth," i.e., two people who *sound* alike? If so, do this: listen to the president's next speech with your eyes closed, and picture Liberace (whose catchphrase used to be "I wish my brother George was here.")

John Pappajohn

Columbia, Maryland

And with George McGovern, triplets.

DEAR EDITORS I read your magazine faithfully. Like your other readers, I enjoy your sarcastic gibes immensely. I do feel that I would enjoy the overall reading experience more, however,

if only I knew what Liz Smith's tote board was about. Please explain.

Robert Ogilvie

New York

The Liz Smith Tote Board is nothing more than a monthly compilation of (a) some of the names and (b) the factually accurate, well-written sentences that have appeared recently in her column.

DEAR EDITORS Your article on Literacy Volunteers of New York City [The Usual Suspects, January/February] was replete with inaccuracies. To begin with, Liz Smith's column cited our

organization, not Literacy Volunteers of America (as you referred to us in your article). While both Arnold Scaasi and Pam Sarnoff are strong supporters of Literacy Volunteers and both serve on one of our benefit committees, neither is on our board of directors. I am sorry that you used mention of our organization as an opportunity to swipe at Ms. Sarnoff. She has worked long, hard hours for the cause of adult literacy.

Eli Zal

Executive Director

Literacy Volunteers of

New York City Inc.

New York

DEAR EDITORS Who reads your magazine, anyway?

Although I have only started reading SPY over the past few months, I have enjoyed what I have read so far. Something in your March issue, however, took me by surprise.

The reason I put off buying your periodical for so long is that most people I know who read you do so very boisterously. They assume that making a big deal about going to buy you, carrying you around the city and quoting from you endlessly—and loudly—will make them more appealing to the general populus [*sic*]. I usually play down the fact that I read you, regardless of how clever you actually are, because I do not want to become a pseudointellectual monster who is always ready to share my *au-currant* [*sic*] thoughts with anyone who might be unfortunate enough to share a sidewalk with me. In short, I do not want to be categorized as what you so rightly call

LETTERS TO SPY

the wittingly hip ["The Irony Epidemic," by Paul Rudnick and Kurt Andersen, March].

It seems to me that the very people you mock are the majority of the people who make out your paychecks, pay for your meals and pop for your overpriced Manhattan rents. Besides the advertisers, we are the ones who feed you, so I would appreciate it if you would kindly unlock your jaws from my hand and decide exactly who it is that you want to make fun of.

William B. Azaroff

Vancouver,

British Columbia

Canada

spite "chauvisim"—the March 4 letter shows a more mature Feinstein at work. The back-to-back "Surely"/"Surely" sentences have given way to the more interesting "Surely"/"Certainly" construction, and Feinstein has clearly done some soul-searching before confidently nudging two candidates (Schroeder and Mikulski) in our direction. More mature, yes—and also, thankfully, more at ease and familiar: "Come on, SPY" (stiff, formal) has in the second missive been rewritten as "C'mon, SPY" (*Let's party!*).

Earlier this year Jason de Menil, our Cambridge pen pal, told *Boston Magazine* (which had inexplicably published a story about his correspondence with us) that he'd written his final letter to SPY, at least under his own name. After cooler heads talked us in off the ledge, we resigned ourselves to a barren, De Menil-less existence, characterized by a notable drop in the number of sarcastic-notes-with-résumés-attached. Now comes another De Menil missive (incredibly, just a few months after the Halbfinger resurfacing). But it's a bit of a letdown. He writes that he "resents" the attacks on both himself and on SPY cub reporter-at-large Eric Kaplan™, whom he describes as an "intimate friend." (Eric™ claims never to have met him.) But then his letter meanders. No job request, no dressing-down for editorial shortfalls, no mention of the imminent university degree. This De Menil is a doppelgänger!

Quanā L. Bice of Weehawken, New Jersey, apparently became overexcited when she learned a while back that we would be running a letter of hers. When the letter didn't run, she wrote again, saying she was "disgusted and disillusioned by this whole ordeal." We're sorry, and a little surprised at ourselves. When a magazine is given the opportunity to print the words *Quanā L. Bice* and passes, something is wrong.

"I beg you not to print Tim R. Colvin of Santa Monica's letter regarding poetry in SPY," writes A. Stephen Aday of Los Angeles. It seems Aday bet Colvin he couldn't get a haiku published in this magazine, and Colvin—claims Aday—has attempted an end run by trying to sneak it in as a letter to the editor. The stakes are high: a vegetarian sushi

lunch (West Coast, remember). Gee, we get so much mail, and so much of it in haiku, that we're not sure which one is your friend's. Was it this one?

Old Scotch
Frog jump in
The sound of people crying

No? Look, either way, we'll probably just save it for our haiku issue, where it will be judged strictly on its own merit, with no consideration given to raw-fish wagers between West Coast readers.

An L.A. woman named Judith Margolis claims she was fired from her job as a movie director's production assistant when she ran a "personal errand" while chauffeuring the director's wife around town. Because the errand involved buying a copy of SPY, Margolis now feels entitled to a T-shirt or a complimentary subscription. Well, maybe, but how do we know this isn't an elaborate hoax—that you were never fired, that you and the director and his wife aren't planning to just share free copy after free copy of SPY? *Bring us his broomstick.*

Message to SPY-reading residents of Bellevue, Washington: Dorene Centioli-McTigue did *not* submit the proposal on "The Best Pizza I Ever Ate." Leave her alone.

Finally, a private, for-her-eyes-only message to Linda Fernbacher of Barrington, Illinois (so as not to embarrass her): Yes, that's exactly right—that *is* where we got the name. ☺

C O R R E C T I O N S

In the May Usual Suspects, Bill Blass was cited as the recipient of *Women's Wear Daily* editor John Fairchild's pleas for an invitation to the Sid Bass-Mercedes Kellogg wedding. The oldish fashion guy was in fact Oscar de la Renta.

Also in the May issue, a photograph in our story on Ivana Trump was captioned incorrectly. The lovely, very blond, bespectacled lady pictured with Ivana on page 92 is Donald Trump's mother, not Ivana's.

An item in the June Usual Suspects had Connie Chung leaving NBC and going to work for ABC News; she of course went to CBS News. SPY deeply regrets the error.

DEAR EDITORS **T**o Camp Lite or not to Camp Lite? While reading the SPY Trip Tip on the Tragedy in U.S. History Museum [March], I noticed that the article was pandering to the very Bobs and Bettys you lambaste in that same issue's cover story. Steve O'Donnell even finds a way to mention Patty Duke's TV father in the article—a sure sign of a *Nick at Nite* viewer. Well, isn't *that* ironic.

Jamie Berger
Charlottesville, Virginia

DEAR EDITORS **D**id you ever stop to consider that "finger quotations" are the moral equivalent of the italics that SPY so shamelessly brandishes? Sort of embarrassing, isn't it?

Bryan A.C. Kelly
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

DEAR EDITORS **W**ould the authors admit (beyond citing your masthead as being wittingly hip) that SPY is really the ultimate reflection of the Irony Epidemic? After all, half of what makes SPY so great is the relentless sarcasm. (And is there really that much difference between sarcasm and irony? Excepting, of course, your "Nice" issues [April 1988 and May 1989], which I see as you "air quoting" your own sarcasm and acknowledging it.) The other half is the very referentialism scorned in the article, albeit on a more elite (and therefore more hip) level than Camp Lite. Aren't SPY's pages full of references that pat the hip on the back for getting it, while making the unhip feel even less hip for not being up on things?

Speaking of which, I don't know who Joe Franklin is—does this make me unhip? Is it because I'm not a New Yorker?

Rachel Schreiber
Chicago, Illinois

When you say you don't know who Joe Franklin is, are you being sarcastic? When you say "unhip," do you mean "unhip"—or "unhip"? And finally, are you living in Chicago ironically?

DEAR EDITORS **A**s I sit here in my vintage forties housedress and granny glasses, reading *Star* magazine by the light of my lava lamp as the soothing sounds of the Bee Gees waft overhead, I wonder why your article neglected to in-

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clude one invaluable accessory for the wittingly hip: SPY. The ironically chic knowingly—if nervously—laugh at SPY just as they laugh at Monkees reruns: *Hey, I read this magazine—but I don't let it run my life!*

What could be more Camp Lite than your exposé of sitcom art? Your in-depth analysis of seventies icons and eighties throwbacks? Your snide but obsessive references to the plaid suit/Barcalounger counterculture? Doesn't your sniping strike anyone as a little, well, ungrateful?

Elaine Chen

Cambridge, Massachusetts

DEAR EDITORS I find it highly ironic that a magazine with a movie-allusion name and movie-allusion columnist pen names is coming down so hard on TV allusionism. So, what, Ignatz is True Camp and Illya is only Camp Lite? And correct me if I'm wrong, but isn't it the ultimate in ironic knowingness to do a photo essay contrasting the unwittingly hip with the wittingly hip [*"Eating Meat Loaf Near the Unisphere: Let Us Now Praise the Unwittingly Hip," March*]? I mean, if you can tell the difference, aren't you part of the problem? (Or did you get a note from Mom: *Paul, Kurt and Jenny have my permission to be wittingly hip without being labeled Camp Lite?*) You are, after all, the folks who love to ridicule the outer boroughs and Canada. Isn't that the magazine equivalent of going bowling?

Pam Ozaroff

Albany, New York

Mock? Expose? Lambaste? Snipe? Jeez, you people are touchy. We'll say it sincerely and straightforwardly just this once: we're not necessarily against air quotes, or sarcasm, or referentialism, or TV allusionism, or knowingness, or, God knows, irony. We just said there was an awful lot of it around.

DEAR EDITORS I'm not trying to defend Dr. Stuart Berger, whom you exposed in your March 1989 issue [*"Take 50 of These, Fork Over Some Cash and Call Me in the Morning,"* by Jennifer Conlin]. He does sound fairly plausible at first, but his books make it clear that his research and even his case histories are thin. Still, there is something so appealing about an expert who plays on our culture's phobias and comes up with the ultimate answer to all problems: "Gee,

maybe it's something I ate!" Mom always warned us to eat right. . . .

Seriously, patients who allow themselves to be victimized by self-aggrandizing doctors begin with self-deception. People have to learn (sometimes the hard way) that doctors and other "experts" must earn our trust. And some doctors are not worthy of that trust, no matter how famous they are, how famous their patients are, or how personally charming they may be.

Irene Vartanoff

Rockville, Maryland

DEAR EDITORS You must be flooded with letters about Dr. Robert Giller, who doesn't "recall any severe reactions" only because he practices selective amnesia. Eight hours after I allowed myself to be injected with a horse syringe full of pink liquid (I was certainly practicing selective stupidity), my back muscles became so weak that I couldn't hold my head up.

Giller *never* returned my rather frantic phone call. When I called him again to find out what was actually in the shot so my regular doctor could know, he told me he would have to get back to me. Three days later he called. Along with the megadoses of assorted vitamins that were "easier to digest intravenously" came a whopping dose of adrenal extracts that can and did have a powerful negative effect.

I was very ill for at least a month. Fortunately, my stupidity didn't turn out to be terminal. May others never put themselves to the test.

Barbara Maltby

New York

DEAR EDITORS As the offspring of a well-respected linguist, I was truly floored by your fab "Laughter, the International Language" [by Paul Simms, March]. It proved, if nothing else, that slang is the international babble. It was a stroke of genius, the essence of grooviness, a laff riot. You get the picture.

I was so impressed, I drafted this very letter and dashed it off to Dad. He translated it into French. A friend of his translated the French into Dutch. Another converted the Dutch into Arabic, and yet another turned the Arabic into Hebrew. Then it was retranslated into English. Sound familiar? Below, the result of this

round-robin. (Unfortunately, the guy who translated the Arabic had a limited vocabulary in that language, but don't worry. What he couldn't translate into Hebrew, he made up.)

Mason Resnick

Highland Park, New Jersey

RERERERETRANSLATION:

DEAR EDITORS Young birds of language are wishing much respect, on the parquet of truth, using detergent "Language Laughter Universe." Nothing but large mistakes are nonsense in an arm-brace. It was a heart attack on intelligence, mostly an odor of lovemaking, but a confrontation of laughs. So take a photograph, please.

I joined the army, embossed my digit, cut it off and gave it to Dad. A French fellow was Dutch. Another joined the heathens in Arabia. In Hebrew it sounds British. Did you hear something? Underneath, this is a fat red bird's production. (Excuse, the Arabic converter was squashed into a linguistic verb you know, but don't think about it. In Hebrew, he is she but couldn't be made.)

Mason Resnick

Highland Park, New Jersey

DEAR EDITORS Others may be fooled by your declared cease-fire against megacapitalist Donald Trump, but not me. Within days of reading your March issue I saw a wire story in *The San Francisco Chronicle* (under the front-page tease "Why Everyone Hates Donald Trump") that contained new invective from SPY editor E. Graydon Carter.

The saga continued as a television commentator in the closing moments of a segment on SPY on *Adam Smith's Money World* wrapped up his questioning with a jesting remark about SPY's possible reaction to a future buyout proposal. Carter and his fellow long-fingered aesthete, Kurt Andersen, remained deadpan, almost ruling the dearth of such offers and, like a couple of gamy, mascara-caked B-girls waiting outside an army base, obviously open to suggestions.

Clearly, SPY has undertaken a long-term, psychowarfare stance against the shaky mental apparatus of Donald Trump for one reason: to drive the pea-brained mogul



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into a desperate buyout/silencing maneuver that would leave every SPY employee, save the interns, a millionaire many times over. Very impressive, SPY. It is a strategy of which Trump himself would approve.

John B. Holmes

San Francisco, California

John Holmes of California? The late John Holmes of California who, as Johnny Wadd, acted in *Confessions of a Teenager*, *Electric Blue* and *Exposed*?

DEAR EDITORS Let's get something straight. Most of the people you write about—writers, actors, publishers, celebrities, generally—are pretty boring and you guys are clever enough to be able to trivialize them, but "They Threw It All Away" [by John Brodie and Bob Mack, April] manages to trivialize SPY. When you identify these nonentities, who cares? Without ID, unreadable.

Robert Sommer

New York

DEAR EDITORS I was going to throw this note in the trash rather than mail it, in the hope that it would reach your pages sooner. How about a story based on the contents of Park Avenue physicians' refuse? The public loves intimate details of the personal lives of the rich and famous! Or, how about seeing if your team of "garbologists" can land a CIA contract? We'll just change the name of SPY to Big Brother. Face it—rummaging through others' trash is an abominable (not to mention *tasteless*) invasion of privacy. Is SPY in competition with Larry Flynt for the grossest abuse of the First Amendment, or what?

Evan A. Jenness

Los Angeles, California

DEAR EDITORS Calling the Soviet Union "a liberal and innovative social democracy" is a little premature, I should think, but your overall point is well taken ["It's Morning in Amerika," by Guy Martin, April]. Of course, much of the article concentrates on New York City, and one could say that we trans-Hudsonians have become used to seeing New York swirl down the euphemism over the course of the last several years.

I realize one could argue that the rest of

us are merely the tail end of this selfsame turd, but the burning question up here in the attic of non-unistatist Amerika is: how can we avoid becoming your Romania?

Marc A. Schindler

Gloucester, Ontario

Canada

DEAR EDITORS I don't know if this is indicative of the Sovietization of America, but it sure was scary—not to mention extremely annoying: About one month ago I tried to purchase a token at the subway station at 40th and Sixth. I was told by the clerk that my dollar bill was "too unsanitary." After reminding her that I did not ask her to eat the bill, simply to accept it as the standard U.S. currency that it is, she repeated, "Too unsanitary." After further arguments on my part, I was forced to find another bill, lost somewhere in my pockets.

Since when is New York City (particularly its subways) so well off that it can turn down acceptable, standard U.S. government currency?

Lisa Butters

Jersey City, New Jersey

DEAR EDITORS It's uncanny. No sooner do I read "It's Morning in Amerika" than Chairman Bush summons three top bureaucrats to his office and exiles them to Amerika's Siberia (Alaska) to "take a deep, hard look" at our Chernobyl (the Exxon oil spill), which was caused by a drunk sea captain (vodka, no doubt).

I suppose we'll never know the full story until memoirs of the Amerikan gulag hit Moscow's best-seller list—presuming, of course, that there was an intellectual in the bunch.

Robert Knight

New York

DEAR EDITORS Please accept our enthusiastic thanks for the heroic intelligence and laser wit that your magazine manifests.

Timothy and I have been exchanging gloomy thoughts about the Sovietization of America and the Americanization of the USSR. What a great moment to discover that one is not alone in the Brezhnevian world of Reagan-Bush.

SPY is our version of the *samizat*. You allow us to understand the joy of the Russian libertarians when they discovered that there are others, millions of others, who share the dismay, and now a sudden flash of hope.

Barbara Leary

Los Angeles, California

DEAR EDITORS When I agreed to participate in Lynn Geller's article "I Was a Superstar for 21 Days in South America. Sort of" [April], it was not my intention to point at Brazil and say, "Look! the Third World, aren't they stupid." Like everywhere, there were intelligent, articulate journalists and idiotic sensationalists. Somehow you've lumped them all together.

It's not accurate to say I was a "flash-in-the-pan," as I had staunch supporters throughout and after my stay. I appreciate humor as much as anybody; I'm probably funnier than your whole magazine, but in the case of my music, I'm serious. When Brazil, like most of the world, heralds my music, I can't very well stick out my tongue at them. What I found funny about the experience was the extreme contrast from total adoration: "John Lurie—charming, sexy genius" [*sic*] to complete hatred: "John Lurie—pathetic and ignorant." Unfortunately, before this month's SPY was even on the newsstands, there was a rash of hate articles in most of the Brazilian papers. I understand *Folha de São Paulo* has even reprinted the SPY article in its entirety. It seems you've turned me into the Salman Rushdie of Brazil.

By the way! Speaking of idiotic journalism! Why didn't you put exclamation points after everything I said! That's what *Splash* magazine did! It was great! It made everything feel so exciting!

John Lurie

New York

DEAR EDITORS We value the reputation for accuracy the Harper's Index has earned over the past few years, and when a genuine error is called to our attention, we acknowledge it. Eddie Stern found one ["Separating Factoid from Fiction," April]: we printed a survey result about American doctors that turned out to be several years old. Had we known this, we would not have published



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it. However, Mr. Stern's other criticisms—which he inexplicably failed to mention when he interviewed me for this piece—do not hold up under scrutiny.

(1) His most unfair charge is that we misreported a United Federation of Teachers statistic on the number of New York City public school teachers assaulted on the job in the 1987-88 school year. As we clearly stated, our numbers were based on the "latest available figures as of August 1988"—and the number the UFT was giving out in August 1988 was 400. Mr. Stern rechecked the Index in late fall, when the figure had been revised to 623.

(2) Mr. Stern suggests that our figures on the cost of treating a drug addict are low. Again, the fact that the state Division of Substance Abuse Services revised its numbers four months later does not mean we erred. And according to Michael Mecca, Stern's source at the NYSDSAS, "damn cheap figures" did not refer to the accuracy of the Index statistic, as SPY implied, but to the fact that it is cheaper for society to treat an addict than to pay for the health, welfare and law-enforcement expenses he or she will incur.

(3) It is true that the book we cited for a number on the portion of L.A. used for driving and parking (two-thirds) was published in 1972—but that doesn't mean the statistic is wrong. As is our policy in such cases, we spoke to the author of the book—who remains an authority on the subject—and were told the figure is still accurate.

(4) Mr. Stern questions our estimate that some 200,000 soldiers worldwide are under the age of 15, a number we got from a UN report. By its nature, such a number must be an estimate, and therefore there is bound to be somebody who disagrees with it. The basis for Mr. Stern's objection—that the number does not take into account children who have served as human mine-sweepers in Iran—is dubious: first, the UN report we cited said that the Iran defense forces did not appear to be using children in this manner during the period in question, and, second, it's debatable whether such children are "soldiers."

(5) We got our figure of \$66 million worth of unclaimed beverage-container deposits in New York from the state Department of Environmental Conservation. We were aware that there are environmentalists who think the number should be much higher. But our policy when faced with conflicting estimates is to publish the more

conservative of the two.

(6) Sometimes Mr. Stern doesn't like a statistic simply because he would have expressed it differently. He "disputes" our figure of \$157.56 for the total average annual income of an American child on the grounds that only a quarter of that is earned (the rest consists of gifts, allowances, etc.). Well, that's true, but it's not the number we chose to publish—we chose to publish the figure for *total* income. He upbraids us for not including construction debris and industrial waste in our figure for garbage discarded by Americans, but we wanted to publish a number about the *household* waste of Americans.

(7) In his last note, Mr. Stern implies that we stole a statistic from him that he'd included as part of his (unsuccessful) application for an internship at *Harper's* last year. As one of our editors tried to explain to Mr. Stern when he called regarding the SPY story, "his" number had been widely disseminated (it appeared, for instance, in the *Utne Reader*, one of the publications we regularly comb for statistics); this "theft" barely qualifies as a coincidence.

Michael Pollan

Harper's Magazine
New York

Please, don't get us wrong: we love numbers. Why, if it weren't for numbers, we wouldn't know what time it is—and, worse, we couldn't get paid. And yet, having manipulated a few statistics in our day, we know better than to trust numbers to speak for themselves, even the admirable ones in the Harper's Index. The point is, figures—like religion and the lyrics of "Louie, Louie"—are endlessly debatable, as Mr. Pollan's annotation of our annotation proves. Still and all, we do remain fond of our own interpretations, and the unabashed Eddie Stern wishes to note that in no way did he imply that Harper's had made a "theft" of "his" figures (nor did he use the words Mr. Pollan puts in quotation marks); he merely intended to point out that many of the Index's entries are supplied by unpaid college kids looking for jobs—a wonderfully cost-efficient system that, we trust Mr. Pollan will be flattered to know, we are pleased to use in the compilation of our very own SPY 100.

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Please include your daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length or clarity. **D**

Mirabella

Mary Wells Lawrence

Dear Grace,
What a great and
obvious idea and what a
success Mirabella will
be!

I can just see all
those ideas you talked
about coming on now,
oh, wow!

Love,

Mary

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THE USUAL SUSPECTS



S. STEINBERG



H. KRAVIS



N. FRIDAY

THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

JUST A COUPLA WISE GUYS
SITTIN' AROUND TALKIN',
PART ONE

What do Hollywood executives—average guys who for the most part have never been indicted or convicted of any crime—chat about on the phone? According to court papers obtained by SPY through the courtesy of the Los Angeles Times, they talk about what executives anywhere talk about. They mull over business problems, examine opportunities, exchange rumors and spread gossip.

In 1987 the FBI placed wiretaps on the phones of several people connected with the entertainment industry who were suspected of criminal activity, including Eugene Giaquinto, then president of the Home Entertainment division of the television and movie conglomerate MCA Inc. In order to justify continued surveillance, FBI agent Thomas Gates filed an affidavit in Federal District Court on August 14, 1987, that summarized 48 tapped conversations recorded during the previous six weeks. There were several major topics of discussion.

Note: The FBI capitalized the names of individuals who were subjects of their probe and numbered the paragraphs in this affidavit to indicate either new conversations or new subjects within a conversation. We regrouped the conversations by subject. Notations within parentheses are by the FBI; within brackets, by SPY. We used the FBI's spelling when quoting but corrected it in our notes.

WHAT'S MORE ENTERTAINING THAN THE SPECTACLE of dueling social climbers—**ANNE BASS** vs. **MERCEDES KELLOGG**, **BLAINE** vs. **IVANA TRUMP**, **KING KONG** vs. **GODZILLA**? Now, delightfully, there's dwarfish take-over maniac **HENRY KRAVIS** vs. bloated conglomerateur **SAUL STEINBERG**. Engaged in roughly the same dubious occupation and married to identical-looking women, both have given conspicuously to the Metropolitan Museum during the last few years—Kravis as much as \$10 million, Steinberg uncounted millions (enough to pay for a dozen projects, including the Frank Lloyd Wright room). Steinberg's donations bought him the right to stage his daughter's wedding at the museum, but it's Kravis who has now been rewarded with election to the Met's rather prestigious board of trustees. His little rival's ascension has made Steinberg apoplectic: the talk at the museum is that Steinbergian munificence is over.

STUDIO EXECUTIVES ARE LIKE MAGAZINE EDITORS—glib, anxious hirelings who have lunch a lot, manipulate writers and fancy themselves creative people. So maybe it made sense when the Disney Studio recently decided to turn some New York editors into Hollywood executives. The studio apparently compiled its short list by scanning mastheads and picking out names at random. Disney approached but was turned down by the not untalented *Esquire* articles editor **DAVID HIRSHEY** (evidently unaware of the complicated master-slave arrangement that obliges Hirshey to work for 48-inch-high *Esquire* editor in chief **LEE EISENBERG** forever). Disney *did* hire *Premiere*'s Sammy Glick-ish **SCOTT IMMERGUT**, but only for a comparatively junior executive position. They also talked to New York's damp, balding assistant managing editor **PETER HERBST**, who went straight to his little feudal master, editor-publisher **ED KOSNER**, in an attempt to parlay Disney's quasi-interest into some kind of promotion. Herbst laid it all on the line. Well, Peter, Kosner told him, *it sounds like a great opportunity to me—I think you should take*

the job. Herbst, evidently a man who thrives on emasculation, remains at New York, working for a boss who told him to go.

NO MORE LUNCHESES AT THE FOUR SEASONS, no more dinners at Lutèce—in the Tisch austerity years, the way for a producer to snatch a hot property over to his CBS News show is to stake out her dentist's office. What better way to show just how much you care? Not long before overenergetic *60 Minutes* ringmaster **DON HEWITT** announced that he was annexing *West 57th* costar and sex-kittenish *Esquire* model **MEREDITH VIEIRA** to fill the void left by the departure of sex-kittenish *Vanity Fair* model **DIANE SAWYER**, Hewitt apparently spent a lunch hour bursting into one dentist's office after another on Central Park South and demanding to see Vieira. One receptionist cut short Hewitt's hysterical talent search, insisting that Vieira wasn't even a patient. "Well," Hewitt said with the distracted air of a man with many more waiting rooms to see, "she told me her dentist was on this block." Then he rushed out the door.

WHEN THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY tried to sell its air rights to a developer who planned on erecting a shadow-casting skyscraper over the society's building, self-help sob sister **NANCY FRIDAY** led the local citizenry in its successful fight against the sale. Friday, the author of *My Mother, Myself* and *My Secret Garden*, had used her royalties to buy a posh duplex with a vast, sun-drenched terrace—a posh duplex whose view would have been obliterated had the skyscraper gone up. But your classier New Yorkers don't hold grudges. And in an apparently hatchet-burying move, Friday donated her husband, **NORMAN PEARLSTINE**, popular editor of *The Wall Street Journal*, to serve as the society's new chairman of the board. The society didn't specifically request a chairman blessed with a talent for peeling bananas with his toes, but it got one nonetheless.

A PENNY FOR HIS THOUGHTS

Money-Management Tips from an American Hero

North testified . . . he got the money [to buy a used GMC van] from a steel box nailed to the floor of his closet at home, where he had been accumulating \$15,000, mainly from pocket change."—Boston Globe, April 15, 1989

Let's pause in the unending discussion about whether Oliver North was treated unfairly to think about this bit of sworn testimony. Let's say that by *mainly*, North meant that two-thirds of the money in the steel box, or \$10,000, originated as change, which, as he testified, he emptied from his pockets once a week. (That's fair: North testified that he started the stash 20 years ago with the proceeds of an insurance settlement of an undisclosed amount; but if that settlement was more than \$5,000 and he deposited it in a closet instead of an interest-bearing bank account, that is pretty questionable itself.) Let's assume that all of the change was good old American change (no Iranian dinars or Nicaraguan cordobas mixed in) and that the proportion of quarters to dimes to nickels to pennies was exactly the ratio that the U.S. Mint says is in active circulation. What one ends up with is a *lot of change*. Laid end to end, the coins would stretch from the World Trade Center to

the Empire State Building. Stacked, they would run up one side of the Washington Monument and down the other and still leave North with more than \$850 in carrying-around change. These questions suggest themselves:

- Given that the change North accumulated weighed 1,502 pounds—more than the payload of the Toyota pickup truck he owned at the time—how did he move it?

- Did North put these 232,951 coins into paper rolls, and if so, how long did it take him?

- Why did he bother to nail the change box to the floor, since it would have taken three Soviet weight lifters to pick the container up anyway?

- Was it fatiguing to carry an average of \$5.48 in change home every day for the last 20 years, as he would have had to do to amass such a collection? How much time did North or his wife, Betsy, spend repairing his pockets?

—Joe Mastrianni

PRIVATE LIVES



Dick Clark gives his American Bandstand replacement a few pointers.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN

THE SPY LIST

Bill Bloss

Bob Crane

Lemuel Gulliver

John F. Kennedy

Jerzy Kosinski

T. E. Lawrence

Robert Mapplethorpe

O

Sean Penn

Snidely Whiplash

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

A FILM ABOUT MEYER LANSKY (ALSO, A PRINTING CONTRACT)

Giaquinto discussed this subject with Martin Bacow, who was a friend of the late Teamsters president Jackie Presser, and who was known as the Teamsters' "man in Hollywood." Bacow, a consultant on the film *Rhinestone*, starring Sylvester Stallone, had a script about Lansky that he was trying to produce. Giaquinto had tentatively agreed to pay \$4.5 million for the home-video and pay-TV rights to the picture, effectively making them partners.

Bacow and Giaquinto discussed two deals. In one, Giaquinto was being pressured to maintain a contract with North Star Graphics, a packaging firm apparently tied to organized crime and the subject of a critical MCA internal audit. The pressure seems to have been brought in part by Edward "the Conductor" Sciandra, allegedly an underboss of the Bufalino crime family of Pennsylvania. At the same time, the Lansky film began receiving the worst sort of advance notices from various people in organized crime opposed to the project. Giaquinto and Bacow concluded that the opposition came from Vincent "Jimmy Blue Eyes" Alo, an octogenarian lieutenant in the Genovese crime family who had been close to Lansky. So murky was the situation that for a time, Giaquinto and Bacow thought Sciandra was involved. By month's end, the situation was resolved, apparently through the intervention of a powerful New Yorker.

"16. On July 7, 1987 at about 11:16 a.m., BACOW [called] GIAQUINTO . . . [and] spoke about what I believe to be their meeting with EDWARD SCIANDRA on June 18, 1987 at the Bistro Gardens' . . . BACOW indicated that GIAQUINTO had been taken advantage of in certain areas. . . ."

"The Bistro Garden is a stylish restaurant in Beverly Hills.

"17. It is the opinion of your affiant that this conversation and the meeting between BACOW, GIAQUINTO and SCIANDRA . . . relate to the MCA/Universal internal audit which was critical of

THE SPY TRIP TIP

Moon Rocks: Twenty Years Later



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

GIAQUINTO and his awarding of a multi-million dollar contract to Northstar Graphics and Michael DEL GAIZO². . . It is the opinion of your affiant that GIAQUINTO [told] SCIANDRA that something might happen to cancel the contract."

²Del Gaizo, a convicted tax evader from Staten Island, was one of the targets of this probe.

¹⁸ On July 7, 1987 at about 7:08 p.m., [GIAQUINTO called] BACOW . . . [who] told him there was a lot going on around the country that would make your (BACOW'S) hair stand up. . . GIAQUINTO said someone was making waves and BACOW asked if it was Eddie (SCIANDRA). BACOW said that someone made a move on him and he would tell him about it in person. BACOW said . . . they didn't realize who they were fooling with. . .

¹⁹ BACOW told GIAQUINTO that Don Joe Medlevin³ was paid a visit. BACOW related that the visitor (ascertained from subsequent intercepts to be LCN⁴ associate Joe De Carlo⁵) told Medlevin that some people wanted to talk to BACOW, that these people wanted to produce the Lansky film with Jimmy Caan. . . BACOW said he was not giving them a piece. He stated that they (LCN) had to be crazy to stop a picture."

³Donald (Donjo) Medlevine is known in entertainment circles, having run the Chez Paree nightclub in Chicago.

⁴LCN is the FBI's abbreviation for La Cosa Nostra.

⁵Joe DeCarlo, the former manager of Sonny and Cher, was acquitted of murdering a loan shark in 1962.

²⁰ This intercept and later ones have indicated that the LCN from either Florida or New York are attempting to get involved in the Lansky film. BACOW has indicated that he will resist the move and fight them . . . [that] he has obtained a gun, and . . . that GIAQUINTO has obtained a gun as well.

²¹ At about 7:56 p.m. on July 7, 1987, [GIAQUINTO called BACOW]. . . GIAQUINTO said the old man (a possible reference to LCN capo Jimmy Alo) called New York. . . GIAQUINTO told BACOW that someone⁶ asked . . . if BACOW

What American can forget the television set he was in front of when man took his first giant-leap-for-mankind 20 years ago this month? Back in 1969, when moonwalking was the preserve of Neil Armstrong and not Michael Jackson, the country was nutty about space. NASA's Kennedy Space Center, near Cocoa Beach, was not only the setting for *I Dream of Jeannie*, it was also a legitimate tourist attraction in its own right. Astronauts were heroes, not the butts of unseemly *Challenger* jokes. And everybody wanted to get a look at those moon rocks: could

they cure cancer (or cause it)? Meld into superalloys? Help a golf ball go farther?

The 20 intervening years haven't been kind to the space program. Following up the moonwalk with tedious space-shuttle missions violated tried-and-true show business wisdom: you don't bring out Joey Bishop after Sinatra has sung. It may take the 1992 Mars mission to revive the nation's tired space-themed exhibits. But taking a trip to view those moon rocks is still a great way to kill a Saturday. And there are plenty of venues in the Northeast Corridor to see these artifacts of

the moon—and of the late 1960s—including the American Museum of Natural History (which has three rocks) and the United Nations (which has a single specimen).

Best of all, at the Smithsonian's National Air and Space Museum visitors can actually touch one of the five rocks on permanent display. "We originally put all the lunar samples and the astronauts under quarantine," says NASA spokesman Jim Poindexter, "and we've concluded there are no harmful properties."

No eerie, Alien-ish peculiarities at all? "The minerals are found

in concentrations unlike anything on Earth. But to a nongeologist . . . no." Poindexter pauses to consider. "I suppose what the rocks do is prove that we actually landed on the moon, that it wasn't just a hoax. A lot of people, like in Cuba, still don't believe it." —Jack Barth

Moon-rock displays can also be viewed at the following institutions: John F. Kennedy Library, Boston (one rock); National Geographic Society's Explorers Hall, Washington, D.C. (one rock); Smithsonian National Museum of Natural History, Washington, D.C. (five rocks).

DAVID DUKE, MR. REPUBLICAN

The Second in Our Series of Chats With the GOP's Exciting Young Superstar



ne of the brightest, boldest up-and-comers in the Republican Party is David Duke, the handsome young state representative from Metairie, Louisiana, who was for years an extremely effective wizard of the Ku Klux Klan and continues as head of the National Association for the Advancement of White People. His success in last winter's campaign—without the help of President Bush, former Howard University trustee Lee Arwater or Ronald Reagan—suggests that he is indeed the GOP star of tomorrow. This most attractive of Republican newcomers sat down to talk politics with us.

SPY: What do you feel you have to offer the GOP?

Duke: The Republican Party in Louisiana has no problems with me. . . I don't know about the political bosses in the smoke-filled rooms of Washington, D.C., but the people out in the hinterlands are going to use me to help build the party. . . You know, the Republican Party is open to anyone who can get the support of the people. That's what America's all about.

SPY: We thought it would be useful if we could effect a

rapprochement between you and Mr. Arwater. Are there any points of similarity between you two?

Duke: See, I don't really know enough about the man to be able to say, and the truth is, he doesn't know enough about me. Because the man has never spoken to me personally. . . He tried to get me kicked out of the party, which he didn't succeed in, but he got me censured, whatever that means. . . You don't censure someone unless it's something they do while they're in office, and not for a *thought* crime. . . And all I've done since I've been in office is fight for equal rights for everybody.

SPY: Are you still open to overtures from the party?

Duke: Well, the Louisiana party is already utilizing me. . . I'm going to be a force in the Republican Party on a national basis. . . I can increase voter registration. Because I'm appealing to a lot of people, you know, who have traditionally voted Democratic, who have been conservative. . . Imagine the impact that would have.

Next installment: Duke on his philosophical kinship with President Bush.

—Guy Martin



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Yo, What Am I Offered for This Microwave?

Experimental Shopping in a Postapocalyptic, Rambo-Worshipping World



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

had permission to make the film. BACOW said if they tried to make a move on him, they would have a real problem."

"Alo, or possibly an associate."

"23. On July 7 at about 8:56 p.m., BACOW received another incoming call from GIAQUINTO. GIAQUINTO indicated he thought it was coming from that guy (a possible reference to SCIANDRA). . . . GIAQUINTO said that if they want war, that he had had a meeting in New York, and he had anything he wanted and it came from number one. BACOW asked if it was the G guy and GIAQUINTO said yes. . . . GIAQUINTO said that they were going to retire him (a possible reference to SCIANDRA) and that they wanted him (GIAQUINTO) to write a contract."

"Pressure, perhaps."

"24. Your affiant believes the reference to the G guy is a reference to John Gotti, the boss of the Gambino family. . . . Your affiant further believes that the reference to GIAQUINTO writing a contract may indicate . . . a contract murder (retirement of Edward SCIANDRA) . . . or may want GIAQUINTO to exercise his influence at MCA to obtain a film distribution contract. . . .

"27. GIAQUINTO said that he went to dinner with Michael (DEL GAIZO) the next night. . . . GIAQUINTO was told that he should tell Sidney Sheinberg to get a pillow and lean on it."

"Sheinberg is president of MCA."

"28. In the opinion of your affiant this part of the conversation may relate to Sheinberg . . . being critical of GIAQUINTO giving Northstar Graphics and DEL GAIZO a multi-million dollar contract, the possibility of the loss of that contract and that DEL GAIZO might carry out some type of threat or violence against Sheinberg to retain the contract."

"31. In the aforesaid conversation on July 8 . . . GIAQUINTO said he had carte blanche with G. . . .

"32. BACOW . . . said that Eddie (SCIANDRA) wanted to meet Azoff in the open. BACOW indicated that Eddie (SCIANDRA) said he wanted to go to Wasserman and Sheinberg and tell them who

ou may think you're ready for an emergency because you've stockpiled food and water for your family. But what happens if you need prescription medicine? Would you barter with your precious stores of food and batteries? Or do you have something of real value to exchange?

"And what if the emergency is a major monetary disaster? Rampant inflation, wild swings in the world stock market . . . would make your paper money worthless. Do you have enough hard money set aside to get you through such a disaster?"

No, I don't! I very nearly shrieked at my copy of *American Survival Guide* magazine. I realized that my personal finances, which I'd never considered a bedrock, were grievously jeopardized *with every passing day I did not invest in hard currency*. What kind of hard currency, though? The only kind any real American would consider: Rambo Trade Units.

The first monetary system based on a major motion picture character, Rambo Trade Units, known as RTUs, are stamped with an American eagle on one side and a very grim, very moussed Sylvester Stallone on the other. Produced by Creative Minting Inc., the 99.99 percent pure silver coins come in green velvet drawstring pouches. A bag of 20 5-RTU pieces (one ounce of silver in all) sets you back \$29.95; since silver is selling for about \$6.14 an ounce these days, I was delighted to help Creative Minting realize an almost 400 percent markup on the sale of the coins. I sent my check in right away.

Six weeks later I owned a monetary unit that proved I was the kind of woman who could handle contingency planning. But I didn't want to wait for the apocalypse to test my RTUs' buying power. I grabbed my drawstring pouch and headed for the stores.

First I decided to stockpile essentials. "No, I'm sorry, we don't take Rambo Trade Units here," said the woman at the pharmacy on Eighth Avenue and 23rd Street, who's usually delighted to fill my Anaprox prescription. I suppose I could suffer the indignities of menstrual cramps during Armageddon as long as I had an ample supply of canned goods and leafy greens; alas, neither a can of succotash at Sloan's nor a bunch of arugula at Balducci's was available for RTUs either.

Ray Bans to protect my eyes against the postfission glow also seemed like a good idea. "Um, we can't accept them . . . yet," a salesgirl at Reminiscence said cautiously, evidently worried that a new trend in legal tender had escaped her notice.

"Are they sort of like Krugerrands?" asked the man trying to sell me a futon at the Jensen-Lewis furniture store at Seventh Avenue and 15th Street.

"Not that we take those, either," he added hastily.

"Who do you think I am, fuckin' Travis Bickle?" asked a cabbie.

At least, I thought, *Rambo can help me purchase some paramilitary supplies*. But my pleas at Chelsea Army & Navy for a camouflage canteen and a Marine Screaming Eagle badge went unheeded. Demonstrating a curious Macy's-helps-Gimbels policy that felt particularly out of place in an army-navy store, the salesclerk directed me to his competition on Fifth Avenue. "I think they accept them there," he said.

Instead I headed up to World Wide Gifts at Broadway and 42nd Street, which I'm pretty sure is the place Geraldo Rivera goes to find guests for his show. There, catty-corner to the Times Square police station, I found an ample selection of swords, machetes, switchblades and bowie knives, as well as handcuffs and leg cuffs. I asked to see the 12-inch official *Rambo III* bowie knife (it has backward-facing spikes on the dull edge so you can disembowel your opponent on the upswing). "How much?" I asked. "One hundred and forty-nine dollars," said the foreign-born man behind the counter. "But for you I take off 10 percent." I deliberated. Finally I handed him 20 5-RTU pieces. "What's these?" he said, fingering them in his palm. "What country they from?" I explained the situation evenly, noting that he would be wise to turn over my genuine *Rambo III* blade immediately or I would be forced to notify the movie-money-minting authorities. I was hastily led to the door by another man. "I think it's time for you to get out," he said.

Perhaps I was going too downscale. But when I tried to hoard Yves Saint Laurent hosiery for doomsday, I found out that Bendel's, Bloomingdale's and Saks aren't interested in RTUs, either.

Desperate, I began to slip my RTUs between forms of payment I was pretty sure were acceptable—as in "Do you take American Express, Visa, Rambo Trade Units, Diners Club?" This tack actually worked with a waitress at the Blue Hen Restaurant on Seventh Avenue—at least briefly. "Yeah, sure, we accept them," she chirped. "Oh, wait—what was that again?" I proffered my RTUs. "You're scaring me," she murmured.

I finally realized there might be just one person who would understand my RTUs' value—the one man who knew, as the advertisement promised, that "in a crisis, silver could easily shoot up to \$100 an ounce." He would be *grateful* to buy my RTUs.

Inexplicably, Nelson Bunker Hunt declined to call back with an offer.

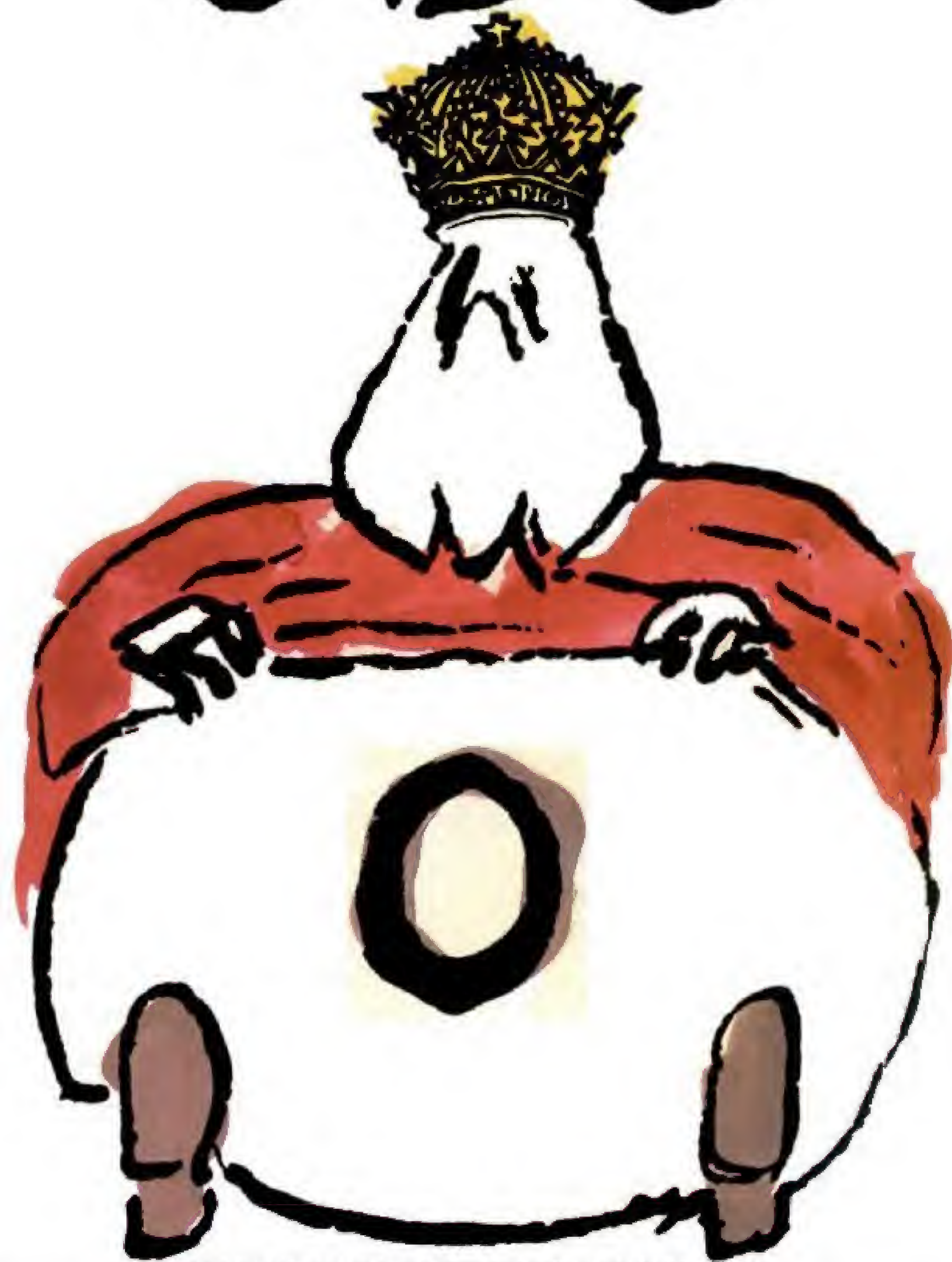
—Judith Newman

LINCOLN CENTER THEATER PRESENTS

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UBU



Drawing: Alfred Jarry

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JODIE MARKELL RALPH MARRERO BARNABAS MILLER KRISTINE NIELSEN OLIVER PLATT ORIGINAL
SCORE GREG COHEN SET DOUGLAS STEIN COSTUMES SUSAN HILFERTY LIGHTS STEPHEN STRAWBRIDGE
SOUND BILL DREIBACH MUSICAL DIRECTOR/ORCHESTRATOR GREG COHEN DIRECTED BY LARRY SLOAN

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YOU ARE THERE

SPY's Exclusive Monthly Behind-the-Scenes Celebrity Vignette

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

they were up against. . . . He then added that maybe Sheinberg would break a toe and end up in the hospital for a couple of days, maybe he'll break a leg."

"Irving Azoff is chairman of the MCA Music Entertainment Group.

"Lew Wasserman is the chairman of MCA.

"33. In the opinion of your affiant this conversation . . . stems from the problem with the Northstar Graphics contract and SCIANDRA's reaction to the news. It appears . . . that [his] reaction to this news was irrational and is of concern to various LCN members.

"35. On July 12, 1987 . . . BACOW received a call from [Angelo] COMMITO." BACOW told COMMITO that SCIANDRA was trying to get a piece of GIAQUINTO's piece of the Lansky movie. . . . COMMITO said if he saw SCIANDRA in New York he would tell him 'What are you going to do if your nephew (GIAQUINTO)' is not there. (MCA/Universal) anymore.' . . ."

"Angelo Commito, listed in FBI documents as president of Labor Health and Benefit Plans Inc. of Chicago, was also a target of this probe.

"There is no further indication that Sciandra and Giaquinto are actually relatives.

"42. On July 13 . . . BACOW received a call from GIAQUINTO [who] said he had spoken with Michael (possibly Villano"). GIAQUINTO said . . . that Michael and he agreed that E (SCIANDRA) is slipping . . . that everybody is with GIAQUINTO."

"Michael Villano is a New York businessman believed by the FBI to be an associate of John Gotti's.

"51-52. On July 17 at about 8:39 a.m., GIAQUINTO received an incoming call . . . from Mike Villano. . . . They spoke about [the Lansky film] and GIAQUINTO indicated that he wasn't sure whether SCIANDRA was involved. GIAQUINTO said they (Genovese LCN family) were all over the place. Villano said 'shame on them, then.' GIAQUINTO indicated they managed to keep it out of the papers because of certain contacts they had.



PILE ON! It's Menudo vs. the real stars when a few of Hollywood's hottest talents hit the beach for a superfriendly game of Kennedy-style touch football at Paul Michael Glaser's Malibu home. The youngsters from Menudo haven't quite picked up the nuances of the game, but they're getting in some good tanning time nonetheless. Quarterbacking for the stars is gossip-column oddity Mark Gastineau, who hasn't quite picked up the nuances of Hollywood-style football and insists on wearing full battle dress in the blazing sun. But what's this? Meaner-than-a-junkyard-dog tough guy David Soul has just laid one of his crushing, full-body tackles on Farrah Fawcett (who seems to have asked for it by breaking for daylight). Running interference for Farrah is Glaser himself, who has grabbed a serious handful of his naturally blond former costar to prevent certain disaster. But what ho! What fun!

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN FRAILEY

LOGROLLING IN OUR TIME

"Captures the essence of obsessive love."

— Mary Gordon on Barbara Grizzuti Harrison's *Foreign Bodies*

"It is fair to call this a brilliant novel."

— Harrison on Gordon's *The Company of Women*

"A plain American beauty."

— Mona Simpson on Jayne Anne Phillips's *Machine Dreams*

"Evocative."

— Phillips on Simpson's *Anywhere But Here*

"Remarkable . . . intricate and nerve tingling."

— Clive Cussler on Tom Clancy's *The Hunt for Red October*

"Cussler at his best."

— Clancy on Cussler's *Cyclops*

— Howard Kaplan

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A Monthly Anagram Analysis

PRESIDENT
GEORGE H. BUSH
UGH! THE DEPRESSING
BORE!

DIANE SAWYER
DESIRE A YAWN

ROONE ARLEDGE
RODEO GENERAL
OLLIE NORTH
O, ROT IN HELL

— Andy Aaron

HOW TO WRITE FOR A MAGAZINE FOR UPBEAT WOMEN IN PRISON WHO ARE INTO TOUCH THERAPY AND WANT TO SNAG A MAN

Cosmopolitan-at-a-Glance

ave you ever wondered what makes a woman a *Cosmo* woman? Or, for that matter, what makes a magazine article a *Cosmo* article? We can't answer the first question, except to say that frosted blusher and metal-hued leather straps seem to be involved. However, SPY has obtained a most revealing document that nearly answers the second puzzle. It is a manuscript called "Editing (and Writing) Rules for *Cosmopolitan*," and its contents may tell us more about the sultry, ultraliberated *Cosmopolitan* frame of mind than all that boring stuff about gerunds. Herewith, an abridged version in *Cosmopolitan's* own words.

Following are the rules by which we painstakingly edit copy and the ones we often find broken (or ignored) by our writers. Nearly all are in *The Elements of Style*, by Strunk and White.

—Stay away from the "moreover" school of writing/editing; i.e., avoid excessive use of words like: moreover, furthermore, for instance, for example, incidentally, etc. Such adverbs and adverbial phrases can almost *always* be omitted.

Bad: Everyone I know seems to be into touch therapy. Nell, for example, is. So is Sarah, incidentally. Moreover, so am I.

Better: Everyone I know seems to be into touch therapy. Nell is. Sarah is. So am I.

—Tired words and phrases to avoid (most of the time):

yummy, goodies . . . traipsing . . . trapping or snagging or snaring (a man) . . . splurge . . . guy, no-nonsense, wise (as in job-wise).

—Keep so-called dirty words to a minimum. Also avoid the vernacular in describing sexual activities or organs. Examples:

Use "made love" or "had intercourse"—not "balled," "screwed," "fucked," "laid," etc.

Use "reached orgasm" or "climaxed"—not "came."

—Opt for the straightforward statement rather than the convoluted, no matter how "stylish" the latter may read.

Bad: Open marriage, group marriage, communes: the intricate network of new designs people are forging, pioneers of the seventies, for expanding human closeness on the far side of traditional marriage.

Better: Open marriage, group marriage, communes—all are alternatives to the traditional family . . . experimental life-styles that the disenchanteds are turning to in their search for more intimate communication.

—Stay with the specific subject the article is about and remind the reader every so often what that subject is. In other words: keep the point of view and focus of the article clearly in mind. The theme will *probably* have something to do with the title of the article. That means everything in the piece—case histories, writer's own philosophy, statements by authorities, etc.—must tie into this original theme. The following example is from an article titled "One Man Is Not Enough":

Bad: I was thinking about a certain girl I know when I made that last remark. Erica did change herself,

her attitudes, and morals—all in one night, when the notion suddenly came to her that they were inappropriate to the life she wanted. She had been living by a definition of feminine nature that was doing her an injustice. Erica and Forrest were going to get married as soon as he could work his wife around to giving him a divorce.

Better: . . . She had been living by a definition of feminine nature that was doing her an injustice: in locking herself into a monogamous relationship with a married man, she was, more often than not, left with no man at all. The elusive fellow in question did plan to marry her as soon as he could work his wife around to giving him a divorce . . .

—In quotes, try to have people speak informally, as they would in conversation—not as they would write

Bad: "He is just divine. He is somebody I enjoy being with . . . enjoy talking to. We rap about his current girl, or about Paul, and it is so much fun. If he were not my cousin, though, I do not know if we would have fallen into this intimately friendly pattern so easily—we would probably have had to get the mating game out of the way first."

Better: "He's just divine. I really enjoy being with him, talking to him. We rap about his current girl, or Paul, and we have a lot of fun. If he weren't my cousin, though, I don't know if we would've fallen into this intimately friendly pattern so easily—we'd probably have had to get the mating game out of the way first."

—In identifying quotes, use the simple "said" rather than stated, exclaimed, cried, yelled, shouted, groaned, smiled, frowned (nobody ever smiles or frowns a sentence). If you want to convey the emotion with which a statement was spoken, better to say:

"Don't touch me," she said, her voice raised a frantic octave.

or

"Don't touch me," she said, the smile on her lips as playful as the lilt in her voice.

—In case histories, when talking about a "civilian" (non-celebrity) person, give her a name but *don't* mention it immediately.

Bad: Mary, twenty-seven years old, the daughter of a psychiatrist, has been in analysis three years. According to both father and doctor, she shows signs of vast improvement.

Better: One twenty-seven-year-old girl, the daughter of a psychiatrist, has been in analysis three years. According to both father and doctor, Mary shows signs of vast improvement.

—Don't be relentlessly depressing. If subject matter of an article is down-beat per se (as in "Women in Prison"), search out the positive efforts being made to improve the situation. ☛

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

"53. On July 17, 1987 at about 8:44 a.m., GIAQUINTO . . . spoke with BACOW . . . [and] said that Villano told me to tell you (BACOW) that [the Lansky project extortion attempt] will be resolved in one minute no matter where the move was coming from. . . .

"57. [On July 17 at about 9:21 p.m., Giaquinto and Bacow] began to discuss . . . a luncheon that Jimmy Caan had attended with eight members of the local LCN family [where] Caan was overheard to say that [Barow's movie] would never be distributed". . . .

"According to the Los Angeles Times, this dinner occurred at La Dolce Vita, a restaurant in Beverly Hills. Caan's attorney acknowledged that the dinner took place, that Caan has a friendly relationship with Alo, and that Caan had acquired certain rights to a film about Lansky from Lansky's widow but denied making any threats about Bacow's film.

"96-98. On August 8 . . . GIAQUINTO . . . spoke [to someone he called] Tommy. . . . GIAQUINTO said he was working on a big movie (Lansky) that he called the next "Godfather" and said someone tried to make a move. GIAQUINTO indicated that they (a possible reference to Gotti) sent thirty people out here and quashed it. . . . GIAQUINTO further stated that he got permission to do a movie . . . and he would try to get Tommy in it."

"44-46. On July 15 . . . agents observed GIAQUINTO exit Le Dome" . . . with an unidentified male . . . [who] retrieved a box from GIAQUINTO's trunk and drove to the Beverly Hills Hotel. . . . The license plate . . . was from Hawaii."16

"Le Dome is a Hollywood restaurant popular with people in the music business.

"16 Further investigation leads the FBI to conclude that Giaquinto's companion was Robert Nichols, who in 1978 was alleged to have laundered cash generated through narcotics, and who was also a target of this probe.

"59. [On July 18 at about

BOOK NOOK

By the People, for the People

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

9:07 p.m., *Giaquinto began to talk about* a script he (*GIAQUINTO*) wanted from Joe." Joe indicated that he didn't have a car.

"The FBI had earlier identified Joe as Joseph Garofalo, who was also a target of this probe.

"60. On July 18, 1987 at about 9:11 p.m., *GIAQUINTO* received an incoming call from Joe. *GIAQUINTO* . . . said he would wait for the messenger on the corner.

"62. On July 18, 1987 at about 9:47 p.m., *GIAQUINTO* . . . spoke with Joe. They discussed how much time a delivery would take.

"63. At about 10:29 p.m. . . . *GIAQUINTO* received a call from Joe. Joe said that . . . delivery service . . . told him they couldn't reach their driver. Joe said he . . . didn't want *GIAQUINTO* to stand waiting on a street corner. Joe said he had it right there.

"64. At about 10:57 p.m., *GIAQUINTO* [told] Joe . . . he would take a drive over and pick it up himself.

"67. Your affiant believes the aforesaid conversations between *GIAQUINTO* and Joe (*GAROFALO*) . . . concern the delivery of some type of controlled substance, possibly cocaine, to *GIAQUINTO* . . . [and] that *GIAQUINTO*'s reference to a script . . . may be . . . a code name. . . . Next month: *Giaquinto* gossips about Hollywood pals, while the FBI wonders if he violated insider-trading laws. 3

e finally fell for one of those late-night TV commercials promising hundreds of different publications, free or almost free, from a post office in Pueblo, Colorado. We sent away for the catalog and found it chock-full of intriguing titles.

Dizziness: Hope Through Research

By the National Institutes of Health (1986)
27 pages; \$1

NIH has put out a manifesto in pamphlet form that will likely comfort only a small audience: those who suffer common dizziness and understand terminology such as *orthostatic hypotension* and *peripheral vestibulopathy*. In other words, despite the promise of the title, there's nothing here for fans of the early Goldie Hawn. At least we now know the official government definition of *dizziness*: a "feeling of physical instability with regard to the outside world."

Combat in Russian Forests and Swamps

By the Center of Military History (1986 reprint of 1951 original)
39 pages plus map; \$1.75

Here's an unusual volume: advice prepared by a committee of Third Reich generals on how to win a war in western Russia. The preface suggests, without irony, that the Nazi officers drew on their own extensive experience in order to offer this advice.

But what they really deliver is opaque prose, in which the phrase *in forests and swamps* pops up in every third paragraph. "The conduct of operations in forests and swamps requires the most meticulous preparation in every aspect." "Operations in forests and swamps are further characterized by the methodical execution of all measures." "Combat in forests and swamps requires firm, farsighted, energetic leadership. . . ."

The most delightful discoveries here, particularly

for survivors of the war, are the little fillips of, well, *race consciousness* directed against the enemy. The Russian, a "primitive opponent," was able to navigate this terrain "with the certain instinct and sense of security of an animal"—not so for soldiers from "a civilized country of the West." Like, oh, say, Nazi Germany, perhaps? Furthermore, "the physical constitution of the average European is unable to stand" that brutish Russian weather.

Thinking about conducting a war in western Russia? "A uniform map with a standard grid system is an indispensable prerequisite." Good luck!

Hostage-Taking: Preparation, Avoidance, and Survival
By the U.S. Department of State (1984)
38 pages; \$1.25

A guide to being *taken* hostage, this handy volume contains dozens of family-oriented tips:

- "Prepare yourself and your family emotionally by acknowledging and discussing any feelings of anxiety or depression. Identify those who can be called upon for psychological and social support and those in the family who may need special attention."
- "Update your will. . . . Establish credit that will be adequate for any emergencies. . . . Establish joint checking account."
- "Be sure that you carry no classified information."

In the section headlined *HOSTAGE SURVIVAL*, the experts say that your abductors are likely to be "hostile toward you and the country that you represent. They have not had the opportunity to get to know you as an individual, so they will feel no compunction about killing you if it serves their purposes to do so. . . . Naturally, it is in your interest to ensure that they do not see this option as the most attractive in your case."

—Peter Heffernan

TEN YEARS AGO IN SPY

"Hoffman has mellowed considerably as he's grown older. On a recent evening I found him not plotting revolution but watching the Lakers on television. 'I don't know what it is about basketball,' he said with a smile. 'The game just does something to me. And Kareem! That man is a god. I don't know what I'll do when he retires. Probably kill myself.'"

—from "On the Run With Abbie Hoffman,"
by David Owen, *SPY*, July 1979





ITAIN'TNOMIRAGE.

Jose Cuervo always shows up for the party. For some tips on how to party Cuervo style, turn over this page.

THE JOSE CUERVO OFFICIAL GUIDE TO

PARTY ETIQUETTE

1. Before you present your gift of Jose Cuervo to the host or hostess, at least replace the cap.
2. If you arrive at the party and you suddenly notice you're underdressed, quick — look famous.
3. The overhand serve is acceptable at an indoor volleyball party; just be sure to watch out for the bucket of guacamole.
4. Never do the "gator" at a black-tie affair unless things have gotten sort of slow.
5. If you meet a girl at a party named Margarita, marry her.
6. Always check with the hostess before you start frying up her miniature hot dogs; those could be for someone special.
7. If you inadvertently drop a pitcher of tequila sunrises onto your hosts' brand-new white llama rug, by all means, make up another pitcher immediately.
8. At a party, should you stand by your date or mingle? Jose suggests you stand by your mingle.
9. Always keep a fresh supply of earplugs on hand, just in case any of your neighbors complain about the noise.
10. If there's no Cuervo, leave.



If you have any additional suggestions for The Guide, send them in. We may print them in our next edition of the Unforgettable Wine Cuervo Party Guide. Dept. 48C, 1545 Miner St., Oak Park, IL 60455

Naked City

A DILLER, A DOLLAR, A .44 MAGNUM SCHOLAR

The New York Public School Scandal-o-Matic

inding it hard to keep track of all the Board of Education scandals? That's because there are so many, and because the needlessly complex New York school system is full of politicians, bureaucrats, union leaders and community activists who have sufficient power to thwart, meddle, confuse, upset, perpetrate and prevaricate, but not enough to solve the problems facing public education. Now, thanks to SPY's first Scandal-o-Matic, you can make up your own entirely original — albeit hypothetical — scandal stories, using real elements from real scandal stories. Really. Simply take one item from each of the seven columns in order, and voilà! For example: *An elementary-school principal/used his office to peddle prescription antiwrinkle cream to/various political cronies/who exploited a school board member who was an incoherent drug addict./As a result of these discoveries,/Mayor Ed Koch/called for the suspension of all members of the questionable Bronx school board.* It's fun, it's easy and it's virtually indistinguishable from actual school board scandals! And not only that — the resulting stumblebum prose could be torn from beneath the headlines of tomorrow's page B5 *New York Times* exclusive!

C O L U M N 1

An elementary-school principal
A president of the local school board
A teacher
A head custodian
A president of the Parents' Association
A school drug counselor

C O L U M N 2

distributed LSD, Valium and Quaaludes to
sold marked-up junk food to
used his office to peddle prescription antiwrinkle cream to
restrained an angry staffer from attacking
assaulted six children and reacted to these charges by threatening to shoot
appropriated faculty-room furniture from
used an elementary school to run an after-hours drug club with
served school cafeteria food at a party honoring
ransacked the desk of
was brutally beaten by a colleague and got no support from

C O L U M N 3

the district superintendent
the assistant principal
the school's union rep
the local school board
various political cronies
the chief security guard

C O L U M N 4

who had shown some 13-year-old pupils an explicit sex film and told them it was about the War of 1812.
who hired unqualified friends in exchange for sex and money.
who robbed neighborhood residents at knifepoint to get money for crack.
who inflated test scores to make the system look better.
who exploited a school board member who was an incoherent drug addict.
who accepted a \$10,000 bribe from a textbook firm.
who stole a baby grand piano from a junior high school.
who was found three times in a motel room with a 13-year-old.
who carried a nightstick to use on students.

C O L U M N 5

As a result of these discoveries,
Immediately following an internal-affairs investigation,
Within a week after the news broke,

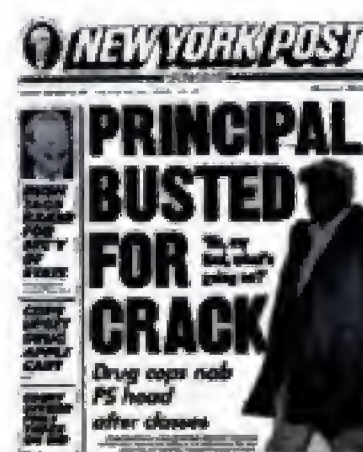
C O L U M N 6

UFT president Sandra Feldman
the schools chancellor
Mayor Ed Koch
former chancellor Anthony Alvarado
Board of Education president Robert Wagner Jr.
Senator Alfonse D'Amato
a *New York Post* editorial

C O L U M N 7

suggested school uniforms could restore discipline to the beleaguered system.
requested that metal detectors be installed at more school entrances.
blasted the Board of Education for missing deadlines for \$100 million in federal school aid.
called for the suspension of all members of the questionable Bronx school board.
recommended the city give subsidized housing to teachers working in hard-to-staff schools.
suggested that out-of-school suspensions be given only to students possessing weapons or dealing drugs.
declared students must be taught to say "ask" instead of "ax" and urged the development of new curricula featuring debates, mock trials and juvenile juries.
paid no attention to the angry parents demonstrating outside board headquarters.
proposed changes at the central hiring hall, where licensed teachers take numbers deli-style and wait their turn for a job interview.
argued that convicted drug dealers should be allowed to continue teaching to serve as positive role models for students.

—Kate Walter



JULY DATEBOOK

*Enchanting and
Alarming Events
Upcoming*

1 At noon we'll be exactly halfway through 1989. Regrets over events of last New Year's Eve yield to giddy anticipation of next New Year's Eve.

1-7 **Pleasure Week** (according to a New York PR firm that seems to specialize in events no one recognizes or celebrates): "Purpose: to alert the world to the 'Pleasure Dome,' the 200-acre entertainment complex surrounding Times Square that is open 24 hours every day of the year for the purpose of entertainment." So *that's* what Coleridge was talking about.

3 Official start of dog days of summer. Ages ago, people believed that sacrificing a brown dog would appease the rage of Sirius, a star whose reappearance seemed to coincide with the onset of hot weather. Sort of like Steve Guttenberg.

4 Geraldo Rivera's birthday! Fireworks, three-legged races, brass bands and picnic celebrations across the land.

10 Telstar launched 27 years ago, paving the way for echoey transatlantic phone calls, live broadcast of Olympic lulls and, best of all, the Tornadoes' surf-instrumental hit, "Telstar."

11 Skylab fell to Earth exactly one decade ago. Flea-market value of



original SKYLAB IS FALLING hard hat: probably cheaper than mint-condition "Telstar" 45, but more expensive than I SURVIVED HALLEY'S COMET '86 T-shirt.

14 Bastille Day at Lincoln Center's Fountain Plaza, featuring "a French chanteuse, white face mimes, can-can dancers, acrobats, hurdy-gurdy players" . . . you get the idea. Let's end Smurfication of French history. *Storm the doors! Kill the ushers! Free the opera-goers!*

15 "July Joygerm Jubilee"; Syracuse, New York. "Slogan: Joygerm Junkies Get High on

Happiness. . . . Good old fashioned happy day parade featuring music, marching, merriment, and mirth, led by Infector General." Thousands of Syracuse residents may seek temporary asylum in New York City this weekend.

20 "How to Tie a Scarf" seminar at the Discovery Center. This is a class for grown-ups who do not know how to tie a scarf.

23 A good day to take in the "Video and Language" exhibit at MoMA. "These videotapes were created by artists for whom language is a means of exploring the relationship between the subject and viewer." Or trade in your beret for a baseball cap and

achieve the same artistic effect by watching the Mets play the Braves on TV and yelling at the ump.

26 First Esperanto book published in 1887. Repeat to yourself, in Esperanto: "Nur kelkaj pliaj jaroj. . . . Ĝi certe akceptiĝos. . . . Nur kelkaj pliaj jaroj. . . . ("Just a few more years. . . . It'll catch on for sure. . . . Just a few more years. . . .")

29-30 "The Joy of Self-Loving," a workshop at the Omega Institute for Holistic Studies, Rhinebeck, New York. Sex-oriented. Women only. Involves mirrors. You don't want to know any more. **D**



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF *THE NEW YORKER*

SPY periodically publishes Letters to the Editor of The New Yorker because The New Yorker doesn't. Still. Address correspondence to "Dear Bob," c/o SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012.

DEAR BOB,

In Reporter at Large in the February 20 issue your correspondent from the Great Plains surmised, "Today, if you leave LaGuardia Airport in a 747 for Los Angeles just after breakfast, you will be over the plains by lunch."

La Guardia airport's runways are incapable of taking a 747.

Charles M. Seigel
Washington, D.C.

"Right, 747s don't take off from La Guardia," says a source at The New Yorker. "It was a mistake." The reference to La Guardia has been changed to JFK now that Ian Frazier's piece—which is otherwise

perfect—has come out as a book.

DEAR BOB,

If it isn't top-secret, what percentage of your subscribers are New Yorkers? What percentage of these people are real New Yorkers (i.e., live in Manhattan)? Care to speculate on the sociological implications of these numbers? Do you think all of your subscribers outside Manhattan want to be New Yorkers? Just curious.

Eugene A. Bolt Jr.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Less than 20 percent of subscribers live in the five boroughs, 8.2 percent in Manhattan. **D**



REVOLUTIONARY



China Grill ♦ 60 West 53rd Street ♦ 212-333-7788

TASTY FOOD, LOW PRICES, SERVICE WITH A GRUNT

ASPY Guide
to the Tad's Steaks
of Manhattan

W

e read Seymour Britchky. We study the Zagat Survey. We worship at the altar of Gael Greene. We know they think that The Four Seasons and Chanterelle and Lutèce are wonderful restaurants; we think so, too. But if these restaurants are so great, why is there only one of each? It stands to reason that if you ran a really great restaurant, you'd want to put it in a lot of places so a lot of customers could enjoy it. Then why is Tad's Steaks, with no fewer than *six* locations and entrées popularly priced between \$2.99 and \$6.99, so utterly neglected by New Yorkers serious about food? We think we know: it's because jaded New Yorkers think all of them are the same. Which is, we need hardly add, nonsense.

	105 East 14th Street Tad's (between Third and Fourth Avenues)	265 West 34th Street Tad's (between Eighth and Ninth Avenues)
Predominant clientele on day of visit	Young couples, Asians smoking cigarettes, Caucasian regular guys	Two men in suits, a Polish family
Cook's response when asked, "What's the best thing on the menu?"	Turns back to grill to ponder question indefinitely	"No. 9, or No. 6. It's the same thing"
What the corn-on-the-cob rolls around in	"Butter and water"	"That's just water"
Degree of difficulty in stealing sour cream (officially 40 cents extra)	Very easy	Very easy
What they call the pink cake that appears to be strawberry-cherry upside-down cake	Pie	Cherry-cheese
Farewell at the register	"Thank you, my friend"	"Thank you"
Most thought-provoking sign	ALL MEAT USDA INSPECTED	PLEASE EXIT HERE
Number of flies on table upon arrival	0	0
Main drawback	Fork bending in T-bone meat	Velvet wallpaper
What the bathroom lacks	Paper and soap	Ceiling panel
Salient conversation eavesdropped upon	"When I wake up in the morning, if I don't feel like going to work, I don't"	"Hey, I tell 'em straight. I say, 'I'll be the best boss y've ever had or I'll be the biggest asshole'"



119 West 42nd Street Tad's (between Sixth Avenue and Broadway)	228 West 42nd Street Tad's (between Seventh and Eighth Avenues)	707 Seventh Avenue Tad's (at 47th Street)	152 West 34th Street Tad's (between Sixth and Seventh Avenues)
Filipinos, blacks, Israelis	Old actors, big people who really shouldn't eat red meat anymore	Bewildered tourists of all nationalities	Dead Heads, Middle Eastern men, Taiwanese tourists
Points to sign	"Medium-well"	"Ribs combo"	Points tongs at sign
"Only water"	"Butter with water"	"Corn juice"	No answer
Easy	Easy	Difficult	Appeared impossible — didn't even try
"I don't know"	"He know" (pointing to cook)	Layer cake	Vanilla cake
None	"Compañero"	"Hi. Nice to see you again"	"What kinda dressing you want?"
KEEP HANDS & HEAD OUT OF ELEVATOR	TOILETS FOR CUSTOMERS ONLY \$3.29 MINIMUM	GLOLSCH BEER	ONIONS 3
0 (despite leftovers of previous diner's liver and onions)	2	0	0
Huge mirror showing it really is you eating there	Acrid disinfectant smell	Ribs combo	Excessive air-conditioning
A way to turn off faucet	Operability	Drainage	Graffiti-less wall space
"This shit is cold"	"You think the Lord would do something like that?"	"Everything's cool. Don't touch me"	"Don't burn my liver!"

—Hank Rosenfeld

THE LIZ SMITH TOTE BOARD

A Monthly Tally

Allan Carr	6
Dustin Hoffman	5
Swift Lazar	5
Michael Caine	4
Tom Cruise	4
Bette Davis	4
Jodie Foster	4
Jerome Robbins' Broadway	4
Madonna	4
Liza Minnelli	4
Greta Garbo	3
Le Cirque	3
Bette Midler	3
Diane Sawyer	3
Barbra Streisand	3
Elizabeth Taylor	3
Ann-Margret	2
SPY	2
Lee Bailey	1

**CHRONICLE OF
OUR DEATH
FORETOLD**
*A SPY Public-
Service Countdown*

"My pal **Donald Trump** . . . said that SPY magazine is in trouble financially and will not be around much longer. I chided the handsome mogul, of whom I am very fond . . . that he should not indulge in wishful thinking. He said, 'No, you'll find this is true if you just investigate. I predict they won't even be around in a year.'"

—Liz Smith in the
Daily News,
September 29, 1988



SEPARATED AT BIRTH?



Vladimir Horowitz . . .



and Sylvester Stallone?



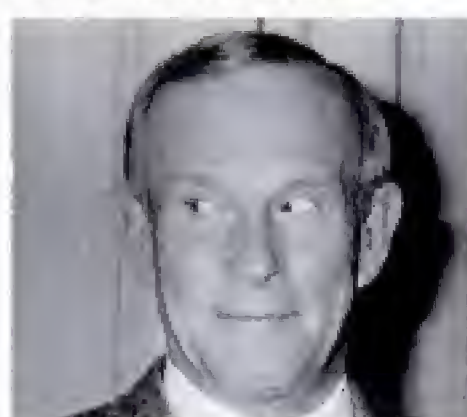
Lee Atwater . . .



and Rudolf Hess?



Johnny Carson . . .



and Tommy Smothers?



BLURB-O-MAT

*Capsule Movie Reviews by Eric Kaplan™,
the Movie Publicist's Friend*

THE PUNISHER, starring Dolph Lundgren
(New World)

*Eric Kaplan says, "Prepare to be wowed!
This is Grade A prime Lundgren—and you
know what that means, action fans!"*

UHF, starring Weird Al Yankovic (Orion)

*Eric Kaplan says, "Prepare to howl howl
howl—with laughter! UHF looms like a
comedy colossus!"*

WHEN HARRY MET SALLY . . . , starring Billy
Crystal, Meg Ryan (Columbia)

*Eric Kaplan says, "Prepare for a crowd, cuz
there'll be lines 'round the block for this
Crystal gem! Hey Oscar: no cutting in line!"*

WORTH WINNING, starring Mark Harmon,
Madeleine Stowe (Twentieth Century Fox)

*Eric Kaplan says, "Prepare to see the feel-
goodest movie since Working Girl! Worth
Winning is a winner worth waiting for! D*

CELESTIAL HINDSIGHT

SPY's Horoscope for Skeptics

Our regular look at the horoscopes of familiar people on momentous days of their lives.

Subject: BRYANT GUMBEL

Sign: Libra (b. 9/29/48)

Date: February 28, 1989

Notable Activity: Suffered consequences of publication of his internal memo criticizing NBC colleagues

Horoscope: "Emphasis on independence, creativity, your own style." —Sydney Omarr, *Newsday*

Subject: WILLARD SCOTT

Sign: Pisces (b. 3/7/34)

Date: February 28, 1989

Notable Activity: Humiliated by Gumbel's memo

Horoscopes: "Emphasis on career . . . Libra involved" —Sydney Omarr, *Newsday*; "Handle a headstrong young person gently but firmly" —Jeane Dixon, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*

Subject: JOHN TOWER

Sign: Libra (b. 9/29/25)

Date: March 9, 1989

Notable Activity: Rejected by Senate as secretary of Defense

Horoscope: "You may be considering moving to a different area of the country or taking a long, expensive trip abroad." —Wendy Hawks, *National Examiner*

Subject: FRANK LORENZO

Sign: Taurus (b. 5/19/40)

Date: March 9, 1989

Notable Activity: Put Eastern Airlines into Chapter 11

Horoscope: "Ask for favors and zoom ahead." —Laurie Brady, *Star*

Subject: PETE ROSE

Sign: Aries (b. 4/14/41)

Date: March 20, 1989

Notable Activity: Was said by baseball commissioner Peter Ueberroth to be the subject of a "full inquiry into serious allegations" (later revealed to include gambling on baseball)

Horoscope: "You must exercise caution in all financial affairs." —Laurie Brady, *Star*

Subject: MICHAEL MILKEN

Sign: Cancer (b. 7/4/46)

Date: March 29, 1989

Notable Activity: Indicted by a federal grand jury on 98 counts for indiscretions at Drexel Burnham

Horoscope: "The whole affair may seem unjust and unnecessary, however, there are circumstances over which you have no control." —Patric Walker, *New York Post*
—George Mannes

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Bacardi al fresco.



The refreshing taste of
Bacardi light and diet Coke.
Add it to your garden of
favorites.

Bacardi, rum.

Having good taste is knowing what tastes good.

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UNHAPPY TALK

Radio Complaints from the FCC Mailbag

Each year tens of thousands of Americans take part in a ritual that affords them a sense of having a voice in how things are done. We're talking about those angry, idealistic citizens who write the Federal Communications Commission to complain about how radio stations abuse the public airwaves. Supposedly, this vox populi gives the populi some influence in determining whether a company is fit to hold a broadcast license. (This civics-class fiction is bolstered by the meticulous way in which FCC bureaucrats catalog each complaint, file it and then, in most cases, promptly send a perfunctory we'll-look-into-it form letter to the complainant.) In fact, the contents of the FCC complaints files seldom weigh heavily on the minds of those charged with renewing the licenses of the nation's 10,000 radio stations. From 1975 to 1986, not one station was formally cited for indecency—the most common public complaint the commission receives. Three were cited in 1987, but all three proceedings were eventually dropped.

Absolutely anyone who can rustle up a writing utensil, paper and a sense of outrage may participate in the FCC complaint system. Witness what we found by riffling through the FCC dossiers of several New York radio stations. In the interest of economy, we have forgone all *sics*.

Station: WCBS-FM

Format: Oldies

Letters on File: 8

Notable Grievances: In June 1986 a Brooklyn man notified the FCC that his family's honor had been besmirched by a young man who phoned WCBS overnight disc jockey Max Kinkel. "[T]he caller said a girl named 'Dawn' couldn't go to the prom last year because she couldn't get anyone to take her," wrote the man. "And he also said when asked by Max Kinsky . . . that he screwed her. Had sexual intercourse with her, and she was a hot 'Tomatoe.' This girl 'Dawn' is approximately 19 years old and I'm sure he meant my daughter 'Dawn.' I think it is disgusting that he disgraced the character of my daughter and my family over the airwaves. My daughter is a good girl and did not put out. This punk and Max Kinsky were ly-

ing." The man suggested WCBS be shut down and that Kinkel be fined and made to issue a public apology to Dawn.

In late 1987 the FCC notified WCBS that its use of a "doo-wop" format for the Emergency Broadcast System test announcement was "not strictly in violation of the Commission's Regulations" but a violation of "the spirit of the EBS."

Station: WABC-FM

Format: Talk

Letters on File: 59

Main Beef: Racist remarks by right-wing phone-in talk-show host Bob Grant

Notable Grievance: In January 1988 Mr. Lee De Sapio wrote Senator Daniel Moynihan to protest Grant's reference to Geraldine Ferraro as "THAT PUTANE, THAT WAS A RUNNING MATE OF WALTER MONDALE." The letter was forwarded to the FCC. After explaining that *putane* is Italian for "WHORE! HARLOT! PROSTITUTE," De Sapio demanded that WABC provide a tape of Grant's comment to "Mrs. Geraldine Fearar" so she can "play it on her Home Cassette, and be sure She has the evidence she seeks." Evidence for what, he didn't say.

Station: WXRK-FM

Format: Classic Rock

Letters on File: 164

Main Beef: Howard Stern

Typical Grievance: "I do hope the F.C.C. does its *job* and keeps Howard Stern under strict surveillance. He is a disgrace to the human race, obscene, filthy, crude, insulting, and I could go on and on."

Eyebrow-Raising Grievance: "We can not permit a few Jewish talk show hosts such as those in N.Y. and Miami to continue in their attempt to drag us down to their level. Thank you, C. O. Sullivan"

Concern for Emmanuel Lewis Grievance: "Suppose child stars like Emmanuel Lewis started emulating Howard Stern?" asked John Smith. "I could just see Emmanuel Lewis on a Bob Hope special calling him a Dick! Children like Emmanuel Lewis Do pay taxes too, don't they?"

Almost Unbearably Bathetic Non-Stern Letter: Shortly after WXRK switched to its rock format, James Surreco wrote

Nancy Reagan to ask the then first lady's help in finding a new gig for his nephew, Joe Causi, a victim of the format change. "I imag[ine] you get many requests and I don't expect you can fill all of these requests," wrote Surreco. "[A]nyway, en-close[d] is a photo of my nephew who was a Dis Jockey here in New York at 92KTY. The whole station was changed to 92Rock, all his life he's know[n] nothing but Dis Jockey! If in your heart something, somewear, someone that might help him, cause if he knew I wrote you he'd get mad he's very independence. He's not working. God bless You and President."

Station: WBAI-FM

Format: Eclectic, noncommercial

Letters on File: 27

Notable Grievance: The letter-writing campaign undertaken by Hank Wochner of North Baldwin, New York. First, to Senator Alfonse D'Amato:

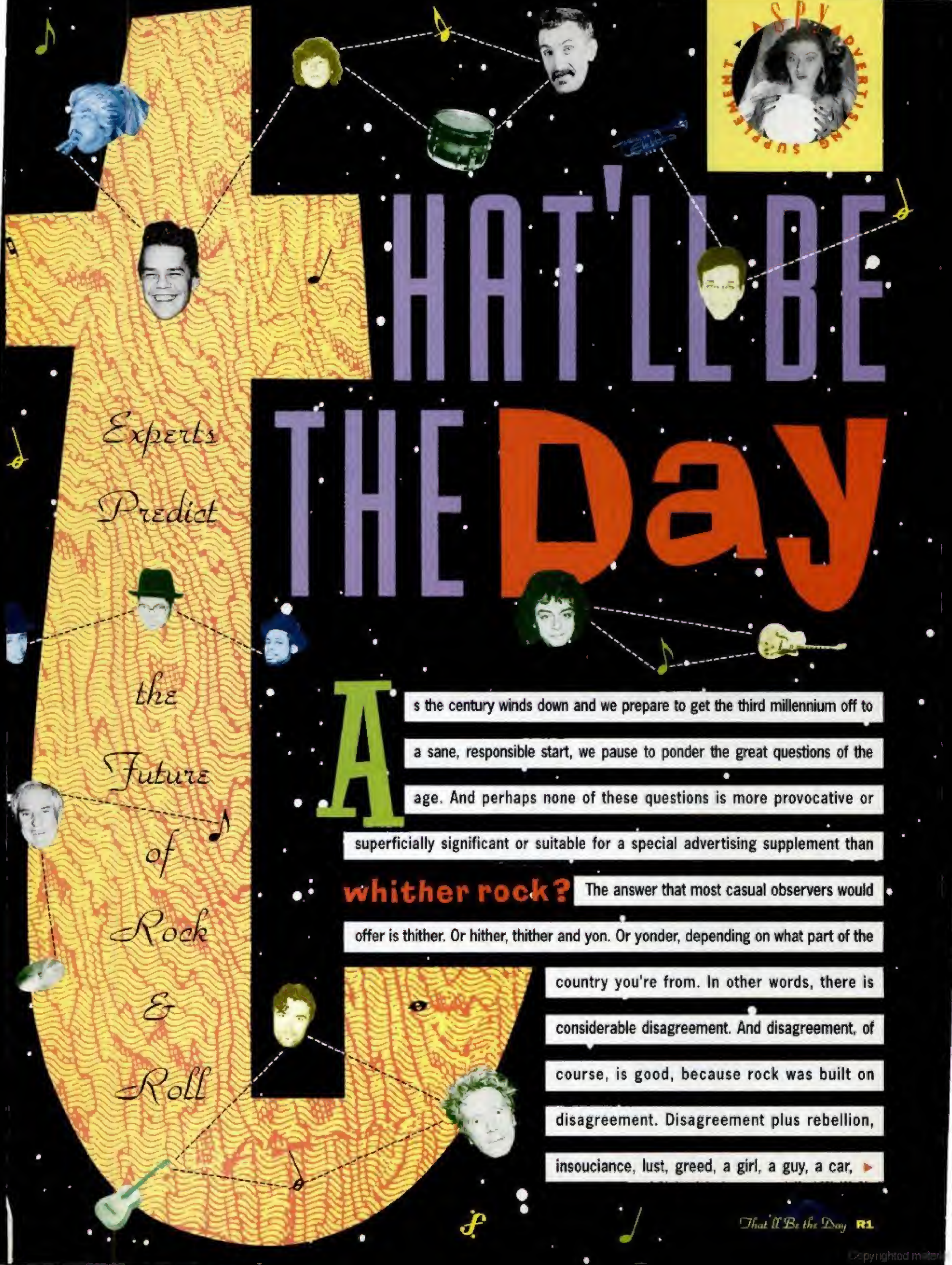
"Please inform me in writings to your personal opinion of the use of the words fuck, fuckin, dick, etc. on Nassau County radio waves. Please also suggest to me how . . . I can best achieve eliminating the public use of these words on the radio. Your concern in this matter will be appreciated."

Next, to Rep. Raymond McGrath:

"Please help me. I am not sure who I should write to. If you are the wrong person, then please forward this letter to the correct party. On Tuesday, Oct. 21, 1986 about 9:08 p.m. I heard the words *fuck, fuckin, dick, etc.* on WBAI radio station on the FM dial. Please do what you can to revoke their operating license."

And finally, to Ronald Reagan:

"My dear Mr. President, I am so delighted that I voted for you. . . . Dare I say that your situation is a splinter compared to the gigantic log that is in other peoples eye. Anyway, the basic intent of this letter is to inform you that I personally heard on WBAI radio station the other morning such a sick "joke" story regarding you, Nancy and D. Regan. My opinion is that it was slander because it reflected on Nancy's and your character. If I can assist you in any practical way, please do not hesitate to contact me." —Randall Bloomquist



Experts
Predict

the
Future
of
Rock
&
Roll

WHAT'LL BE THE Day

A

s the century winds down and we prepare to get the third millennium off to a sane, responsible start, we pause to ponder the great questions of the age. And perhaps none of these questions is more provocative or

superficially significant or suitable for a special advertising supplement than

whither rock?

The answer that most casual observers would

offer is thither. Or hither, thither and yon. Or yonder, depending on what part of the

country you're from. In other words, there is considerable disagreement. And disagreement, of course, is good, because rock was built on disagreement. Disagreement plus rebellion, insouciance, lust, greed, a girl, a guy, a car, ►



For people who
like to smoke...



BENSON & HEDGES

Regular: 17 mg "tar," 1.2 mg nicotine—Menthol: 16 mg "tar,"
1.2 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.



Max



Arthur



Abe



he sacking this spring of Metro reporter Winston Williams for "gross insubordination," following a 12-year career at the *Times*, continues to

weigh heavily on executive editor Max Frankel. Williams had been in bad odour at the paper for months, even years, but the incident that ended his tenure was his animated verbal set-to with assistant Metro editor Brent Staples. It's not so much Williams's dismissal that nags at Frankel—although the *Times* very rarely actually ever fires a reporter or editor. Rather, it is that Winston Williams is black. But then, so is Staples.

In a nutshell, Williams's sorry tale is this: three years ago he was transferred from the Business section to the Metropolitan News section. Unfortunately, rather than do as others so sentenced have done—get on with the job, toady around his superiors and hope for a better assignment in the future—Williams took the transfer as a racial affront. He promptly filed a complaint with the State Division of Human Rights.

What Williams failed to realize, of course, is that routine punishment of *Times* hirelings is not reserved solely for blacks but is part of a tradition of whimsical cruelty on the part of the paper's editors—virtually rote behavior that they themselves suffered at the hands of *their* superiors. Although Williams's case was dismissed, he began complaining that his editors were holding the suit against him. Which, human nature being what it is—even at the *Times*—they undoubtedly were.

Last fall Williams tried another novel tack to gain the affections of senior *Times*-men. In a guest editorial in *The New York Amsterdam News*, he condemned his own

paper and its (careful, thoroughgoing) coverage of the Tawana Brawley mess: "In my 11 years as a reporter for the *Times*," he wrote, "I have never seen a piece in the paper as sloppy and vicious as the one [*The New York Amsterdam News*] criticized."

Williams's firing comes at a sticky time for Frankel. He rode into the executive editor's office two years ago with a well-earned reputation for attending to matters of minority hiring. When he was Washington bureau chief, he went out of his way to hire minority copy aides. As executive editor, he has sought out blacks for the *Times*'s editorial board, increased the number of black copy editors and, as in the case of E. R. Shipp, turned experienced black reporters into editors. Staples's own appointment to assistant Metro editor was a Frankel-prompted promotion.

(Frankel has been no less concerned with the exclusion of women from the paper's management: he made Soma Golden national editor and Karen Arenson Sunday business editor. Why, this spirit extends even to his domestic situation: Frankel recently bought for himself and his wife, Joyce Purnick, *recently promoted to editorial writer*, his-and-hers Acura Legend sedans.)

All well and good. And although Frankel's actions surely have been motivated in part by good intentions, there is reason to believe that other factors are at work here. The upper echelons of the *Times*, it seems, are scared witless at the thought of becoming involved in a major racial-discrimination suit similar to the one that cost the *Daily News* \$3.1 million two years ago.

To ward off such a specter, Frankel announced in 1987 with great bravado that he was going to correct years of lackluster minority hiring by taking on one black or Hispanic person for every white hired. It has proved to be a promise difficult to

keep. Many of the black journalists approached by the *Times* have apparently preferred to stay where they are—possibly out of the knowledge of the *Times*'s dismal record on minorities in the past. And for every black reporter awarded a plum post (example: Sheila Rule dispatched to London), there is a case of one being given a "promotion" of questionable value (former deputy national editor Paul Delaney shipped off to Madrid).

But the *Times*'s editors still have positions they need to fill—positions for which they have particular white reporters in mind. How, then, does the *Times* circumvent its own rule? For one thing, by keeping the reporters and critics whom it wishes to hire in various kinds of holding patterns. Stephen Holden, a not untalented critic, worked at the paper for eight years as a freelancer, receiving no medical or pension benefits. Two years ago *Newsday* offered Holden a similar job but one that would pay him considerably more. Gelb reportedly told him to hold off making a move, that he would be put on staff shortly. Only late last year did his full-time position come through. Lisa Belkin left the paper last year when her husband moved to Texas to complete his medical residency. When she decided to go back to work, she effectively became the No. 2 person in the *Times*'s Houston bureau. But because of the one-black-for-every-white rule, she reportedly cannot be put on staff and so is paid a freelance wage sufficient to cover her old salary and benefits package.

And what of Winston Williams? His own private, no doubt well-intentioned fight against racial discrimination at the *Times* has been devalued somewhat by his having hired C. Vernon Mason, Tawana Brawley's former legal sidekick, to represent him.

—J. J. Hunsecker

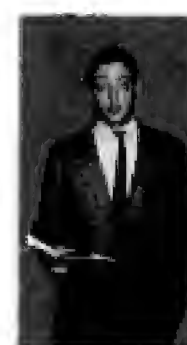


HE HAS BEEN THE DARLING



OF THE AMERICAN RIGHT FOR A GENERATION,

BUT WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.



IS 63 NOW—DULLER,

LAZIER, CRANKIER



AND, IRONY OF IRONIES, IN AN ERA DOMINATED BY

CONSERVATIVES,



NO LONGER VERY INFLUENTIAL. NO ONE IS

PUSHING HIM OFF THE STAGE—HE IS LEAVING UNDER HIS OWN



STEAM

QUICKLY ENOUGH.



BUT ALREADY THERE IS SCHEMING

AND MANEUVERING TO SUCCEED



HIM AS AMERICA'S

CELEBRITY



TORY. FORMER *NATIONAL REVIEW* EDITORIAL ASSISTANT BOB MACK SURVEYS

BUCKLEY'S DECLINE AND



CHECKS OUT THE PRETENDERS TO THE THRONE,

the boys who would be BUCKLEY

On a December night in 1985, more than 700 conservatives and socialites paid \$175 apiece to put on formal wear and gather at The Plaza to honor America's premier conservative. Nominally a celebration of the 30th anniversary of the founding of his magazine, *National Review*, the event was really a great personal kudo, the recognition of a life spent as a celebrity intellectual engaged in the public advocacy of long-disparaged, finally triumphant ideas. For important Republicans it was an obligatory event, though the vice president, George Bush, a man who seemed agreeable to going almost anywhere, **ILLUSTRATION BY C. F. PAYNE** anytime, found reason to excuse himself.



His absence did not dim the evening, however. Jack Kemp, the conservatives' true hope for the future, came and spoke; Charlton Heston flew in from the Coast to emcee; and Roy Cohn, though emaciated and near death, willed himself to appear—his mere presence connecting all in attendance to the heyday of McCarthyism. The Plaza kitchens prepared the honoree's favorite dish, chicken pot pie, following a recipe supplied by his wife. And the reelected president of the United States—an amiable, dull-witted populist not at all like the quick, brainy, workaholic eastern elitist who was being honored but nonetheless the instrument of the anticomunist, anti-social-welfare policies the honoree championed—took the dais and praised him warmly, even lavishly. "I want to assure you tonight: you didn't just part the Red Sea—you rolled it back, dried it up and left exposed, for all the world to see, the naked desert that is statism."

It was a full and glowing tribute, even though the hyperbole wasn't exactly true—after all, the political success of conservatism owed a lot more to runaway inflation and the Ayatollah than to *National Review*, and the honoree really hadn't done any hard thinking for 20 years and was now more a stylish talk-show host and travel writer than someone with much intellectual consequence. But who would bring all that up on such a glorious, sparkling evening?

Glorious evening or not, facts were facts: the honoree was already slipping, sliding, sliding, and was soon to tumble headlong into a trough from which he has yet to emerge. There were many accomplishments one could fairly credit to William F. Buckley Jr. on that night: authoring the book *God and Man at Yale*; founding *National Review* and hosting television's *Firing Line*; being a provocative thinker who could be counted on to challenge even those who apparently agreed with him; and almost single-handedly, through his charm and wit, making it intellectually permissible to agree with a movement populated by Orange County reactionaries. But one could also fairly describe Buckley as a proponent of the ostentatious use of polysyllabic words; the diffident Conservative Party candidate for mayor of New York in 1965; an "experimental" smoker of marijuana while afloat in international waters; the author of meretricious sailing books and silly spy stories; and perhaps the only pundit ever to possess a high enough profile and sufficiently distinctive tongue, eyeball and linguistic mannerisms to warrant being imitated by David Frye and other impressionists on TV.

Today, almost four years after that happy victory dinner, the accomplishments have grown distant. Buckley is no longer the most influential conservative commentator. William Safire, with his appreciation for the nuts and bolts of politics and his pragmatic, nonideological views, is more popular.

George Will, with his appearances on *This Week With David Brinkley*, his bi-weekly back page in *Newsweek* and his syndicated column, enjoys far greater influence. And Patrick Buchanan, for all his cranked-up bellicosity, is the apologist Republican presidents summon for chesty support when the going gets tough. Moreover, Buckley's sort of ideological conservatism has been in decline from the very moment it triumphed; Reagan's muddled, middle-of-the-road second term left Buckley to fill his syndicated column with pointless crankery—suggesting that the U.S. declare war on Cuba, complaining about a blind man trying to sail across the Atlantic, and offering the Torquemadic suggestion that AIDS carriers be tattooed on the buttocks—and to fill up his remaining time with quasi-Geraldo stunts such as inspecting the *Titanic* in a bathysphere.

But perhaps more immediately troublesome for Buckley than his declining influence was the difficulty he seemed to encounter in cashing in on his celebrity, earning the kind of quick, nearly effortless dollars that had helped sustain him as the nation's most renowned tory. In 1987 *Racing Through Paradise: A Pacific Passage*, Buckley's third sailing book, became the first that failed to make *The New York Times*'s best-seller list. Buckley was deeply wounded by this experience, prompting him to ask a friend in genuine bewilderment, "Where are my loyal fans, the people who buy each one of my books because it's by me—where are they?" Attempting to recover his audience, in 1988 he published his eighth Blackford Oakes thriller, *Mongoose, R.I.P.* But *Mongoose*, unlike all of Buckley's previous spy novels, failed to reach *Time* magazine's best-seller list. Then, as if all these insults weren't distressing enough, Buckley's life was scrutinized in John B. Judis's scrupulous biography. *The New Republic* commented with perhaps unintended irony, "No one can write a truly definitive biography of a man whose career is still far from over. But in telling the story of William F. Buckley Jr.'s successful life, John B. Judis has come remarkably close." Indeed.

According to Judis and many other observers, Buckley's decline began in 1983, with the publication of *Overdrive*, a shamelessly narcissistic and thoroughly unreflective diary of a week in his glamorous, densely scheduled life. This marked the second time, after 1971's *Cruising Speed*, that he had so blatantly attempted to cash in on his day-to-day routine. In



1971, however, when Buckley was still ideologically outré, he could get away with it. But by 1983 Buckley's act had got old, and his description of the custom Jacuzzi in his basement as "the most beautiful indoor pool this side of Pompeii" was as tired as it was appalling. In *The New York Times* Nora Ephron compared *Overdrive* to the memoirs that self-made immigrants wrote late in life, while *The Washington Post* hoped it had been intended as parody. Buckley was incensed by a review of John Gregory Dunne's in *The New York Review of Books*. Dunne, the husband of Buckley's friend and a former *NR* contributor, Joan Didion, wrote, "Buckley has spread himself so thin that he has begun to repeat himself, repeatedly." Still, *Overdrive* sold a respectable 35,000 copies in hardcover. Similarly, the 1986 novel *High Jinx* sold nearly 100,000 copies, despite reviewers' indifference. *High Jinx* rose as high as No. 4 on the minor Doubleday Book Shops best-seller list, and indeed was resting comfortably at No. 14 on *The New York Times* list one Sunday in April when *The White House Mess*, a novel by his son, Christopher, hit No. 10. Pat Buckley, Bill's wife and Christopher's mother, had the *Times* clip framed.

But then came the failure of *Racing Through Paradise*, something Buckley privately described at the time as "a professional humiliation." The embarrassment started at a lecture and book signing in the spring of 1987. Buckley had already signed several copies of the book when he discovered to his dismay that its many black-and-white photographs didn't have enough contrast. He asked everyone to give their books back and felt obliged to apologize to the crowd. The entire first printing of 50,000 was scrapped, postponing the book's release.

The official publication party for *Racing Through Paradise*, held a few weeks later at the New York Yacht Club, was another disaster. The temperature reached 93 degrees that day; the Yacht Club had no air-conditioning, and Henry Kissinger stood shank to flank with Angie Dickinson and other prominent litterateurs, all of them sweating like beer bottles in the heat. The fete was such a flop that for his next book, *Mongoose, R.I.P.*, Buckley eschewed a full-scale party requiring the attendance of Random House executives. Instead, he opted for a mere dinner for eight at Mortimer's, an event memorable for Buckley's blasphemous joke: "What do you get when you cross Ronald Reagan with James Dean?" he asked the table. Answer: *Rebel Without a Clue*. (Presumably, this wee joke will never be repeated at *National Review* now that Reagan has joined the board of directors.)

The book parties proved to be bad omens. *Racing Through Paradise* failed to cause even a ripple of interest, though it would have been successful if Buckley's frettings had counted for anything. Most



weekdays throughout that summer, at approximately 9:05 a.m. — that is, 9:00 a.m. plus the amount of time it takes a 50-ish woman to fetch a cup of coffee and say *Good morning, Mr. Buckley...* No, I'll give them a call—Frances Bronson,

Buckley's secretary of 21 years, would phone Sam Vaughan, Buckley's editor at Random House, to find out how the book was doing. Each day, a publishing apparatchik would remind Bronson that the daily sales progress list doesn't get circulated until 11:00 a.m., and then would tell her the disappointing news anyway—no orders of note. Bronson would usually reply with an exaggerated "Oh, that's atrocious!" or "Dead in the water!" and hang up, though sometimes the bad news would be so acutely felt that Buckley himself would get on the horn and self-effacingly nag the aide. "What's the problem? Isn't that awful? Maybe we need some more advertising."

In fact, Random House had by that summer spent \$100,000 on advertising for *Racing Through Paradise* and refused to spend any more, showing, unfortunately for Buckley, that they had been listening to him when he was criticizing Great Society programs by saying that throwing money at a problem won't necessarily solve it. Buckley became so obsessed at one point that he even called Random House to report a rumor he'd heard that there was an *advance* advance copy of *The New York Times* best-seller list that was kept secret—in addition to the advance list everybody knows about—on which *Racing Through Paradise* would at last appear. Random House humored him, of course, and feigned excitement, though they knew the story was bogus. In the end, *Racing Through Paradise* sold only 38,000 copies (whereas the first two sailing tracts had sold over 100,000 each). Buckley eventually salvaged his wounded pride by having *National Review* buy 33,000 remaindered copies of the book from Random House to use as subscriber bait.

Buckley's next book, *Mongoose, R.I.P.*, was also the source of much disappointment. While it wasn't a flop on the order of *Racing Through Paradise*, it wasn't enough to recoup the \$880,000 advance Buckley received for *Mongoose* and *Racing*. With the breezy books not doing so well, one can't help but wonder why Buckley didn't tackle something substantial. Throughout the 1960s Buckley fiddled with a Big Book, a major work called *The Revolt Against the Masses* that might have resuscitated his reputation—and might yet, if he ever completes it.

bUCKLEY CAN TAKE ABOUT 20 MINUTES TO WRITE ONE OF HIS COLUMNS AND ONCE WROTE A NOVEL IN 12 DAYS, AN ACT THAT MADE HIS SON "WANT TO PUKE"



Opposite page: top, showing the flag as an anti-Vietnam demonstrator in 1967; bottom, 17 years later, after an intense editorial session. This page: reluctant Dauphin Chris Buckley and Dartmouth's E-Z grader Jeff Hart



Alas, it is highly unlikely that he will return to such seriousness. When Sam Vaughan asked him to write a novel like *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, Buckley replied that he "could never write that long." When Notre Dame professor Gerhart Niemeyer sent Buckley an article on natural law not long ago, he wrote back apologizing for having "lost the capacity for reading scholarly prose." The atrophied skills seem irretrievable, even beyond the lure of money. Buckley's agent, Lois Wallace, told him that she could get him half a million dollars to do a sweeping cultural history. Instead, the next Buckley opus was *On the Firing Line: The Public Life of Our Public Figures*, another coasting artifact. Published three months ago, it was his 28th book and seventh "greatest-hits" collection, and it was compiled by an assistant, this time former Reagan speech writer Peter Robinson. Buckley wanted Random House to pony up a \$250,000 advance for the volume; the publishers, at a negotiation in Buckley's Park Avenue digs, tactfully regretted that they could afford only \$50,000. Haggling ensued, resulting in a deal for an over-\$100,000 advance, which left Buckley sufficiently pleased to make his guests suffer through one of his not infrequent enough harpsichord concerts. After kneading through some Bach, he looked up and asked, "Wasn't that lovely?" Everyone said yes, it was.

What is undoubtedly lovely—lovely for Buckley, anyway—is that he can continue to make money on reputation alone. Buckley has become that *Overdrive* kind of guy who seldom makes the time to do things well. He embodies the conviction that speed is preferable to substance, that being able to say something with stylish nonchalance is all-important. He can take about 20 minutes to write each of his thrice-weekly, 750-word columns and has written a children's book in two hours and a novel in 12 days, the latter a feat that made his appalled son, Chris, "want to puke." The columns and books are disposable; the reputation for prolific speed endures. The flash shows up elsewhere too. Famous for dropping lines in dead languages, Buck-

completely on electronic navigations systems, disregarded common safety practices for night sailing, and set sail for a 4,000-mile voyage from Hawaii to New Guinea without checking his sails, which turned out to be sun-rotted.

Buckley may be too busy doing everything to do anything well, but even he has to unwind, and lately he has been unwinding with some gusto. A companion on his most recent writing-skiing vacation in Gstaad (where Buckley was working on yet another compilation of previously published jottings on religion) noted the healthy wine intake that occurred during the trip. But when a man begins to realize that his prime is past, that he is 63 years old and people are talking less about his books than about the fact that his suits are covered with dog hair, well, perhaps he is entitled to solace where he finds it. Surely that would be the case when he realizes he has failed to groom any kind of a successor, someone who can elegantly take up the cudgels and do battle for the causes he has tirelessly and, most of the time, honorably espoused. And one long look at *National Review* shows that, at least over there, no conceivable new Bill Buckley is waiting in the wings.

At the twentieth-anniversary "celebrity roast" that was held for *Firing Line* in 1986, Tom Wolfe made fun of the way a friendly critic had called Bill a "national treasure." Wolfe went on to point out—*kiddingly*, of course—that "Bill Buckley is in desperate need of insults," because *national treasure* is code for being "old, toothless, flabby, benign, no longer a threat to anyone." More than anything else, more than the cranky columns, schlock novels, self-indulgent nonfiction or *Firing Line* itself, the one thing about Bill Buckley that is oldest, flabbiest and most unthreatening is his magazine, *National Review*.

National Review may be the longest-running publication never to have had a heyday. Relentlessly on the far right, it never attained during the 1950s the status of house organ, nor during the 1960s the status of semi-official publication of the opposition party that *The New Republic*, say, enjoys today. The magazine assumed a certain authority during the Carter years, when roundhouse bashing of the president was appropriate and when the Reagan Revolution was about to succeed, although it was eclipsed by the briefly interesting *American Spectator*. After the 1980 election *NR* became a coffee-table magazine, ritually subscribed to but seldom read, losing clout to *Commentary* because of the relative quality of the latter's contributors and to *The Washington Times* because Reagan liked that publication's simple sentences and its knee-jerk approval of everything he did. But it's not as though its recent lethargy marks a dramatic change: the magazine never provoked excitement beyond the conservative subculture. True, the magazine has proved to have a



ley is often tripped up by those who know them well; as John Leonard has said, "Bill plays around with his Latin." Famous for his sailing and espionage books, Buckley has been revealed as an amateur in both fields. The review in *The New York Times* of *Racing Through Paradise* noted that Buckley relied

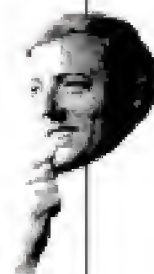
certain latent, long-distance power—during the 1950s a man such as William Casey would become confirmed in his beliefs by reading pundits like James Burnham in *NR*, and 30 years later Casey would circumvent the Constitution to forward those beliefs. The magazine also once served as a springboard for talented young writers; in the early 1960s it attracted people such as Joan Didion, John Leonard and Garry Wills, people who didn't think family, work, country and stopping international communism were values too weird to defend. But eventually the young talent that *NR* had begun attracting was no longer quite so available, and finally, in 1971, Wills told Buckley, "I think the magazine's standards of veracity and honor are scandalously low."

Recently there have been some murmurs of invigoration at the magazine. Publisher William A. Rusher has retired and been replaced by Wick Allison, who also publishes *Art & Antiques*. John O'Sullivan, a highly regarded British journalist who made a name for himself both as a troubleshooter for Rupert Murdoch and as Margaret Thatcher's domestic-policy adviser, has become editor. He has started strong: among his covers were "The Social Climber's Guide to Washington" and a story on rock 'n' roll. Morale is clearly on the rise. A young conservative in Washington who recently met with *NR* senior editor Joseph Sobran noted that Sobran kept insisting that "ever since O'Sullivan came along, *National Review* has been charged up, really charged up."

Still, O'Sullivan faces a daunting task: the deadwood (including Sobran) is thick; the atmosphere of the office is musty, quaint and lazy; and a tone of genteel racism endures. This attitude is usually expressed in the third-floor conference room, at the biweekly editorial meetings and the occasional end-of-the-day staff cocktail hours that are held there. "There's this insularity," remembers one former *NR* editorial assistant about the events that occurred in that room, "where you feel that you're among friends who all think the same way as you do. You can even express your true feelings about something that, in another situation, you would be more guarded about. This would be especially true when Bill was away." On which subjects have true feelings been expressed? Well, senior editors Sobran and Jeffrey Hart have swapped jokes about crematoriums and gas chambers. Race relations is also a popular subject. In November 1986 *NR* ran a cover story, "Blacks and the G.O.P.: Just Called to Say I Love You," that outlined possible GOP strate-



"U
NDER A REAL
GOVERNMENT, BISHOP TUTU
WOULD BE A CAKE
OF SOAP," JEFFREY HART ONCE
SAID WISTFULLY AT AN
EDITORIAL MEETING



Opposite page:
top, fair-weather
reactionary P. J.
O'Rourke and
impressionist
David Frye; bottom
left, Eugene
McCarthy, Tom
Wolfe, Buckley,
Henry Kissinger
(standing), Harriet
Pilpel and John
Kenneth Galbraith
(seated) at *Firing
Line's* twentieth-
anniversary roast;
bottom right, the
Boys Who Would
Be Buckley (Hart,
another young
right-wing zealot,
Fossedal and
D'Souza) in their
Dartmouth Review
prime, ca. 1980.
This page: Ben, the
lesser Hart, and
George Will,
former White
House flack

A ROOMFUL OF ALEX KEATONS

(Without the Charm or Looks)

Brookhiser, Ben Hart, Fossedal and D'Souza are typical of a growing subculture in our society—Young Conservatives. Although similar to many other youths—cheerful, simplistic, intellectually careless, horny—Young Conservatives can best be distinguished by their willingness to take charge of the world. The best way to learn about these youngsters is to meet them on their own turf, and there is no better place to do that than at The Heritage Foundation in Washington, D.C., where the biweekly meetings of the so-called Third Generation are held. We went there for a meeting. We found:

Guys Who Made Strange Announcements. A large, hairy, overbearing man asked of everyone in the lobby, "Is it just me, or does anyone else watch *Masterpiece Theatre*?" Nobody responded. Later, a Mister Rogers look-alike announced, "I'm going to go kick some more liberal butt, but I just thought you should know that if you wave an American flag in front of Communists on Capitol Hill, you could get arrested. If you think this is harebrained, you can get your own brain transplant sometime."

Surrogate Right-wingers. A crowd of 30 came to hear Christopher Baldwin and John Sutter, the latest bad boys of *The Dartmouth Review*. They missed their flight. Instead, their lawyers showed up.

Provocative Discourse. Hart ran the discussion. He blandly recited a litany of injustices suffered by Baldwin and Sutter, which reached its climax when he mentioned that Dartmouth president James Freedman had called *The Dartmouth Review*-ers "ideological provocateurs posing as journalists," and the audience chortled and snorted in disbelief.

The evening ended when some crank suddenly blurted out, "Many moons ago Robert Bork Jr. came here and talked about the experience his dad had, and it seems to me that the 'Red thread' throughout this whole thing has been essentially boiling down to a philosophical, perhaps a spiritual, war."

It could've been worse. A few months earlier Heritage had been so desperate for topics that it had actually celebrated the anniversary of the Grenada invasion. A couple who had honeymooned on the island showed slides.

—B.M.

gies for attracting black voters. Presiding over the traditional post-issue recap, Buckley quipped, "Maybe it should've been titled 'Just Called to Say I Love You, Niggah.'" During another editorial meeting, Jeffrey Hart reflected wistfully that "under a real government, Bishop Tutu would be a cake of soap."

According to Taki Theodoracopulos, a right-wing sometime SPY contributor and close friend of Buckley's, one reason Buckley hired John O'Sullivan was to ensure that "the wild men didn't take over," and to keep from institutionalizing the *Well*, black people call one another nigger, too type of casual racism that Buckley tries to keep confined to the third-floor conference room. Whatever the reason, O'Sullivan's selection made final what had long been apparent: neither Sobran nor Hart could replace Buckley at *National Review*.

A professor of English at Dartmouth, Hart helped launch *The Dartmouth Review*, the holding pen for youthful myrmidons of ultraconservatism. In gratitude, it prints Hart's syndicated column, in which he says things that even *National Review* doesn't often allow into print, such as "I support SDI even if it doesn't work—at least it would keep money out of the hands of the poor." Hart isn't so hard-line about giving grades—legend has it that when a student in a Dartmouth class on Samuel Johnson turned in a final essay all about Ben Jonson, Hart, whose nickname is Easy Jeff, gave the paper a B+, his only comment being "Wrong Johnson." Nor has the bulbous-nosed Hart—who laughs at his own jokes in a manner reminiscent of the late Paul Lynde—been scrupulously conservative about his personal habits. He has had his quarrels with firewater, and though Hart has apparently gone on the wagon, one former colleague remembers the time Hart was asked to lunch with Buckley and Clare Boothe Luce, who by that time was nearly blind. She asked Buckley who was sitting next to her, and when he told her, she exclaimed, "Oh, Jeff Hart! He's the one with the drinking problem, right?" Whatever the reason these days, Hart is still a mite forgetful sometimes, telling the same gay-bashing jokes at meetings and suggesting story ideas as his own that he had minutes before shot down.

The untidiness of Hart's fellow senior editor, Joseph Sobran, is less of a moral than a physical and intellectual nature. Though he has his virtues—the evenhanded Judis biography compliments "the wit, anger, and erudition" of his writing—he is as far removed from Buckley's image of urbanity as can be conceived. His office is a garbage dump full of newspapers and empty soda cans; he stinks up *NR* with his cheap cigars and uses the office as a crash pad the night before meetings; and he dresses, as one former staffer puts it, "in the most limited wardrobe of any semisuccessful professional man on the



Eastern Seaboard"—one lime-green leisure suit.

But Sobran's intellectual habits have vexed Buckley most. A chronic victim of writer's block, Sobran has been taunted mercilessly by the hyperprolific Buckley.

But what Sobran has failed to produce causes Buckley fewer problems than what he has written. In 1986 Buckley was urged to boot Sobran by neoconservatives after he wrote a series of anti-Semitic columns. In defense of Reagan's trip to Bitburg, Sobran had lashed out at Washington's "Jewish lobby" and offered the suggestion that *The New York Times* change its name to *Holocaust Update*. Another Sobran column, one that praised an obscure Father Coughlin-esque journal called *Instauration*, led Midge Decter to demand an explanation. As usual, Buckley's response was vague: he chose not to dissociate himself from Sobran, but merely to regret "the obstinate tendentiousness" of the columns in question. Even though Sobran has since made up with the offended neocons, the feeling at *National Review* is *Maybe we should have let go of Joe after all*.

By bringing in O'Sullivan, Buckley has blocked the ascension of the "wild men," but O'Sullivan will surely not be around for the long haul. At best, he offers a regency while an heir matures, an heir who must achieve not just the intellectual heft that Buckley possessed in his prime but also the style, wit and gregariousness that helped make him palatable to the media nabobs who helped promote him over the years. And it is in that clubbability department, in the realm of social connections, inherited wealth, decent wardrobe and adequate TVQ rating, that today's Young Conservatives are most lacking. There are four contenders for the Buckley mantle; none of them seems like a hot prospect. In fact, as a former *National Review* editor puts it, "What has happened is that many people have been singled out, told they're wonderful and been given all these wonderful opportunities. And then they've never amounted to anything."

The person who seems closest to being Buckley's heir is Richard Brookhiser. Indeed, he apparently had a virtual lock on the *National Review* editorship, but—after reflecting, with classic Brookhiser corniness, that he "remembered what happened to the last heir apparent, Franz Ferdinand"—he took himself out of contention, to write for *The New Yorker*,



bUCKLEY MAY BE TOO BUSY DOING EVERYTHING TO DO ANYTHING WELL, BUT EVEN HE HAS TO UNWIND, AND LATELY HE HAS BEEN UNWINDING WITH SOME GUSTO



This page: above left, sleaze Dinesh D'Souza and geezer Emmett Tyrrell; above right, Pat and Bill, apparently celebrating another implausibly large advance

COFFEE, TEA OR BILL

*Trotting the Globe and Defying Death
With Buckley*

Fans of eerie convergences took it on the chin last April when, on the same day that 1960s relic Abbie Hoffman was found dead, a nine-foot chunk of the tail of the Concorde carrying William F. Buckley (himself a 1960s relic of a different stripe) fell off while the plane was flying over the South Pacific. As it turned out, the missing nine feet weren't enough to send the aircraft spiraling into the sea, and the plane landed safely, sparing the lives of the passengers and the nerves of all the rest of us, who would have had to endure the prose of dumbstruck pundits searching for meaning in the Hoffman-Buckley coincidence.

It would have been an embarrassing way for Buckley to go. The right's most famous celebrity intellectual was in the midst of a three-week round-the-world tour. But unlike many other trips Buckley has taken for personal pleasure, this was also a pointedly commercial enterprise.

The trip was arranged by Miami's superswanky Lorraine Travel Bureau Inc., which promised a tour that, as they put it, "will surely be, short of flying to the moon, or beyond, the most exhilarating trip of anyone's lifetime." (They didn't intimate that it might have been the *last* trip, exhilarating or otherwise, of a lifetime.) Buckley was hired not so much to host this tour as merely to accompany it, to be just part of the package whose cost was set at \$39,000 per person, double occupancy.

Had Buckley got sick or died, organizers were prepared to placate disappointed passengers with "\$5,000 each as full compensation for his failure to appear." Does this mean

that Lorraine paid Buckley \$5,000 per passenger, or \$485,000? "Oh, no," says Mac Seligman of Creative Resources Inc., the Miami company that did Lorraine's marketing research for the venture. As if Buckley would accept piecemeal commissions to affect camaraderie for 24 days with 97 rich people he didn't know! It was a flat, presumably six-figure fee. April is ordinarily Buckley's month on the rubber-chicken circuit, says Seligman, so they negotiated around what he would have made by delivering speeches during the same period of time. (According to lecture-circuit bookers, Buckley gets about \$15,000 for each of the 40 to 50 public-speaking engagements he books every year, part of the proceeds of which goes toward stemming *National*

Review's annual \$500,000 deficit.)

Still, it's not entirely clear what Buckley was supposed to do on the tour. The \$39,000 that each passenger paid didn't just go for supersonic proximity to him, as though he were merely an employee of an escort service. Buckley, the organizers promised, would "also be providing political and cultural commentary throughout the trip." Does this mean that he delivered impromptu in-flight talks and lectures? "Oh, good God, no," Seligman says. "No, no, no, no, no." In fact, aside from the self-imposed task of taping six *Firing Line* episodes on the road, Buckley had "no assigned duties." Nevertheless, Lorraine president Jack Guiteras told *Travel Weekly* before the trip that "plans call for

[Buckley] to change his seating on the plane during the segments so that everybody has a chance to have more direct contact with him." Ah, now we understand. He was hired to be a greeter.

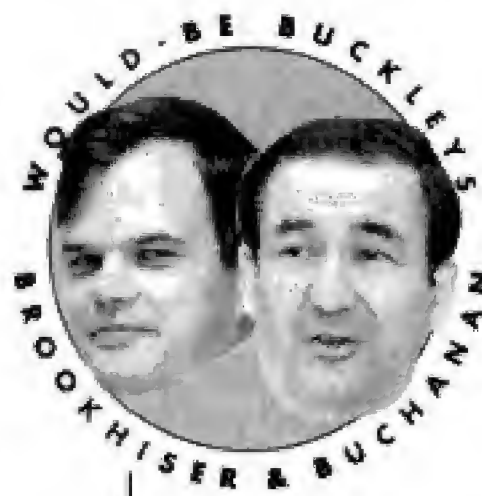
Indeed, many of the highlights of the trip involved greetings. Highly touted was the arrival of Buckley and company on Wednesday, April 5, in Papeete, Tahiti. "In some cases entire islands will greet us," the brochure claimed, "as only honored guests can be greeted and as only Tahitians know how." *What?* Seligman explains, "You're reading ad copy. There's a certain artistic license in that. Now, we're marketing and communications people. We speak the same language as you. We're all journalists here."

So, journalist to journalist: *What?* "I have no specifics," says Seligman. "But I've been to Tahiti. And the Tahitians . . . wear a certain kind of grass skirt, and they play a certain kind of music, and they do a certain kind of dance. . . . And they're out there greeting flights all the time."

As it turned out, one group Buckley was pressed into greeting was members of the news media, who wanted his reaction to the tail fracture. Buckley maintained that there was no panic. "If we had nose-dived . . . into the Tasmanian Sea, there would have been a considerable reaction," he said, effortlessly falling into form. "But one simply assumes that nothing fatal has happened if indeed there is no confirmation nor any visible invalidation of the ship's performance." In other words, *I think, therefore I'm not dead.*

—Steve Pomper





Time and other publications. Part of Brookhiser's advantage is his length of tenure; the 34-year-old has been contributing to *National Review* since he was 14, when a letter he wrote to his older brother, lamenting that his classes had been interrupted by an antiwar moratorium, was passed along to Buckley, who printed it as a cover story. Perhaps Buckley thought that by grooming Brookhiser he could make *National Review* youthful again. If so, Buckley thought wrong. Brookhiser doesn't have Buckley's knack for setting himself apart intellectually while obeying mainstream social conventions. Instead, he possesses a number of quirky enthusiasms of the type that do not encourage small talk. He is an aficionado of belly dancing and holds occasional Sunday-afternoon poetry readings, during which he often bursts into tears. (One quality Brookhiser does share with Buckley is an inclination to write about any and all of his experiences. His reflections on belly dancing have appeared in *American Spectator*, on reading poetry aloud in *The Atlantic*.)

Brookhiser also has a wardrobe of vintage clothing that has been chosen not from a sense of stylish kitsch but out of genuine poor taste. Former *National Review* articles editor Richard Vigilante has referred to Brookhiser's style as *Rochester Vice*. He has a tendency to parade his most outrageous garb at formal conservative gatherings. He wore a charcoal-gray sport coat embellished with turquoise crescents to a *National Review* Christmas party populated heavily by octogenarians in Brooks Brothers sack suits, and donned a black kimono for an *American Spectator* bash last year. He is, in sum, a nerd.

Brookhiser is the only one of Buckley's presumptive heirs to have been brought up at *National Review*. The other three—Dinesh D'Souza, Gregory Fossedal and Ben Hart—came of age at *The Dartmouth Review*, which Fossedal and Hart founded in 1980.

D'Souza is most famous for his Sammy Glickishness, and for his felicitous nickname, Distort D'Newza. "I think I'm the one who thought of it!" D'Souza replied when asked about the nickname. Later he backtracks. "I can't remember the exact origins of Distort D'Newza, but I was very proud of it when it came out."

Certainly folks at *National Review* consider him an egregious self-promoter. When asked by *NR* to review Jude Wanniski's *MediaGuide, 1987* (wherein D'Souza received a higher rating than Buckley), D'Souza apparently didn't care very much to camouflage his basic agreement with Wanniski, and the piece never ran. "A more supercilious prick there isn't," says an ex-employee of The Heritage Foundation, the conservative think tank. One Washington observer remembers hearing D'Souza boast of having stolen the mailing list of a gay organization at Dartmouth. His sheer Glickishness aside, some of his colleagues don't even consider him talented. His

1987 collaboration with Greg Fossedal, a book called *My Dear Alex*, is a heavy-handed updating of C. S. Lewis's *The Screwtape Letters*. In the Lewis book a young Devil receives advice from Lucifer on how to corrupt Christians; in the D'Souza-Fossedal book, a young Russian is taught how to manipulate the American press by a KGB agent named Vladimir. In his introduction to the book Richard Nixon, the noted literary critic, declared that "not since George Orwell, to my knowledge, has there been a broad political satire to match *My Dear Alex*."

Where nerdiness hobbles Brookhiser and Glickishness is a problem for D'Souza, sheer personal animosity stands in the way of Gregory Fossedal. Fossedal may indeed be the most promising right-wing journalist of his generation, but he also has the distinction of being, with Gore Vidal and Lowell Weicker, one of the few people in this world whom William F. Buckley Jr. actually despises. Most attribute it to Fossedal's abrasiveness. "Bill's more genteel," says Ben Hart, "while Greg uses the sledgehammer approach." It is an attribute that has won him few friends. Fellow journalists booed him at an infamous August 1984 press conference during the presidential campaign, when Fossedal badgered Geraldine Ferraro about her husband's tax returns, repeatedly shouting, "Answer the question, answer the question!" Three years later his ham-handedness lost him more important friends. In a column syndicated by the Copley News Service,

Fossedal wrote a piece on the decline of *National Review*, suggesting, among other things, that some of the senior editors be shipped out on sabbaticals. "For their own good . . . Jeff Hart, Joe Sobran . . . and Richard Brookhiser need to be forced to publish first-rate books, do some serious writing for other publications, and just plain think. And their chairs would be filled by some young, hungry talents. . . .

Some suggestions: Dinesh D'Souza . . ." In as close as he comes to tactfulness, Fossedal omitted himself.

Fossedal's advice was not taken well. In a rage, Jeffrey Hart wrote hysterical letters to several conservatives, including Fossedal, who promptly apologized to Hart and wrote a follow-up column praising the professor's many virtues.

It must be said that Fossedal is one of the few nonscientists on the right or left to have waded through much of the science concerning the Strategic Defense Initiative. So dweebish is Fossedal that he reportedly spent his wedding eve discussing SDI with then-Lieutenant General Daniel Graham, his coauthor on a pro-Star Wars book called *A Defense*

d

INESH D'SOUZA IS

MOST FAMOUS FOR HIS NICKNAME,

DISTORT D'NEWZA. "I

THINK I'M THE ONE WHO THOUGHT

OF IT," HE CLAIMS

PROUDLY. LATER HE BACKTRACKS



This page:
Talented
ultranerdy fashion
criminal Rick
Brookhiser, the
poet's friend, and
bellicose bully Pat
Buchanan

MEANWHILE, THE MOST INFLUENTIAL CONSERVATIVE IN YOUNG AMERICA IS...

Dead—and She Has a Hard-to-Pronounce Name

One reason there are so few pretenders to William F. Buckley Jr.'s throne is that his writing has never been popular with young people. But there is a *literally* dead conservative writer whose work still holds impressionable youths in its thrall.

Ayn Rand—she pronounced her curious name "ine," as in *mine*—died in 1982, yet the influence of this writer goes on. Her best-known books, *The Fountainhead* (1943) and *Atlas Shrugged* (1957), have never gone out of print. Combined sales of all her books now exceed 20 million copies, and annual

sales are at least 500,000. (The usually gracious Buckley seems to have been jealous of Rand's commercial success; he wrote two uncharacteristically nasty columns about her after her death.)

Neither Rand's books nor her philosophy of Objectivism—souped-up Aristotle with a sexy free-market, libertarian twist—



was ever taken seriously by critics, but she continues to enjoy an extraordinary middlebrow popularity that evidences itself in diverse ways: for example, there are roughly 60 Ayn Rand fan clubs on college campuses; *The Fountainhead* shows up in the movie *Dirty Dancing* (toted by Robby Gould, the sneering, elitist rich boy who impregnates Pat-

rick Swayze's partner); and in a fawning *New York* magazine profile, Liz Smith tries to ingratiate herself with Donald Trump by likening him to *Atlas Shrugged*'s John Galt.

Every year, thousands of new Randoids join the ranks. Most tend to be either too-rich self-made tycoons or picked-on computer nerds (the romantic, heroic individualism of Rand's novels flatters the former and fuels the latter's revenge fantasies). Here is a roster of well-known people who have credited Rand with introducing them to—as the title of one of her nonfiction works puts it—the Virtue of Selfishness.

POLITICAL LEADERS

"Just when everyone else was forgetting about Ayn Rand, she was discovered by the Reagan administration," says **Aram Bakshian Jr.**, a former speech writer for Ronald Reagan. And though the former president himself never expressed much interest in Rand, many of his appointees, advisers and allies did. **Alan Greenspan**, the Reagan-appointed chairman of the Federal Reserve, was a close friend of Rand's. "What she did," he has said, "through long discussions and lots of arguments into the night, was to make me think why capitalism is not only efficient and practical, but also moral."

THESPIANS

When *The Fountainhead* was published, **Barbara Stanwyck**, **Clark Gable** and **Joan Crawford** were among those who fought to play the leads in the movie—parts that eventually went to Gary Cooper and Patricia Neal. Since then Rand has been endorsed by the likes of **Rock Hudson**, **Jill St. John**,



Clint Eastwood, **Tom Selleck**, **Phoebe Cates** and **John**

Malkovich. **Raquel Welch** also admired Rand, who returned the compliment by suggesting that Welch should play Dagny Taggart, the railway president, should *Atlas Shrugged* ever be made into a movie. **Jerry Lewis** has been known to read aloud from *The Fountainhead*.

PRESS LORDS, CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY, FAKE WASPS AND TENNIS PLAYERS

Robert Bleiberg, the editorial director of *Barron's*, has said that "all the years have done is to confirm the wisdom of her ideas." **Edward A. Brennan**, the chairman and CEO of Sears, Roebuck, has paid *Atlas Shrugged* the compliment of calling it the most important book he has ever read. **Ralph Lauren** has told fawning interviewers that his favorite book is *The Fountainhead*. **Billie Jean King** credits Rand with enlightening her. "People were con-



stantly calling me and making me feel rotten if I didn't

play in their tournament or help them out," she has said. "I realized [after reading Rand] that people were beginning to use my strength as a weakness." Other fans include **Hugh Hefner** and "the father of automation," **John Diebold**.

MEN OF LETTERS

"*The Fountainhead* is my favorite book," **Rex Reed** once said. "It influenced me all through my college years." Rand's literary enthusiasts also include *Vanity Fair*'s **James Wolcott**, who gushed recently that "AYN RAND LIVES"; **Charles Murray**, the author of *Losing Ground*, a path-breaking attack on the Great Society; **Robert Ringer**, who wrote *Looking Out for Number One*; **Ira Levin**, whose books include *Rosemary's Baby*; **Robert Heinlein**, author of *Stranger in a Strange Land*; and illustrator **Steve Ditko**, creator of Marvel Comics's Spiderman.



WOMEN WHO POSE NAKED OR NEARLY SO

Gretchen Carlson, Miss America 1988, told the *Chicago Tribune*, "The book I've been recommending lately is: *The Fountainhead*." In her admiration of Rand, Carlson joins innumerable *Playboy* Playmates, most recently **Sandra Elizabeth Greenberg**, Miss June 1987, who have listed on the Playmate Data Sheet either *Atlas Shrugged* or *The Fountainhead* as their favorite book.

OTHER PROMINENT RANDOIDS

Jerry Whitworth of the Walker spy ring; **Jane Alpert**, 1960s radical and longtime fugitive; **James U. Blanchard**, America's foremost advocate of a return to the gold standard; **Gene Roddenberry**, creator of *Star Trek*; director **Michael Cimino**; **Neil Peart** of Rush; **Simon LeBon** of Duran Duran; **Mike Mentzer**, a former Mr. Universe; many of the executives of the **Burger King Corporation**; and **James Earl Ray**. —B.M.

That Defends: Blocking Nuclear Attack. He later took advocacy journalism to an extreme and presided over a 1985 White House briefing on Star Wars. For all his supposed insider's expertise, however, the cover story Fossedal co-wrote last fall for *The New Republic* on Reagan's "botched spy buildup" ended up embarrassing the magazine. "The CIA must avoid subjects like population trends in Ruritania . . . and report hard data on hard questions, such as the Soviet ABM system" was one of the stupefyingly obvious suggestions he offered.

Brookhiser, D'Souza and Fossedal are all bright and not untalented. The same cannot be said of Ben Hart, the fourth Boy Who Would Be Buckley. "The neoliberals used to say that the scandal isn't what's illegal, it's what's legal," ventures Malcolm Gladwell, a *Washington Post* reporter and former *American Spectator* writer. "Any scandal surrounding Ben Hart is not what's hidden, it's what you see on the surface." "Ben," says a Washington journalist, "is a low-rent conservative hack, not smart enough to worry about."

Ben Hart's major claim to fame is that he is Jeff Hart's boy. Beyond that, he has edited an unreadable collection, *The Third Generation: Young Conservative Leaders Look to the Future*, and wrote *Poisoned Ivy*, a painful account of his days at Dartmouth. Consider this description of his first day at school: "How did I get lunch? [M]y father was a Dartmouth professor . . . but I had no idea how Dartmouth students went about getting fed. I had never needed to know before. The loneliness remained. As I sat on the cold tile floor, the radiator began to rattle. The problem of lunch remained."

More than either the abrasive Fossedal or the shadowy D'Souza, who has finally found his place as the official mouthpiece for freshman congressman

Christopher Cox (R-Calif.), Hart is caught in that limbo between academe and journalism; he's not taken seriously by professors or policy wonks, yet he's too much an ideologue to be a good beat reporter. A perfect example is his most recent book project, *Faith and Freedom: The Christian Roots of American Liberty*, which is too dry to be influential and too polemical to impress academics (and too both to be readable). But

Hart's is an extreme case of a problem vexing many among the so-called Third Generation of the right; as *The New Republic's* Fred Barnes says, "They all want to complain about liberal bias in the media, but they don't want to work their way up the ladder

as reporters and managing editors." R. Emmett Tyrrell, the once-refreshing editor of *American Spectator*, agrees. "I've noticed that we have all kinds of young people," he says, "who want to be pontificators. They're not learned, and they're not particularly eloquent either. I don't know where they get the idea." When Tyrrell—who was once a would-be Buckley himself—hears the suggestion that they are inspired by guys like him, he bursts out laughing.

The very idea of replacing Buckley is perhaps a notion inherently doomed to failure, just as the Democratic Party has been engaged in a 25-year quest for a successor to JFK that has earned it nothing but a gaggle of haircuts and grins. Buckley in his prime, by the mere force of his intelligence and charm, made conservatism compelling to those on the right, and at least approachable to those on the left. He has remained generally liked and admired throughout his career, something that few people, even those with careers far briefer than four decades, can boast.

Meanwhile, the search for his successor goes on, reaching now beyond the conservative subculture. One frequently touted possibility is Chris Buckley, the only would-be Dauphin qualified for the job by blood. But Chris has said on more than one occasion that he isn't interested in taking over his father's firm. Another candidate is P. J. O'Rourke, the Hunter S. Thompson of the right, who writes dispatches from unpleasant foreign countries for *Rolling Stone*. O'Rourke is like Buckley in many ways: he amuses liberals by making fun of their sacred cows, has used controlled substances and is eminently clubbable. Given his approximately \$80,000 salary from *Rolling Stone* (plus an expense account that the magazine describes as "lavish"), the profile of him last October in *Vanity Fair* and the fact that his live-in girlfriend is Lena Horne's party-girl granddaughter Amy Lumet, it would seem that O'Rourke has mastered many of the ways and means of becoming a Buckley. But O'Rourke is a convert to conservatism, and his high-spirited libertarianism makes him suspect in the eyes of serious conservative intellectuals. Besides, why rush? *There's still time to groom an appropriate successor*, those serious conservatives have convinced themselves; *we can wait for the right mix*. Bill Buckley isn't going anywhere quite yet. He's still here, still cranking out the books and columns, still being elegant, still holding court at Mortimer's, cutting and tweaking, prodding and jesting, holding high the banner of conservatism, telling that *Rebel Without a Clue* joke deep into the night. ☛



This page:
above, Joe Sobran,
the anti-Semite's
apologist, and Greg
Fossedal, who
studied SDI on his
wedding eve;
below, Old
Timers' Day

g REG FOSSEDAL
ONCE SUGGESTED
THAT JEFF HART AND
JOE SOBRAN NEEDED TO
TAKE A SABBATICAL AND "JUST
PLAIN THINK"



ing high the banner of conservatism, telling that *Rebel Without a Clue* joke deep into the night. ☛

CONSERVATIVES-AT-A-GLANCE

BEN HART

Telegenic	
Witty	
Bright	
Cultivated	
Has a Rich Wife	
Uses Big Words	
Trades on Self-Created Image	*
Has an Imitable Accent	

DINESH D'SOUZA

Telegenic	
Witty	
Bright	
Cultivated	
Has a Rich Wife	*
Uses Big Words	
Trades on Self-Created Image	
Has an Imitable Accent	

GREGORY FOSSEDAL

Telegenic	
Witty	
Bright	
Cultivated	
Has a Rich Wife	
Uses Big Words	
Trades on Self-Created Image	
Has an Imitable Accent	

GEORGE WILL

Telegenic	
Witty	*
Bright	
Cultivated	
Has a Rich Former Girlfriend (Lally Weymouth)	
Uses Big Words	

A Handy SPY Guide Illustrating How Other Right-wing Writers Measure Up to Buckley

Bill Buckley may have his faults, but there's no denying he casts a giant shadow from under which few pundits emerge. One commentator may have his knack for desultory thinking, another his social graces, but no one puts it all together quite the way Buckley does. Now, with this easy-to-digest Guide to Buckley Pretenders, readers can handicap any forthcoming internecine maneuverings to inherit the great man's mantle.

KEY TO THE RATINGS

	Just like Buckley
	Could subhost <i>Firing Line</i>
	Would be served at Mortimer's, but not when busy
	Not fit to serve Buckley at Mortimer's
*	Doesn't rate

Trades on Self-Created Image	
Has an Imitable Accent	

RICHARD BROOKHISER

Telegenic	
Witty	
Bright	
Cultivated	
Has a Rich Wife	
Uses Big Words	
Trades on Self-Created Image	
Has an Imitable Accent	

P. J. O'ROURKE

Telegenic	
Witty	
Bright	
Cultivated	
Has a Rich Girlfriend (Amy Lumet)	
Uses Big Words	
Trades on Self-Created Image	

WILLIAM SAFIRE

Telegenic	
Witty	
Bright	
Cultivated	
Has a Rich Wife	
Uses Big Words	
Trades on Self-Created Image	
Has an Imitable Accent	

JEFFREY HART

Telegenic	*
Witty	
Bright	
Cultivated	
Has a Rich Wife	*
Uses Big Words	
Trades on Self-Created Image	
Has an Imitable Accent	*

JOSEPH SOBRAN

Telegenic	*
Witty	
Bright	
Cultivated	*
Has a Rich Wife	*
Uses Big Words	
Trades on Self-Created Image	*
Has an Imitable Accent	*

R. EMMETT TYRRELL

Telegenic	
Witty	
Bright	
Cultivated	
Has a Rich Former Girlfriend (Lally Weymouth)	
Uses Big Words	
Trades on Self-Created Image	*
Has an Imitable Accent	*

CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

Telegenic	
Witty	
Bright	
Cultivated	
Has a Rich Wife	
Uses Big Words	
Trades on Self-Created Image	
Has an Imitable Accent	

PATRICK BUCHANAN

Telegenic	
Witty	
Bright	
Cultivated	
Has a Rich Wife	
Uses Big Words	
Trades on Self-Created Image	
Has an Imitable Accent	

—B.M.

229 power line installers and repairers get zapped per year

In order to make their way in the world, our ancestors used to kill as a matter of course. In Cro-Magnon Town as

well as Dodge City, the law was survival of the fittest, and fitness often meant the willingness and ability to take another's

life. ☠ Today, bathing frequently and proudly calling ourselves *Homo sapiens*,

we like to feel we've grown beyond such feral shenanigans. In theory, at least, we ab-

hor violence—"Thou shalt not kill" is a

principle we uphold, and many of us haven't

even hit anyone since childhood. Murder

for a cushier spot in the ecosystem? Not

us! But despite our civilized veneer, we

haven't changed a bit—we've just grown

more distant from the fray. Because

as PETER HEFFERNAN discovered when

he took a cold, hard look at the facts,

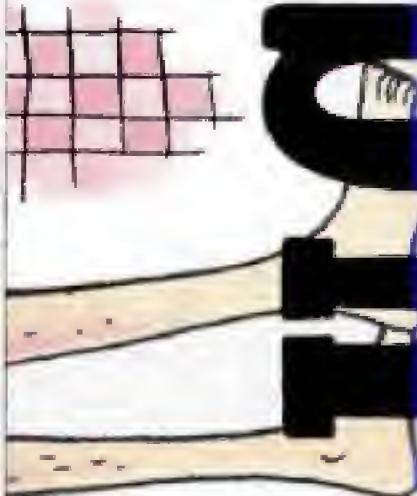
Subtract
112 apparel
workers from the
population every year

1,100 deaths manufacturing stuff every year

123,000 bunnies annually slaughtered in cosmetics testing

20 deaths so far building New York's new water tunnel

Several hundred accidentally dead paper and pulp workers every 12 months



140 quartz and feldspar miners dead each year from accidents and silicosis

in...



QUIET AMERICA

ALL OUR

HANDS

ARE DRIPPING

RED WITH

BLOOD

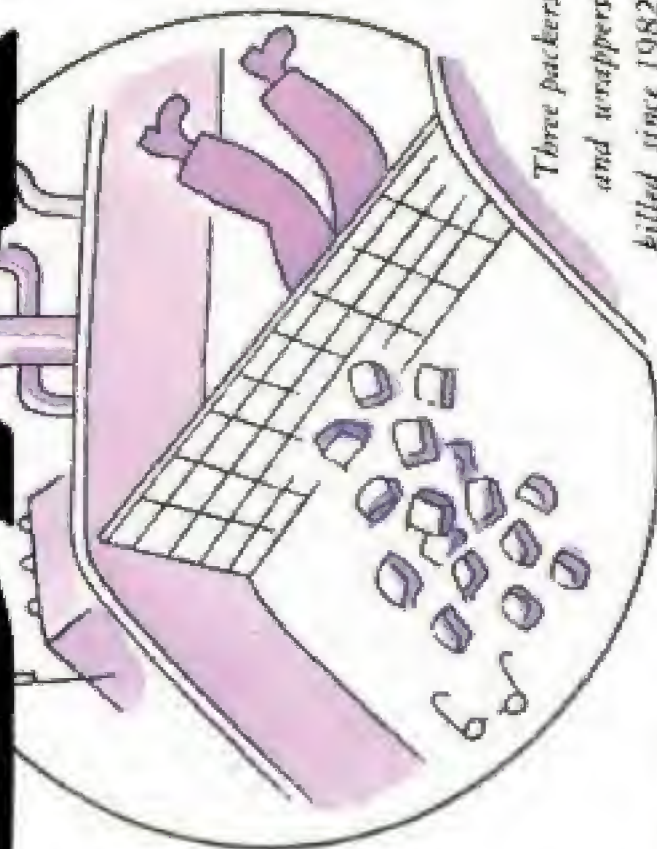
Most SPY readers think of themselves as law-abiding types. You might bend a speed limit now and then, maybe neglect to show the rental-car folks that little scratch, perhaps fudge your taxes a teeny-weeny bit. But nothing serious. And while you may occasionally harbor grudges and ill will, deep in your heart you are positive—you *would never, never kill anyone*.

We've got news for you: you've already killed someone, or

at least a portion of someone. In fact, it's impossible not to. Many seemingly innocent actions you take—particularly those quintessential all-American consumer activities—involve the taking of a real person's life. Do you take showers in the morning? *Men and women died bringing you the water.*

Do you use electricity or ride the subway to work? People gave their lives—their *precious lives*, *man*—so that you could have those services. And we can measure the bloodshed. For all those simple things you do, you deserve

a part of the blame for 60,000 to 70,000 deaths a year. Dubious? Let SPY follow you around as you go about your business. Go ahead. Conduct your routine, do all the things you're accustomed to—we'll check the government statistics, the scholarly publications, the industry newsletters and labor union bulletins, then divide by 240 million (unless otherwise noted) and present you with your body count.



Three packers and wrappers killed since 1982

**A YAWN, A STRETCH,
A TRUDGE TO THE SHOWER**

Modern showers are nice: you can pick your own water temperature,

and they run as long as you need, all thanks to huge waterworks projects that bring the water right to your home. So that those of us in New York City will continue to enjoy convenient cleanliness, our city government is constructing a new water tunnel, set to open in 1991. The project is only in its first stage of construction and already 20 workers have been killed. Even if no one else dies on the job, each of the 7,316,800 New Yorkers who use indoor plumbing will be responsible for .0000027 deaths. So ask not for whom the bell tolls, friend; it tolls for the .0000027 of a sandhog you've killed. The water coming through the tunnel is itself problematic; one estimate has as many as 30,000 extra cancer deaths nationwide resulting from drinking purified water.

Apart from the water, there are the pipes themselves, and the .012 percent of plumbers, pipe fitters and apprentices who die every year installing them. What about bathroom tiles? They started out as, among other things, quartz and feldspar, which have to be extracted from the earth by miners, who, as a group, suffer an abnormally high incidence of silicosis, a disease that kills approximately 140 workers a year. As you towel off we'll factor in some cotton-industry fatalities (the bulk of which will be counted later); some tile setters; a few soap-, shampoo-, toothpaste- and deodorant-industry workers; and the 500 truckers who die every year bringing these and other items to your nearby emporium. One more thing: though we see you diligently brushing and flossing, you still need to make that annual visit to the dentist's office, which means that even if you have no other X-rays this year, you have to accept your share of responsibility for 17 to 28 extra cancer deaths a year among people who work with radiology equipment. Altogether, the annual death toll for ordinary efforts to keep America clean



To reach out and touch someone . . .

and well groomed is running at about 1,119, or .000004662 of a human being per year apiece.

HOW MANY DEAD?

.000004662 SO FAR

HMM, THE POLO OR THE ARMANI?

Ah, there's nothing like all-natural 100 percent cotton—the way it feels against your body, the way it lets your skin breathe. So much to feel *good* about! So far removed from the spectacle of cotton pickers in the fields, coughing, choking and dying from brown lung disease at an estimated rate of 2,000 per year, or .0000083 for everyone in the United States who wears clothes. But it's not just cotton pickers who suffer; everyone in the textile industry is at risk. Knitters, stitchers and loom-fixers, for example, keep getting their limbs ripped off. Ironers and pressers keep getting burned. And about .0023 percent of the country's checkers and examiners—the source of those INSPECTED BY NO. 31 tags you find in your underwear—pass away on the job annually. Those of you who wear shoes should factor in the 1.6 shoemaking-machine operators killed in the line of duty. Add in three dry cleaners and a few bootblacks, shoelace makers and shoehorn manufacturers (apparel industry subtotal: 112), and your personal body count for clothing yourself this year comes to .000008787.

HOW MANY DEAD?

.000015450 SO FAR

CROISSANTS AND THE TIMES

Time to fuel up and find out what's new in the world before surrendering to the daily grind. You'll be relieved to know that there has not been a single fatal accident during the last five years

at the Kellogg plant in Battle Creek, Michigan. The farmers who grow our wheat and corn, however, haven't been nearly so lucky—there were some 1,200 deaths in 1987 in agriculture, putting your personal share of the carnage at .000005 of a farmer (or grain and feed miller). A single fatty strip of bacon on your plate makes you an accomplice in half a dozen butchers' deaths a year. And fill up on the joe while you're at it—based on the four deaths per year resulting from growing coffee in OSHA-protected Hawaii, we conservatively estimate that 443 Juan Valdezes die around the world every year to bring you your java fix.

Those of you who use a refrigerator to keep your guilty breakfast pleasures fresh are contributing to the disappearing ozone layer by operating a Freon-leaking appliance. The Environmental Protection Agency hopes the climate is improving, but 1,775 people in the United States (and, by extrapolation, 36,825 worldwide) now die each year from the melanomas grown under the unfiltered sun.

As for your newspaper, you should be glad to learn that only 36 out of every 1 million reporters and editors die on the job each year (but the ones who do don't go quietly—the widow of a Pawtucket, Rhode Island, reporter, for example, was awarded roughly \$65,000 in 1985 by a court that agreed that her husband's death was caused by the stress of meeting deadlines). Still, by the time we finish adding in dead printing-press operators (20.2 per year), typesetters (.518), photographers (4.25) and .0018 percent of America's paperboys and vendors, your morning habits have cost the world 105 lives every day, or .000159579 of a person apiece each year.

HOW MANY DEAD?

.000173029 SO FAR

ON THE WAY TO WORK

Nobody likes the subway, but it is vital to life as we know it in New York — which explains why we tolerate the toll it takes on human lives. On the average, five New York City transit cops and maintenance workers die in the subway every year. Your share, if you are among the 3.7 million daily riders: .000001351 of a life. Surface transportation also has its cost; every year, 55 out of every 1 million bus drivers lay down their lives for the cause of getting Americans to and from work. Of course, there are nowhere near 1 million bus drivers in New York, as anyone who has ever waited for the M-15 on Second Avenue in the rain knows all too well.

But taking public transportation is still more humane than *driving* to work. Never mind traffic accidents (in which about 45,000 die a year, of whom only a minute fraction are on the job and therefore our responsibility). We refer here to the hazardous auto-manufacturing jobs (some 150 workers killed annually); the noxious, smog-creating fumes (1,200 yearly deaths); and the undoubted dangers of the metal- and petroleum-refining industries and of maintaining and constructing the nation's freeways (these fatalities include each year's handful of dead side-of-the-road flag-wavers—the ones you so joshingly award yourself points for "picking off"). Our figures suggest that simply by getting to work every day, you personally kill .000005642 of a worker every year.

HOW MANY DEAD?

.000178671 SO FAR

HARD AT WORK

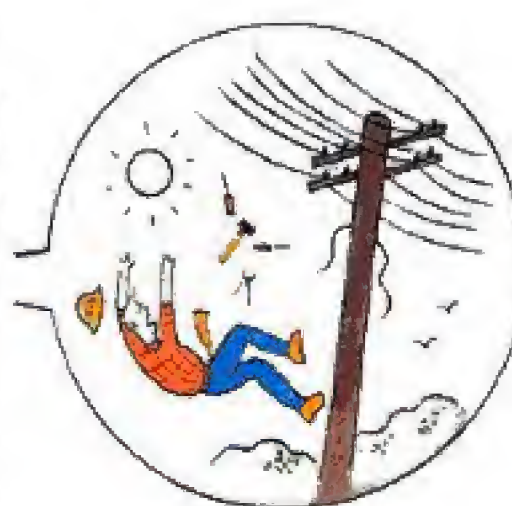
Okay, you've made it to the office. (You're starting to feel uncomfortable, aren't you? We can hear the mumbled protests: *Hey,*

bud, I'm just trying to make ends meet. I hate wearing this suit—it's just a uniform. And at least I'm not one of those commodities traders whose amoral Krugerrand swaps doom thousands of African miners to emphysema. It's not so pretty to discover how illusory your self-image of being upright and socially responsible can be, is it?)

To begin, the number of job-related deaths among construction workers—without whom you wouldn't *have* an office—outpaces those in nearly every other industry. Putting up buildings claims in the neighborhood of 660 granite cutters, insulation workers, metal workers, power-line installers, bulldozer and crane operators, electricians, and carpenters' helpers, among others, annually. Let's also count that occasional innocent bystander clobbered by a falling I-beam. (And here's a fact to impress visiting out-of-towners: construction kills more workers per building permit in New York than in any other American city.)

Enough fidgeting; time to do some actual work. Have your secretary take a memo, an inoffensive proposition unless you are so primitive as to force him or her to use slate pencils, in which case, consider that the average slate-pencil worker dies at 34 due to silicosis. Of course, if the memo is written on paper, you'll want to add to your culpability total more than 350 dead lumberjacks, many of whom perished so that you could have your desk and your embossed stationery. Add in a leather tanner or two, 10 office-machine operators, several dozen janitors and the approximately 60 messengers who die every year while crossing town at reckless speeds with your imperious letters.

It's been a very busy morning. Running late for lunch? Check your watch; hope it's a nice one, considering all the dedicated watchmakers (one every three years) who have died in the name of punctuality. Maybe you should call and postpone your lunch



costs 58 dead telephone linemen a year

date. Try not to think, as you dial, of the more than 100 phone installers and repairpeople whose lives that convenience ends yearly. Meditate instead on your death toll: .000005917 annually, just for doing your job.

HOW MANY DEAD?

.000184587 SO FAR

A LITTLE R AND R

Before you leave the office, make a quick call to the travel agent. After all, vacation's coming up, and you'll probably want to spend a little quality time with that special someone in your life. Perhaps you'll fly somewhere warm. Which means you'll have to accept some responsibility for the dozens of pilot and flight-attendant carcasses that have been sprinkled about the country. You can also tally seven miscellaneous aircraft workers a year. Then, by visiting a hotel, you get to share the blame for those hotel workers who died, the total of which we'll figure by taking a mere 1 percent of the hotel workers injured on the job, or 1,400.

Staying home for romance won't stem the carnage; every year, the flower and chocolate industries suffer a handful of casualties. All told, your amorous intentions are responsible for .000006071 of a death.

HOW MANY DEAD?

.000190658 SO FAR

THE COCKTAIL HOUR

At last your workday is over—time to kick back, sip a cold one and maybe stop thinking about fractions of dead people. If you feel guilty, talk it out with the bartender. Provided he's still there, that is: .0081 percent of the nation's drink pourers (about 10) die on the job in any given year. If you enjoy screwdrivers, sunrises, collinses, madrases or

other fruit-juice-based cocktails, we can start toting up deceased migrant fruit-pickers, whose lives—already miserable owing to their susceptibility to cholera, typhus, dysentery and impetigo—are three times more likely than yours or ours to be ended by those illnesses. Not to mention the pesticide exposure that migrant workers suffer, which in California alone accounts for more than 2,000 deaths a year. Those who become despondent at this news and thus consider taking up marijuana or some other illicit substance should know that there were about 3,090 drug-related murders in the U.S. last year, most of them involving the establishment of an efficient, economical distribution system. Fully 37,625 people met drug-abuse-related deaths last year, in which your tolerance of casual use renders you complicit. And you can throw in a few smugglers whose cigarette boats crashed.

If your favorite watering hole has a pinball machine or any other comparable amusement, you'll be able to score more than just points toward a replay: approximately 84 amusement-industry workers die annually. And as you summon a taxi so that you may return home safely, you might be thinking about the three dozen cabbies who didn't make it home last year, putting your guilt index for high times at .000178575.

HOW MANY DEAD?

.000369233 SO FAR

BACK HOME AGAIN

Home at last. It certainly is reassuring to have a roof over your head, isn't it? Too bad 66 roofers had to die to provide it. And before you call it a night, take a glance at the photo of your sweetheart on the mantel—about four photo processors die every year. (One study suggests that, among female photo processors of the Fotomat breed, the greatest risk



Having fun
at your local bar . . .

PETER COTTONTAIL DIED FOR YOU

With the *Exxon Valdez* massacre still fresh in our memory, we are plagued by nightmares of putting not merely a tiger in our tank but also tens of thousands of otters, ducks and seals. But Alaska's oil-slicked wildlife casualties are only the dramatic, highly publicized victims of a modern way of life that routinely kills herds of animals a day. The question arose: how many furry/scaly/feathery corpses is each person responsible for? To find the answer, we talked to animal-rights groups, government agencies, farmers and manufacturers, got the most reliable figure for the annual number of animal deaths in this country, divided that figure by 240 million Americans and multiplied the result by 75, the life expectancy of the average American. Our conclusion: during the course of a lifetime, each American will kill 2,205 innocent creatures, who were merely trying to live in peace and harmony here on Spaceship Earth. How do you conduct this carnage?

► **BY EATING FOOD.** If you're an average American, in the course of your life you will eat your way through 3 lambs or sheep, a calf, 45 turkeys and several (in fact). You will also therefore be partially responsible each year for the deaths of 20,000 porpoises and 100,000 dolphins, which will be killed accidentally by fishermen in the course of catching tuna. You will also eat 43 pigs and 11 steers, numbers to keep in mind when you're wondering how your cholesterol count got so high.



► **BY ENJOYING YOUR HOME AND CAR.** Vegetarians may be feeling smug about their innocence in this slaughter. Think again. As Ronald Reagan, a sometime cattleman from California, put it, "There are four meat quarters in a beef animal. The fifth quarter is the by-products. In a lot of ways that fifth quarter has done more than the other four to enrich and lengthen our lives." Indeed, animal by-products are in chewing gum, margarine, nondairy creamer, candy, beer, ice cream, shaving cream, hand and body cream and lotion, ceramics, refrigerator coolant, cellophane, insulation material, lubricants, tires, glue, candles, pesticides, metal casings, paints, inks, paper, makeup, pet food, fertil-



actually comes from murder, rather than chemical exposure—but it's a price these courageous women, manning lonely booths in vast parking lots, are willing to pay so that you can pick up snapshots without leaving your car.)

Time for bed, which means time for Johnny's monologue, which means we can figure out your percentage of a couple of deceased radio and TV repairmen. But wait a minute: Johnny has Charles Nelson Reilly on again. Why don't you put on a video instead? It'll cost you—Hollywood loses one stuntman every year, and if you choose to watch *Twilight Zone—The Movie*,

you'll have to add in three actual actors. In years to come, viewers will have to accept responsibility for the four people who died in a helicopter crash while shooting Chuck Norris's latest epic, *Delta Force 2*. As for the electricity that enables you to flip on the television in the first place, most likely it arrives fresh from the local coal burning plant, part of an energy system that causes 50,000 deaths a year from fossil-fuel pollution. Warm night? Might as well adjust the air conditioner before you tuck yourself in, while we factor in the 51 deaths out of every 1 million air-conditioner repairmen. The number of deaths in

VANITY FLIPPER FOR YOUR TUNA MELT

izer, sandpaper, photographic film, violin strings, rubber, chalk, phonograph records, explosives, cement and perfume. There's no escaping culpability—even rigorous vegetarians have beef by-product blood on their hands.

And there's more: the family car is chocka-products. We're not just talking rich Corinthian leather—Detroit has found animal fat in brake fluid, hair in air (a derivative of fat) in tires, and bones and hooves in galvanized steel. Ironically, these by-products go into the creation of vehicles that run down some 365 million animals a year—or 114 squirrels, raccoons, dogs, cats and deer per American during his or her lifetime.

► **BY WEARING CLOTHES.** Of course, cows aren't slaughtered solely for cowhide or pigs for pigskin. It's just one of nature's little bonuses that this mass killing results in Beate boots and change purses. Still, it's worth considering that each of us goes through at least 100 pairs of shoes in a lifetime, or five cowhides.

Those who wear fur are guiltier. The fur industry kills 27 million warm-blooded animals each year (bobcats, minks, 200,000 bunnies). Of these, 5 million are "harvested" on fur ranches, 17 million are trapped in the wild and 5 million are unlucky "trash animals"—deer, squirrels, chipmunks, owls, dogs and cats—who step into leg-hold traps every year and die excruciating deaths.

► **BY USING CLEANING AGENTS AND TOILETRIES.** If you buy household cleaning agents, soap, shampoo, conditioner, deodorant or cosmetics, you are also responsible for a share of the 17 million to 22 million animals who perish annually in laboratory tests. These include 554,000 rabbits, 180,000 dogs, 50,000 cats, 539,000 guinea pigs, 416,000 hamsters, 61,000 primates, and as many as (estimates are soft here) 500,000 birds, 500,000 amphibians, 4 million fish and 15.25 million rats. As we know, many of these animals suffer particularly ugly deaths. —Elissa Schappell



annually costs 2,000 migrant fruit pickers killed by pesticides

sources from five to ten. You should now feel responsible, just by virtue of being an American, for a total of .000009892 of a death each year.

HOW MANY DEAD?

.000587779 SO FAR

That's almost six tenths of a human being killed in just *one* year of ordinary days filled with typical acts like these. But we expect you'll keep on butchering for decades to come (after all, the life expectancy of the average American is 75 years, and the median age of a SPY reader is only 33.8). And long though the day may have seemed, we didn't have time to fit into your agenda the dozens of other things for which you are at least fractionally to blame, such as your share of every casualty of U.S.-waged wars; your share of the toxic-waste toll; your share, if you used Eveready batteries before Union Carbide sold its consumer-products division in 1986, of those who died in the Bhopal leak; your share, if you play golf, of the death in 1982 of the man who made the mistake of replacing his divots on a pesticide-laden golf course; and—trust us—your share of much, much more. Your guilt, in essence, stems from your position at the top of the food, shelter and leisure chains; because you *have* more stuff than the rest of the world, you bear a proportionally larger share of blame for the people who died servicing your stuff. By our count, after living a statistically ordinary life you'll find yourself responsible for ending a grand total of 4.4 percent of a loving, caring human being. In other words, a group of 23 of us will kill somebody: a mother, a son, a Rotarian. *Where does it all end?* At your deathbed, when you end. At last you will be able to rest easy: according to industry sources, embalmers *never* die on the job. ☛

this category adds up to 50,082, leaving your personal home total per year at .000208654.

Quite a day, we think you'll agree. But before you drift off, maybe you should give some thought to the miraculous political system we enjoy. Truly, what a great country this is—we can do what we like, say what we like, worship whomever we like and walk our streets in relative health and safety. Of course, these benefits affect the health and safety of others. The cost of American freedom in peacetime, measured in soldiers' lives, currently runs at about 2,100 a year (motor-vehicle accidents are the number

one cause). Let's also add up a year's death toll of diplomats (about six fatalities from stonings, bombings, burnings, plane crashes and kamikaze attacks), sheriffs and bailiffs, municipal police, fire fighters, garbage collectors and prison guards—a total of 264 men and women lost to the fight against disorder. And what celebration of patriotism would be complete without a few casualties involved in that all-American tradition, fireworks? Experts say most accidents take place during illegal manufacturing operations, hence underground and uncounted; we'll simply double the toll from licit

MANHATTAN

DAVID DINKINS

THE RIVER TERRACE APARTMENTS 157-10 RIVERSIDE DRIVE WEST

Dinkins, the Manhattan borough president and mayoral candidate, and his wife, Joyce, warrant eviction from their three-bedroom river-view apartment, since their combined income exceeds the allowable limit and they occupy a space appropriate for five.

THE CUOMO CLUB

THE COOPER GRAMERCY 401 SECOND AVENUE

This building is co-owned by Robert J. Seavey, former chairman of the Battery Park City Authority and now a partner in Andrew Cuomo's former law firm, Blutrach, Falcone & Miller. Tenants include the following:

- Avery Seavey, son of the landlord and former law partner of Andrew Cuomo's, whose income makes him eligible for eviction;
- John Cinque-Sacarella, appointed by Mayor Koch to the New York City Housing Authority Board, who warrants eviction based on his income and on his occupancy of an apartment better suited for five;
- Carol Chevlowe, daughter of the late Sheldon Chevlowe (a city marshal who was named as a conspirator in the city's parking-meter scandal), who occupies a one-bedroom apartment when, under the rules, a single person can rent only a studio;
- Lucille Falcone, formerly a fundraiser for Governor Cuomo as well as ex-girlfriend and law partner of Andrew Cuomo's, who lives here with her husband and warrants eviction based on income and space regulations.

Among the building's former tenants are Rosemary, Kelly and Christopher Breslin, children of Cuomo

Gross inequities are something New Yorkers have to face every day. Some shop on Madison Avenue, lunch at The Four Seasons and are saved from the punishment of riding the R train by omnipresent limousines; others buy clothes on 14th Street, eat at Blimpie's and commute to work on smelly, urine-stained subways. But the most vivid, arbitrary inequities New Yorkers face involve housing: while unfortunate people such as Etheridge Knight, who won the 1987 American Book Award for poetry, are forced to live in Calcutta-like shelters and subway stations, others pay Calcutta-rate rents for lavish accommodations. Some of them are rich people who continue to benefit from the city's archaic rent-control law, while others are well-connected citizens who finesse the rules of the state's Mitchell-Lama housing program.

Join us on a tour of our citywide High-Profile, Low-Rent district.

THE SPY MAP OF CELEBRITY RENT-CONTROL PROFITEERS AND PUBLIC-ASSISTANCE HOUSING ABUSERS



MICHAEL SOVERN

THE COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT'S HOUSE, 116TH STREET AND MORNINGSIDE DRIVE

The president of Columbia University is entitled to live here rent-free but doesn't.

EDWARD I. KOCH

GRACIE MANSION, 88TH STREET AND EAST END AVENUE

The mayor pro tempore gets to live here rent-free.

JAY STUART DANKBERG

152 EAST 22ND STREET

Dankberg, a civil court judge who until last year was a noted pro-tenant Housing Court judge, pays \$120 for three rooms.

JONATHAN FANTON

21 WEST 11TH STREET

The president of the New School for Social Research has rent-free rooms here that he uses when in town.

THE BRONX

ELLIOT ENGEL

Co-Op City

2049 BARTOW AVENUE

Congressman Engel, his spouse and two children warrant eviction from their three-bedroom townhouse, since their family income exceeds the allowable limit. (Note: When Engel moved into this townhouse in 1982 — while he chaired a State As-

cheerleader Jimmy Breslin, who received their apartment soon after applying (people commonly wait ten years for similar accommodations). The Breslins moved out shortly after *New York Newsday*, their father's paper, reported on the arrangements.

Another former tenant is Maria Cuomo, daughter of Mario Cuomo and wife of shoe designer Kenneth Cole, who warranted eviction based on both income and space regulations. Before she moved out in 1987, she was surcharged by HPD for failing to reveal her income as co-owner of a public-relations firm.

WILLIAM PASSANANTE

72 BARROW STREET

The state assemblyman pays \$400 per month for a one-bedroom West Village apartment.

JOEL STEINBERG

14 WEST 10TH STREET

Steinberg was supposed to pay \$500 monthly for the apartment he lived in, but he hadn't paid any rent for four years when he was arrested.

CARLY SIMON, JEAN STEIN,

JAMES LEVINE,

MANFRED OHRENSTEIN

AND MIA FARROW

135 CENTRAL PARK WEST

Simon pays \$2,400 for ten rooms with a park view.

Stein, heiress to the MCA fortune, pays \$1,400 for ten rooms with a park view.

Levine, music director of the Metropolitan Opera, pays \$1,313 monthly for six rooms.

Ohrenstein, indicted majority leader of the New York State Senate, pays \$2,178 monthly for eleven rooms with a park view.

Farrow pays \$2,125 for ten rooms with a park view.



sembly subcommittee on Mitchell-Loma housing — his three-member family was not large enough to qualify for the three bedrooms they now occupy. There is currently a ten-year waiting list of large families who would like a townhouse like Engel's.)

BROOKLYN

MARY PINKETT

RYERSON TOWERS

309 LAFAYETTE AVENUE

City Council member Mary Pinkett and her husband, an administrator for the Board of Education, warrant eviction from their apartment based on both income and occupancy regulations. (Note: Pinkett chaired the Ryerson board of directors that was removed by the city's Department of Housing, Preservation and Development in 1987 for failing to collect maintenance charges, allowing people to buy co-operatives without being on the waiting list and failing to hire a management company.)

WILLIAM VAN DEN HEUVEL

150 EAST 72ND STREET

Van Den Heuvel, former U.S. representative to the UN, pays \$671.55 for six rooms.

PHILIPPE DE MONTEBELLO

1150 FIFTH AVENUE

De Montebello, the director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, pays \$1,712 for nine rooms.

EDWARD I. KOCH

14 WASHINGTON PLACE

Mayor Koch pays \$441 monthly for one bedroom with a wrap-around terrace.

SIGMUND ROTHSCHILD

27 WEST 67TH STREET

Rothschild — yes, that kind of Rothschild, though an art appraiser — pays \$568 for a seven-room duplex with a 2,000-square-foot living room and a 22-foot ceiling.

JOHN BRADENAS

37 WASHINGTON SQUARE WEST

The president of NYU lives in a penthouse here rent-free.

JOHN CARDINAL O'CONNOR

452 MADISON AVENUE

The famous TV critic lives behind St. Patrick's Cathedral rent-free.

PRISCILLA WOOTEN

LINDEN PLAZA

675 LINCOLN AVENUE

City Council member Wooten, her husband and their child occupy an apartment appropriate for five.

VICTOR ROBLES

LINDSAY PARK HOUSING

202 UNION AVENUE

City Council member Robles and his wife, Daisy, warrant eviction, since the couple earns a combined income that exceeds the allowable limit.

(Thanks to Penny Loeb of New York Newsday and to William Tucker for their help in preparing this map.)

M A P L E G E N D

MITCHELL-LAMA HOUSING. The Mitchell-Lama program was designed to help tenants who earn low or moderate incomes. The program subsidizes nearly 136,000 privately owned rental and cooperative apartments in New York City. To be eligible, a tenant's income cannot be more than eight times the (very low) annual rent or maintenance fee. The program also has rules intended to prevent a single person or couple from living in a multiple-bedroom apartment that would be more appropriate for a family of five or six.

ML = Celebrity Mitchell-Lama Dweller

RENT CONTROL. Rent control, enacted in 1943, entitles tenants and their live-in relatives to lifelong occupancy of an apartment. It also limits annual increases in rent to a maximum of 7.5 percent. Therefore, thanks to a half-century-old program designed during the extreme hardship of a global war, billionaire bankers and glamorous actresses and a corruption-fainted mayor are allowed to pay between a quarter and a third of the market rate for their fashionable, price-depressed apartments.

RC = Celebrity Rent-Control Tenant

PERKS. Some prominent New Yorkers don't need state subsidies or price controls to keep their cost of living in New York artificially low. In addition to the considerable salaries they earn, these people get free housing from the institutions that employ them.

P = Perk Housing

ILLUSTRATION BY FLINT BORN



These tourists, they wear funny clothes. They shout at the

natives and they give shockingly bad tips. But for once, thank

God, they're *not* Americans. No, this time they're Germans

and Swedes and Italians and Englishmen. And—*bien sûr*—French. Quizzing busy

citizens about the wording in their *Michelins* and their *Gault Millaus*, they're

storming New York in untold numbers, swarming through our streets and nightclubs

and museums this summer as if the plaque beneath the Statue of Liberty read,

BRING ME YOUR GROSS AND YOUR LOUTISH, YOUR MONEYED MASSES IN FUNNY SANDALS

YEARNING TO SEE OH!

CALCUTTA! BRING ME

the ugly EURO

In the years following World War II, nothing unified Europe as much as the voice of the American tourist. It was heard all over the Continent: bellowing obscenely from chair lifts in Kitzbühel, bellowing genially from pedal boats on Lake Geneva, bellowing unconvincingly about previous motorbiking experience from dusty Majorcan roads (and, in short order, from dusty Majorcan hospitals). In Montparnassian bistros, newly bilingual Americans hounded waiters for more "veen blank" while their relatively couth compatriots winced and tried to conceal their copies of the *International Herald Tribune*. Loosed on a Europe that certainly didn't mind the dollars, Americans abroad were free to experience new cultures with an arrogant, graceless, blissfully narrow-minded vengeance.

Well, the other shoe has finally dropped—and it's a brown leather sandal. A brown leather European sandal encasing a sock. In 1987 more than 3 million overseas tourists swarmed through New York City—primarily British, French, Italian, West German and Japanese. The U.S. Travel Data Center does not

BY GEORGE KALOGERAKIS keep statistics on exactly how many of them paused to rearrange squid in a Chinatown fish



PEAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEOFF KERN

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market (the better to create a perfect still life for their Leica lenses), but a minimum of two Germans this year have done just that, as an apoplectic shopkeeper looked helplessly on.

Instances of fresh-seafood fondling aside, a

the ugly american vs. the ugly european

In the Great Tourist Exchange, There Are No Winners

	THE UGLY AMERICAN	THE UGLY EUROPEAN
Possible reasons for trip abroad	Neighbors went last summer; crush on Princess Di	Neighboring nation went last summer; sick of the Gipsy Kings
Trip most likely to be cut short by	Unwitting ingestion of blood sausage; a speeding Fiat	Difficulty getting World Cup scores; Tower Records display of the Gipsy Kings
Unmistakable identifying features	Expensive photographic equipment; odd footwear; shambling walk; Hard Rock T-shirt	Expensive photographic equipment; odd footwear; shambling walk; Hard Rock T-shirt
Reason for falling back on native language	Verbal communication is absolutely essential	Americans are present
Items typically left behind in restaurants	Tip; expensive sunglasses	Full ashtray
Local customs tourist finds most baffling	Rampant multilingualism; doors that open inward	Rampant multilingualism; doors that open outward
What tourist misses most	Shower nozzles you don't have to wave around	Driving on the sidewalk
Knows what Wechsel means	Yes	Yes

—G.K.



Why do these people, who have soccer and funiculars and really terrific-looking paper currency to amuse them at home, bother to come here?

survey of New Yorkers who work at jobs with a high risk of tourist contact suggests that Europeans have co-opted our notorious traveling comportment along with our jeans and television shows. The Ugly European is at large. (And when we say *European*, we of course mean it in a larger sense, encompassing visitors Japanese, Australian and South American as well. To practice xenophobia correctly, one can't be excessively concerned about technicalities.) The Ugly European, like all good sweeping generalizations, is a loose characterization, broad enough to include both the Eurotrash who spent the spring smoking impatiently outside Bolidó and the teenagers in heavy-metal T-shirts who recently stormed the entrance to the Metropolitan Museum shouting, "Fünf dollar — too much!" But mostly the Ugly European is the average Fabrizio or Jacques or Dieter, here on holiday, with or without the *Kinder*, with or without the *sposa*.

Why do these people, who have soccer and funiculars and really terrific-looking paper currency to amuse them at home, bother to come here? Isn't intramural vacationing, to Londres, Venecia und — sorry, *and* — Griechenland, enough? What is it about Times Square that whispers, in a voice inaudible to most natives, *Come to my intersections and stand around aimlessly in groups folding and unfolding your maps?*

They come for a lot of reasons, which we will get to in a moment, but fundamentally they come because they *can*, just as Americans went to Europe en masse in the 1950s because we could, because in the early postwar era the Continent was our playground. After all, we were the ones who almost single-handedly whipped the Axis powers — not the Belgians, not the Dutch, certainly not the French. After the war our economy was bursting at its seams, with plenty of dollars to spare for tossing away on cheap overseas tourism (not to mention the Marshall Plan). And so the GIs who had fought at Anzio and Normandy brought their wives and children to see this funny continent with its funny people and funny smells and funny old statues with penises. Yes, we threw our weight around, we were ugly — we're not proud of it now — but what the heck: Europe *owed* us a good time. And really, how could we take seriously countries where the best meals they had to offer (and which, likely as not, we found revolting — *Garson, have-ay voo catsup?*) cost only a couple of dollars in *real* money — American money?

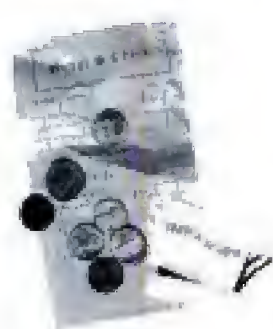
Forty years and one squandered economy later, the roles have reversed. Now that they own all our real estate, America has become *their* playground. Now while the weakling dollar obliges us to scale back our vacation ambitions (we still have the fake Germany and France at Epcot — they can't take that away from us), they come here with impunity. Now the best *we* have to offer costs them only a couple of dollars in *real* money — that is, deutsche marks, kroner, guldens, francs. And now *we* need that money: tourism is one of New York's leading industries. But the most galling thing of all is, now *we're* the ones who are funny, quaint, the New World oddities. We're the ones whose policemen have to pose for snapshots. We're the ones whose churches they shout in. We're the ones who amuse them so much when we live up to the stereotypes they have of us. And yes, we're the ones whose smells they laugh at.

Well, fair enough. After years of freestyle yahoodom abroad, perhaps we deserve the treatment we're getting. But besides the thrill of acting with condescension toward former liberators and conquerors, what else can New York possibly hold for the foreign visitor?

THEY COME FOR THE RESTAURANTS From the European point of view, New York offers fine and varied cuisine, and at a bargain. Raised on *service compris*, European visitors are comfortable enjoying meals for which the tip is *never* included — not on the bill, and not on the table.

"The staff cringes when they come in," says one downtown restaurant manager, "especially with large parties." (Which is the usual size. "They don't mind overflowing a table, because they don't

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acknowledge anybody else in the room anyway," says a waitress.)

"The Europeans don't tip," says a manager at the Hard Rock Cafe, a venerable locus for all manner of traveling teenage Europeans. "They don't know they have to. They assume it's included. If they leave \$1, we're happy."

Mindy Morgenstern, who works at Fuddruckers, waited on a wealthy-looking Austrian couple who were extremely gracious ("The food is so good. It's very nice. Very American") and even asked if the restaurant had a business card. After showing Morgenstern a shopping bag full of electronic toys they'd bought for their son, the man paid the check from a fat roll of bills and they departed. When Morgenstern returned to clear the table, she found they hadn't left a tip, and they'd stolen the salt and pepper shakers (see also "They Come for the Shopping").

A waitress at an Upper East Side lobster palace suffered a table of tuxedoed and laméed Europeans, just back from a consulate-sponsored evening at the theater. They found every course lacking, were eager to say so, and spent the meal complaining about how all Americans are lunatic drug-addicted muggers. They left no tip, although they did forget a sterling silver box filled with pills and a roach.

Many restaurants are responding to the tip problem by automatically adding a surtax to the bill—a Eurotax, some call it—whenever diners order in accented English; that at least keeps the staff solvent enough to get to auditions. Tavern on the Green has a box on the back of the bill that customers can check if they want to have a 15 percent gratuity added.

Unfortunately, there is no similar adjustment that will correct insensitivity and boorishness. Time-tested preconceptions, on the whole, remained intact in our survey: the Germans were rude, the British drank to excess, the French were snooty.

At one downtown restaurant with a pleasant sidewalk café, a young couple and an older woman, all of them German, came by on a busy day. No outdoor seating was available. "What about *that* table?" they asked, indicating, curiously, a small table at which two people were sitting and talking. "It wasn't a question of language," says the employee who greeted them. (Perhaps the trio of Germans had mistaken the table for the Sudetenland.) "I just shook my head and walked away." The Germans stood for a few minutes—blocking the entrance, of course—and then left.

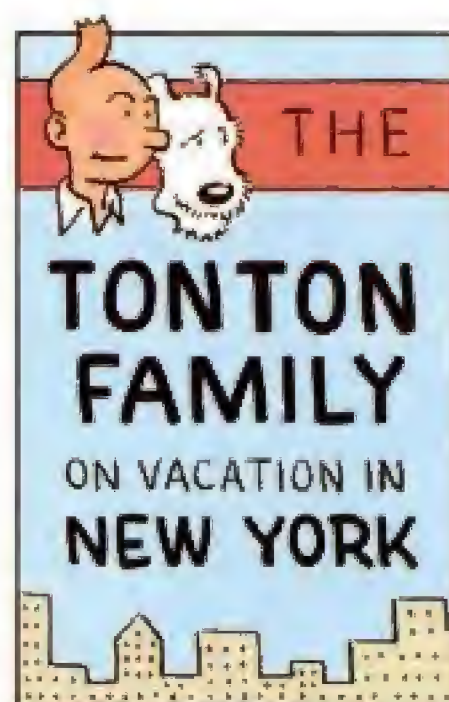
The French, who will sometimes helpfully

correct a waiter's pronunciation of menu items, are—surprise!—congenitally obnoxious about wine. At one TriBeCa restaurant, where the house wine is French—decent, but still a house wine—a French customer killing time at the bar tasted it and sniffed, "Ugh. This is California, yes?"

"The French have a cultural superiority complex," says an M.K. employee. "They don't like Americans. Nothing we do is good enough for them. They scoff at the food—'This isn't French food; there aren't enough French wines on the list.' Perhaps that is a clue to the behavior of two Frenchmen who dined at M.K. and then said they had no cash. The management invoked the New York Police Department and the men finally produced a credit card, but when they left, they threw a beer bottle through the kitchen window. A tip, perhaps?"

THEY COME FOR THE SIGHT-SEEING
 There is so much a foreign visitor can photograph in New York: the IMAGINE tile in Strawberry Fields, the participating-nations plaque in Strawberry Fields, the green-and-white Parks Department STRAWBERRY FIELDS sign, the Dakota. Across the park, on weekend mornings tourists waiting for the doors of the Guggenheim to open can enjoy a smoke and ogle the runners warming up at the East 90th Street entrance.

A former organizer for the New York-based Hepco Tours, which puts together New York tours for Europeans, says, "A typical trip is a guided walking tour in the morning, Tavern on the Green



for lunch, then a ride on the Circle Line, then a Broadway show. The next afternoon they might go shopping with a guide, visit Broadway, see *Anything Goes!* or *Cats*. Then later they'll have dinner at Windows on the World or Gallagher's Steak House. Sometimes they take a day trip to Niagara Falls."

No wonder they get a little testy.

"It was always the Parisians," says a former Radio City tour guide. "They just don't like anything. They were condescending. As part of the tour, I would talk about how much things

cost, and they were put off by the discussion of money. They scolded me: 'All you Americans think about is money.'

"The French can be rather condescending," says a South Street Seaport store clerk. "They don't like the Seaport that much. I've heard them say, 'I wish I hadn't come here.'"

"Sometimes with the French I get this absolute insistence that the tour be given in French," says tour guide Peggy Taylor. "I had this ongoing argument the other day with a woman. She knew I spoke French, but I also knew that her husband spoke English and could translate for her. There were 3 of them out of about 25 tourists, and she expected me to give a bilingual tour."

As for tipping, the outlook for guides is not as uniformly bleak as it is for restaurant personnel. One veteran finds the Germans and Swiss "very generous—they come up with one or two dollars per person." At the bottom of the list are Italians, Scandinavians and Spaniards. The Japanese, she says, can be "terrible" or "generous."

This fine line was best illustrated one day at Lincoln Center. At the end of a tour, as a group of Japanese unclipped their visitor's badges, the guide noticed folded bills—fives and tens—pressed against the badges. Windfall! Not so fast. When the group's leader handed over his badge *with no money*, the others quickly put their bills away.

THEY COME TO HAVE THEIR PRECONCEPTIONS CHALLENGED

A tour guide who specializes in tours of Harlem

employee at the theater's box office. "They can't have live nudity on the stage in Japan, so it's a great attraction."

Thirsty, culture-loving Germans always try to bring beer back to their seats with them, says an usher who works at *Cats* and *Les Misérables*. "They're usually well dressed, wearing expensive clothes. I tell them, 'It's not a beer hall,' and then they go back by the bar."

A woman who saw a lot of theater in her capacity as a tour guide says, "The problem with taking the French to the theater was the Frenchmen. They couldn't keep their eyes on the stage. They were looking at all the women in the audience."

THEY COME FOR MANN'S CHINESE THEATER

At Tony Roma's on East 42nd Street two Scandinavian men were hunched over a table. It was covered with open maps. "We want to go to the big theater with the feet and the hands in the front," they explained.

THEY COME FOR THE NIGHTLIFE

Considering that many Europeans sit down to dinner at around 10:00 p.m., it's odd that when in New York, they often choose that same hour to begin assembling at nightclubs, behind whose velvet ropes they hate to wait. ("The Italians always use the same line," says one club manager: "I just came in from Italy and I'm only in New York for one day.") Once inside, of course, they



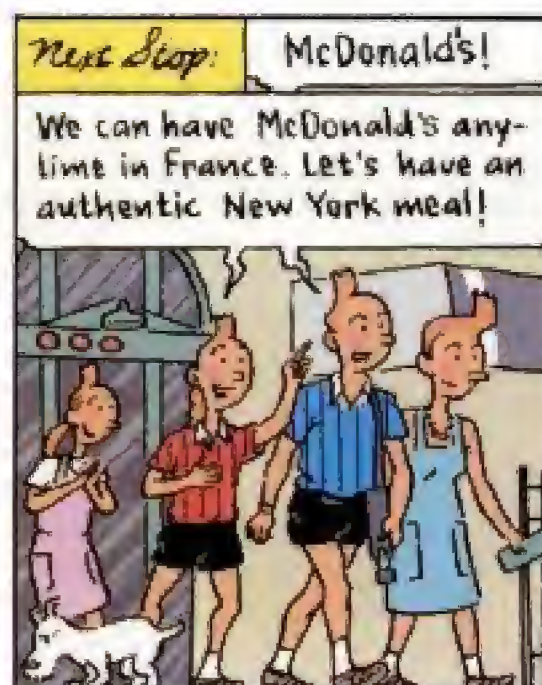
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says, "I make no attempt to hide from them the worst of Harlem—and I also show them the best. When I start off with the best, somebody will say, 'Oh, this is not the *real* Harlem.'"

THEY COME FOR BROADWAY

Tokyo-New York flights might as well be listed as Tokyo—the Edison Theater, the latter being the ultimate destination of most Japanese tourists: *Oh! Calcutta!* is still being performed after 20 years, ten yen-driven shows a week. "It's mostly the Japanese because of the nature of the show," says an

wonder why there are only eight people in the place—and it's already nearly 10:30.

Maybe that explains why some groups, such as Australians and Scandinavians, take the bring-your-own precaution of arriving in sufficient numbers to make the average club seem crowded at any hour. Certainly their habit of "drinking themselves into oblivion," as one club employee delicately puts it, enhances for them the feeling that there are more people present—twice as many, to be exact—than there actually are. The final touch, at least for some Australians, is brawling.

euro-gibberish

How Foreign Intellectuals Explain America

Ever since Columbus bumped into this continent and decided he was off the coast of China, Europeans have been coming here and making stupid declarations. The most trying of these visitors are the European intellectuals. They, unfortunately, love America: it's so new, so fresh, so raw, so vulgar. To them America is an exciting place bursting with youthful energy and needing

—and just maybe the most influential Bulgarian semiotician of all time—has put it, "Despite naïveté, the American audience gives the European intellectual the impression that there is something he can do on the other side of the Atlantic. . . . I find it very stimulating." And we are certainly excited to see Kristeva stimulated.

The place these intellectuals love best is

many natives think themselves intellectuals, and where only one or two intellectuals a year get to write a best-selling book and thus earn enough money to become socially prominent. Besides, Los Angeles is more amusing than New York, more an American caricature, and, as Beau Brummell deconstructionist Jacques Derrida points out, you don't see the homeless. So Eurobrains drain into southern California: Derrida currently splits his time between Paris and the University of California at Irvine; French art historian Hubert Damisch lectures to pretty girls with long blond hair at UCLA; and Jean Baudrillard, France's answer to Marshall McLuhan, gambols up and down the coast.

So what do they

writer-philosopher Philippe Sollers—seem to lack Derrida's common sense. They vie as if in some private competition to see who can make the most pretentious, patronizing statements about California, New York and (since they don't recognize any particular place in between) America in general. Here are some of their more characteristic observations.

MOST PRETENTIOUS ALLUSION:

"Decidedly, joggers are veritable Latter-day Saints and protagonists of an . . . Apocalypse."

—BAUDRILLARD

"I attended several exhibitions or performances, both of the recognized avant-garde and of the underground in the lofts of lower Manhattan, which attract many young people. I felt as though I

lives at the edge of the new Reason and can't realize it."

—SOLLERS

"There's a passionate search, a feeling of discovery, even if it sometimes involves discovering the bicycle a century later."

—KRISTEVA

"America is a gigantic hologram."

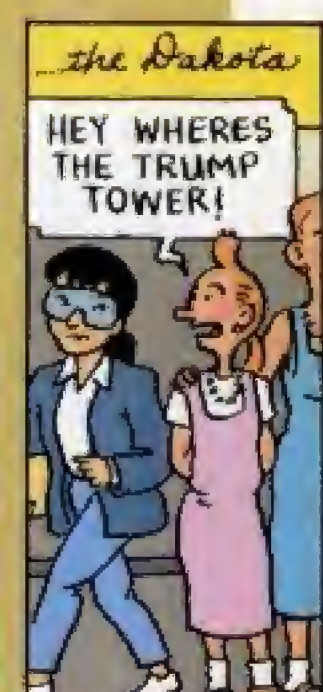
—BAUDRILLARD

"I'D LIKE TO THANK ALL THE LITTLE PEOPLE . . ."

"It's not so much why [Americans] do this and don't do that, it's why they interest us. Isn't it because they make an appeal to us by their gap in verbalization? And you feel you're being addressed—not elected, perhaps—but you feel you're addressed when facing this void."

—KRISTEVA

"Again, I stick to the trumpet of Armstrong



nothing so much as to be analyzed and condescended to. America, they moan, has no proper intellectuals, no literature, no left; our government, they complain, is naive, and our art, derivative. In other words, we need them. As Julia Kristeva, a Bulgarian semiotician

California, perhaps because they're automatically admired there by Daryl Hannah and Judd Nelson and so many others who would like very much to be regarded as intellectuals themselves. Foreign thinkers do not fare quite so well in New York, where too

think of the place? Derrida, showing why he is considered one of the greatest minds of our time, says, "I myself try never to say anything general about a place."

But his colleagues—Baudrillard; Kristeva and her husband, the often incomprehensible

were in the catacombs of the early Christians."

—KRISTEVA

"The gymnastic of rap is a sort of acrobatic prowess . . . [that] calls to mind the Chinese opera."

—BAUDRILLARD

"WHAT AMERICA MEANS TO ME":

"America, as a country,

or Miles Davis. . . . Jazz was a determining factor in my decision to write."

—SOLLERS

"I only ask Americans to be Americans. I don't ask them to be intelligent, sensible, original."

—BAUDRILLARD

—Deborah Michel

Certainly their habit of
"drinking themselves
into oblivion "
enhances for them the
feeling that there are
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twice as many,
to be exact — than
there actually are



For what could be better than a cartoonish blur of limbs, fists and chairs to complete the illusion that the place you are in is brimming with fun-loving mates having a good time?

THEY COME FOR THE SHOPPING
Whether impeding the flow of pedestrian traffic on Fifth Avenue between Rockefeller Center and Grand Army Plaza, hunting down flashlight bargains at Trieste Exports over on Twelfth Avenue, or milling about the museum gift shops in a sort of year-round pre-Christmas rush, Fabrizio and Jacques and Dieter know how to wield a shopping bag.

Fabrizio, if he is to symbolize the Italian contingent accurately, will be lugging pounds of Timberland footwear, purchased at New York free-trade prices—\$110 a pair, vs. \$210 in Milan. "[The Italian tourists would] buy a pair two sizes too big if it was a choice between that and no Timberlands," says Cathleen Toomey, a spokesperson for Timberland. "They'll come in in hordes and take out cartons on cartons."

Characteristically, foreign visitors endear themselves to sales employees.

"The Europeans were really snobby, especially the French," says a former employee of Bergdorf Goodman. "They would talk to each other in front of you and pretend you weren't there."

"French patrons will refuse to speak English but then will yell, 'Who speaks French?' " says an employee at a store specializing in veldwear.

"French and Italians are the rudest. They think that

the finger snap—the international sign for the return-to-feudalism movement.

THEY COME FOR THE MOUNT SINAI'S
From someone who works at a well-known, verdant uptown restaurant: "A cockney couple came in and the man said, 'To Mount Sinai,' so I said, 'When you leave here, it's on the other side of town.' And he said, 'No! To Mount Sinai—please!' I said again, 'It's on the East Side, you need to . . . ' This went on and on and he was becoming more and more flustered and a little ticked. Finally he holds up two fingers and screams, 'Two Mount Sinais!' It turns out he wanted two martinis." Chances are he probably wasn't happy with what he got, either—Europeans asking for martinis seem to really want vermouth.


THEY COME FOR A TASTE OF OLD-STYLE CHICAGO GANGLAND
A recent Sunday morning in the West Village. The streets are quiet and empty—well, not quite. Here comes a group of tourists led by a guide. Here comes—really—a Japanese man decked out in a ten-gallon hat, a bolo tie, bell-bottoms and a camera. He is shouting. "Where is Al Capone's house?" Unfazed, the guide firmly steers the group toward Chumley's.

THEY COME TO MAKE FRIENDS
An usher at a Broadway hit claims to have overheard German theater patrons talking about her in German. "Was ist sie?" ("What is she?") one asked. The other responded, "Jüdin." A stroller through Central Park recently saw a German family taking pictures of a group of preschool-age black children (the photo session no doubt produced an enchanting slide show for the Volk back home). The observer knew only a few words of German, but he heard one of those words cooed in abundance: schwarz, schwarz, schwarz.

Ah, well. We're getting used to

the abuse, getting comfortable with our newfound role as fleeting diversion for people busier than we—after all, easy lies the head that no longer wears the crown.

And maybe they're not really so bad. Just glance through some of the comments that fill several guest books at the visitors' information center in Central Park's Dairy. Here, for instance, is the Fammler family from West Germany: "In the future perhaps nice but now terrible and dirty."

That's the spirit, Fammlers! Have a nice day! Auf Wiedersehen! Au revoir! Y'all come back, now! 

Additional reporting by Henry Alford and Elissa Schappell



people who work in stores are lower-class, and they talk down to you. They repeat everything three or four times and they refuse to translate their size: 'I am French 42.' "

A former salesperson at Tiffany—one of the few U.S. brand names Europeans respect, and the main floor of which often sounds like the Tower of Babel seconds after God made His point—says, "If there were a lot of people at the display case, [the Europeans] would desperately try to catch your eye or raise their hand and beckon you to serve them. Occasionally, people would snap their fingers." Ah,

diplomatic impunity

**They're savvy about the Suez, they're deft at doing
détente—but they shoplift at Alexander's!**

Every day, the roughly 40,000 foreign diplomats in and around New York go about their good works mindful of the United Nations charter, which obliges its adherents not only to end "the scourge of war" but also to "live together . . . as good neighbours." And yet, on a hot July day two summers ago, Shah Mohammad Dost, an envoy to the Afghan mission at the UN, was not at all neighborly. He was driving through Queens on an air-conditioner-buying sortie when he spotted Margaret Curry, a local citizen and member of the family of man, standing in an open parking space near a Flushing Crazy Eddie's—a parking space the diplomat wanted for himself. Ms. Curry, however, was holding the space for her boyfriend, and the envoy's allusions to his position as a representative of the Democratic Republic of Afghanistan failed to move her. Stymied, Mr. Dost then began screaming insults aimed at Ms. Curry's virtue. But the stubborn Queens citizen would not be budged. So Mr. Dost

allegedly put his 1978 Lincoln Continental in gear and stepped on the gas. Ms. Curry, allegedly, bounced off the Lincoln's grille.

But for a few cuts and bruises, Ms. Curry survived her brush with international diplomacy. Mr. Dost was detained briefly by New York City police and then released uncharged, free to return to his peacemaking duties. Free as well, presumably, to continue running over parking-spot-hoarding Queens citizens. (The Afghans, according to U.S. officials, denied that any crime had been committed, claiming instead that Ms. Curry "got excited and tripped as she left the street.")

The Afghan diplomat—along with various shoplifters, drug smugglers, double-parkers, rapists and hooligans—was the beneficiary of diplomatic immunity, an international tradition that to varying degrees insulates, from both criminal prosecution and civil suits, foreign ambassadors and other top diplomats, their families and some embassy and consulate

employees, *regardless of their actions*. The intent is to protect envoys from intimidation or coercion by their host governments, and you can bet it comes in handy for those who find themselves conducting foreign policy in countries where drinking, blaspheming and wearing short skirts are illegal—and due process uncommon.

In the New York metropolitan area, where blaspheming is legal but running over parking-spot-hoarding Queens citizens isn't, a recent study cited by a State Department official listed 114 crimes that were committed by New York's diplomatic community between 1982 and 1986. The highlights were 13 assaults, 2 rapes, 2 sexual assaults, 1 kidnapping, 4 charges of heroin smuggling, 2 cocaine sales, 5 grand larcenies, 1 robbery, 12 weapons charges, 3 currency violations, 5 thefts of services, 11 petty larcenies, 4 marijuana sales and 2 incidents of criminal mischief—in addition, of course, to numberless unticketed parking violations, diplomatic plates being a tacit license to block hydrants and double-park. (The study doesn't give breakdowns by nationality, but officials familiar with the issue say that the perpetrators more often than not are from either Communist or Third World countries.)

Despite these grim statistics, an unscientific survey of businesses in the East Forties turned up little evidence of a diplomatic crime spree in the UN's backyard: "They're just as

good as Americans," concedes one local shopkeeper. And yet only a few blocks away, Alexander's department store stands besieged by the sticky-fingered representatives of overseas politburos and potentates. "We get one or two [diplomatic shoplifters] a year," admits a security guard. In 1986, for instance, Said Rajai-Khorassani, Iran's chief delegate to the UN, sauntered in, making his way toward a smart Botany 500 raincoat. The price: \$99.99—*American*. Undaunted, Rajai-Khorassani allegedly grabbed the coat, ripped off the price tag, threw the raincoat over his shoulders and headed for the door. A security guard stopped him and, according to another guard, the envoy screamed, "Death to Alexander's!" Mr. Rajai-Khorassani was summarily released, with the Iranian mission asserting that the whole incident had been a frame-up by a certain nefarious and unnamed FBI agent. But Mr. Rajai-Khorassani was no stranger to the Alexander's security department, which said he had tried the same maneuver at least once before.

Is it the uncanny similarity of Alexander's to emporiums back home in Baghdad, Moscow or Kabul? Or is it that first, delicious taste of Western-style freedom that incites representatives of authoritarian societies to lawlessness? Such appeared to be the case with Yelena Tarasova, wife of a Soviet envoy: while "shopping" at the Burlington Mills Coat Factory in Paramus, New Jersey,

Mrs. Tarasova allegedly tried to steal a pair of \$4.25 white tights. (Paramus, freighted with downscale shopping malls, is itself an Alexander's-esque hotbed of foreign misdemeanor, with four or five such incidents a year, according to police sources.) Mrs. Tarasova was released by Paramus police after the State Department confirmed her immunity. A few days later a Soviet official stormed into the office of Paramus police chief Joseph J. Delaney, demanding that he apologize to Mrs. Tarasova. "Go pound salt," the Eastwoodian Chief Delaney replied—and thus a legend was born among northern New Jersey cops.

In fairness, the scoff-laws aren't the Dag Hammarskjölds and the U Thants of the diplomatic community—nor even the Kurt Waldheims. "A lot of them are kids," points out a State Department official. "A lot are staff people. You don't have the upper levels of the embassy involved." It's also worth noting that immunity only protects foreign emissaries from our government; it doesn't protect them from other New Yorkers. For the years 1982–88, crimes *against* diplomats in the New York area totaled approximately 3,420. Thus, for every crime committed by a member of the diplomatic community, the diplomatic community experienced 30. Which means that xenophobes can take heart: numerically, we're winning.

—J. F. McDonald

T W I N K I E , T W I

LITTLE SUET-FILLED SPO

NOW I KNOW JUST WHAT

BAKING AMERICA'S FAVORITE PROCESSED SNACK CAKE AT HOME



N K I E ,

EPT

NGE - CAKE CRISCO LOG ,

YOU ARE

BY JANE AND MICHAEL STERN

4

△

EPT



s perfect as Hostess

Twinkies seem to most of us, there is a radical coterie of adventurous home cooks for whom off-the-shelf Twinkies are simply not good enough.

You wonder: if factory-made Twinkies are so efficiently manufactured (a Hostess plant can pump 52,000 Twinkies full of filling per hour—*14 a second*), why would anyone care to make one at home?

It can't be the money: they're two for 69 cents at the store. Nor could it be freshness: unsold Twinkies, contrary to popular belief, are removed from grocery shelves after four days.

Nonetheless, restless culinary virtuosos of America's heartland dare, Prometheus-like, to assemble their own. These resolute cooks have a dream: to make meals at home that taste exactly like factory-produced junk food. These are grass-roots confectioners who seem to have little interest in home cooking that is homey. Proletarian cousins of the urbanites who devote their energies to making squid-ink pasta worthy of the finest Venetian restaurants, these Middle Americans' aim is to serve forth fried chicken just like the bucketed brand, burgers identical to the ones served in Styrofoam clamshells,

Photograph by John Dugdale

and snack cakes that resemble the Ding Dongs, Yodels and Ring Dings you can buy at the 7-Eleven. Self-published cookbooks from around the country brim with their ad-lib recipes for Big Mac-like special sauce, Mounds-like candy, Dunkin'-like doughnuts and all manner of Twinkies manqués.

The apologia that Twinkie cooks offer for making the spongy tubes in their own kitchens is that baking homemade ones is more enterprisingly self-sufficient—and therefore morally better—than handing

over your money to the already too prosperous big food companies like Continental Baking Company (manufacturer of Wonder bread and, through its Hostess subsidiary, Sno Balls, Suzy-Q's, Ho Ho's and Ding Dongs). Best of all, baking your own is a way of being "creative." Homemade Twinkies are a challenging do-it-yourself project. Like the sleepy-Mexican-in-a-sombrero-motif bookends and knotty-pine pipe holders that used to take shape on Dad's basement workbench, handmade Twinkies signify not only an artistic spirit but also formidable stick-to-itiveness. It's a Zen accomplishment: you spend three hours mixing, whipping, molding, baking and piping,

and wind up with a platter of imitation junk food.

But not just any junk food. *Twinkies*. Edible Americana. The little brownish-yellow snack cakes filled with white goo were Howdy Doody's favorite petit four (touted on television by all inhabitants of Doodyville, as well as by a cowhand named Twinkie the Kid). Archie Bunker demanded them in his lunch box on *All in the Family*.

To celebrate Superman's 50th birthday, DC Comics gave the Man of Steel a party in New York with an eight-foot-tall cake made entirely of Twinkies, on which Mayor Koch is reported to have feasted. Reviewers have credited singer Tom Jones's seemingly inexplicable success to a bulge in his pants that resembles a Twinkie.

Twinkies are of such iconographic significance that they have been imputed with legal responsibility for driving former San Francisco city supervisor Dan White insane. After he murdered Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey

Milk in 1978, White's lawyers successfully used what jurisprudence now knows as the Twinkie Defense to convince a jury that their client was suffering from "diminished mental capacity" because he had eaten so many Twinkies and candy bars. White got off on a lesser charge and subsequently committed suicide. "Nobody knows what's going on inside of me," he himself said, neither blaming nor exonerating Twinkies for his condition.

On the other hand, a Los Angeles man claimed that he ate nothing but Twinkies and drank nothing but Cutty Sark and lived happily for seven years. He died eventually, but only after being run over by a car. James A. Dewar, who invented and named Twinkies in 1930 when he saw a billboard advertising Twinkle Toe Shoes, ate two a day every day of his life and lived to be 88 years old. "I have 12 great-grandchildren, all of them eating Twinkies," he boasted in 1980, five years before he died of natural causes.

Twinkies have an exalted reputation among zoologists. In Sarasota, Florida, when an elephant refused his normal diet following surgery, the attending veterinarian prescribed Twinkies. The elephant recovered and grew strong. In 1976 in Kings Mill, Ohio, runaway baboons were recaptured with bait of Twinkies and bananas. (Incidentally, the original Twinkie filling was banana-flavored; in the 1940s it was switched to the generic creamoid flavor most of us think of when we think of Twinkies.)

It is easy for us laypeople to take Twinkies for granted. Residents of the Twinkie-less city of Tallahassee, Florida, which by geographical destiny is too far from any Twinkie bakery or Twinkie truck route to get them within the necessary 24 hours after they come off the assembly line, certainly don't. ("We brought 2,000 to Tallahassee last year for a special promotion," a Twinkie spokesperson told us. "The city council declared it 'Twinkies Day in Tallahassee.'") To most of us, however, Twinkies are always there, piled too conveniently on the store counter, ready to be ingested whenever the unwholesome whim for "golden sponge cake with creamy filling" (as they say on the Twinkie packaging) strikes.

You don't have to eat them in their "natural" state. Creative chefs have invented many ways to use Twinkies as the star ingredient in baroque desserts such as "Twinkie Pie" (layer them with custard, whipped cream and chocolate chips). Ourselves, we are proud to claim authorship of a dessert known as Undescended Twinkies, for which they are floated like depth charges in a gelatinized mixture of 7-Up and vanilla ice cream.

In the spirit of cultural anthropology, we decided to undertake this supreme challenge: to make Twinkies at home. To create the as-good-as-store-bought imitation, we turned to three helpmates. The first was a book called *Caramel Knowledge* by Al Sicherman, who devised a Twinkie recipe based on



TWO A DAY... FOR LIFE: JAMES A. DEWAR,
FATHER OF THE TWINKIE (1897-1985)

S ANIMAL, VEGETABLE, MINERAL OR FOOD?

A RIGOROUSLY SCIENTIFIC TWINKIE LAB-AND-FIELD TEST

In an effort to clarify questions about the purported durability and unusual physical characteristics of Twinkies, we subjected the Hostess snack logs to the following experiments:

E X P E R I M E N T S

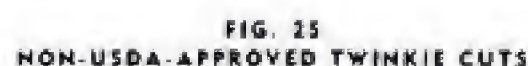


A Twinkie was left on a southwest-facing ninth-floor window ledge for four days, during which time an inch and a half of rain fell. Many flies were observed crawling across the Twinkie's surface, but contrary to hypotheses, birds—even pigeons—avoided this potential source of sustenance.

Despite the rain and prolonged exposure to the sun, the Twinkie retained its original color and form. When removed from the ledge, the Twinkie was found to be substantially dehydrated. Cracked open, it was observed to have taken on the consistency of industrial-style foam insulation; the filling, however, retained its advertised "creaminess."

C O R N E R

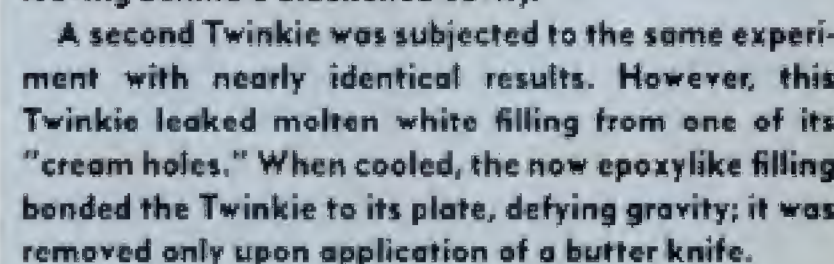
We had high hopes for Hopeless Twinkles. Gloria Pitzer's recipe calls for plenty of sugar, Crisco and evaporated milk but no cream, pastry bags or fancy-pants separated eggs. However, we learned an important lesson when we made Twinkles: the charm



The sight of it made us gag. Our drugstore lecithin had turned the filling a grim beige.

He doesn't actually give a *Secrets*, but he does call it by its real name. Unflinchingly, he lists the ingredients, then asks bakers to find out what's in them. He concludes that real Twinkies contain no cream or whipped egg whites, butter or even margarine: "They," he says, "are filled with sugar, hydrogenated vegetable oil, lard, and artificial butter flavoring (which is used to make something like whipped cream straight

TUM





WHAT YOU'LL NEED — INCLUDING, IN THE FOREGROUND, GROUND BEEF SUET



MIXING



PORTIONING



BAKING



FILLING



COME AND GET 'EM!

And we hadn't used enough artificial butter flavor to disguise the aroma of uncooked fat. The flavor was horrifically fleshy, such as only a cannibal could love, but with enough corn syrup sweetness to numb the tongue. Yes, here was a foodstuff truly capable of driving a man to murder, a foodstuff truly fit for sick elephants and hysterical baboons.

We didn't have more than a taste. Were we being too fussy? We imagined the homemade filling bleached white and deodorized by a mechanized corporate bakery; we closed our eyes and held our noses and touched it to our tongues, and sure enough, with our other senses fettered, it at least *felt* like what's inside a Twinkie. Nonetheless, we didn't bother to swallow it, or to inject it into snack cakes.

After some more experimentation, we finally concluded that you cannot make a precisely factory-perfect Twinkie at home. However, if you combine the best elements from each do-it-yourself recipe, you can make a junk food cake for which no apologies are needed.

What follows is a formula for homemade Stern Twinkies, which we call Stinkies, based on Al Sicherman's Binkie cake, Gloria Pitzer's Twinkle filling and the investigative reporting of William Poundstone.

STERN TWINKIES (STINKIES)

FILLING

1 stick margarine
½ cup Crisco
1½ cups granulated sugar
¼ cup evaporated milk
1 tablespoon nondairy creamer
1 tablespoon vanilla extract

CAKE

3 eggs
1 cup sugar
¼ cup boiling water
1 cup sifted cake flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
¼ teaspoon salt

To make filling: Cream margarine 5 minutes with electric mixer at medium speed. Gradually beat in the Crisco. After 4 more minutes, gradually beat in sugar.

Mix in milk, creamer and vanilla. Beat into Crisco-margarine mixture and continue beating. "The longer you beat this," Gloria Pitzer says of her version of the filling, "the better it becomes."

Have a pastry bag with small nozzle on hand for when the cakes cool.

To make cake: Make ten molds using ten 9-by-12-inch pieces of aluminum foil. Fold each in half, then in half again, yielding pieces about 4½ by 6 inches. Now follow Al Sicherman's precise instructions for making Binkie molds: "Grease one side

with solid shortening or margarine. Bend up the longer sides to form the folded foil into a U-shaped trough (6 inches long, about 1½ inches across the rounded bottom and maybe 1½ inches high). Lift one end of the bottom up and in, then turn the sides together at that end, overlapping slightly. Repeat with the other end, forming something like a little bathtub. Mash the bottoms of the bathtub ends smooth, then fasten the tops of the ends (the head and the foot of the bathtub rim) together by firmly folding the overlapped edge down a little."

Preheat oven to 325 degrees.

Separate eggs, putting yolks in a large mixing bowl and whites in a small mixing bowl. Beat yolks until light yellow. Beat in sugar, then boiling water.

Sift together cake flour, baking powder and salt and gradually beat them into the yolks. Beat in vanilla.

Wash beaters well, then beat whites until stiff but not glossy. Stir a spatulaful of beaten whites into yolks to lighten them, then lightly fold in all the whites.

Pour about three heaping tablespoons of batter into each mold (they will be filled about one-third of the way).

Place filled molds in loaf pans or similar containers to hold them snugly (so they don't topple over in the oven).

Bake 25 to 30 minutes, about 1 minute *after* they test done with a toothpick.

Allow cakes to cool a few minutes, then gently remove them from the molds. You may have to peel the foil away to keep the cakes intact.

Before cakes cool completely, use a toothpick or the end of a knife to make three holes in the bottom of each, wriggling the pick around to try to "carve out" space inside without distending the hole itself.

Place filling into pastry bag. Pipe filling into each of the holes.

Eat immediately.

Note: These cakes do not keep well. After only a few hours, they begin to get crusty.

ALTERNATE "CREAMY FILLING" RECIPE

1 cup sugar
¼ cup corn syrup
½ cup lard
½ cup ground beef suet
(available at most butchers — ask them to grind it for you)
1 cup Crisco

1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 teaspoon ground lecithin
½ teaspoon artificial butter flavoring
½ teaspoon salt
Skim milk

Combine all ingredients except skim milk in food processor. Process until thoroughly blended. Gradually add skim milk by the tablespoon until proper "creamy" consistency is achieved.

Observe, but do not eat. ☹

EXTREME FORCE

A Twinkie was dropped from a ninth-floor window, a fall of approximately 120 feet. It landed right side up, squarely hitting its concrete target site, then bounced onto its back. The expected "splatter" effect was not observed. Indeed, the only discernible damage to the Twinkie was a narrow fissure on its underside, running the length of its three "cream holes." Otherwise the Twinkie remained structurally intact.

C O R N E R

EVERY WHICH WAY BUT GOOD

SIX CHEFS IN SEARCH OF THE ULTIMATE TWINKIE:

A VERY SPECIAL BAKE-OFF

We recently asked six talented New York pastry chefs to put their reputations at risk in a very special bake-off. Their assignment: to bake cream-filled snack cakes—snack cakes that wouldn't necessarily be slavish replicas of the original Hostess Twinkie but would at least convey a recognizable Twinkieness when sniffed, held,



THE ENTRIES: MULTIPLICITY, THY NAME IS PSEUDO-TWINKIE

squeezed, dropped, tasted and ingested. And so, after weeks of preparation and experimentation, the chefs arrived at the new restaurant Shelby (plug accomplished) with heavily laden platters in tow. They were met by a panel of nervous tasters.

As a kind of orientation, and with genuine Twinkies in hand, we first took the tasters through a checklist of the physical properties that define a Twinkie *as a Twinkie*:

🍷 color—the original Twinkies are cast in the same perfectly even, golden hue as Walt Disney's Pluto

🍷 smell—a powerful but not quite rankling aroma of artificial butter

🍷 heft—a pleasing, enjoyable, just-right physical *gravitas* when cupped in the palm

🍷 skin residue—a slippery yet slightly gummy film left on the palm and fingers after handling, best discerned by rubbing together the tips of the

thumb and forefinger

🍷 sponginess—the unnatural ability of a Twinkie, when squeezed, to return to its original form

🍷 consistency when chewed—arid gumminess of the cake; chalky, sugary grit of the filling; overall oleaginousness

🍷 taste—initially hypersweet, with a fatty, gently fulsome follow-through

🍷 afterburn—a distinct yet highly subjective quality: for some, a postswallow sensation of curdling in the esophagus; for others, an uneasy, floating ache in the

stomach.

Again, however, we had only asked our chefs to *interpret* the Twinkie, to be as fanciful or faithful as they pleased. Thus, while we hoped that the chefs' variations would leave a skin residue, we didn't require that they leave the exact skin residue of a Hostess Twinkie. And so on. Our bake-off wasn't meant to be a competition. We weren't there to judge; we were there to celebrate, to embark on a joyous communal exploration of the myriad possibilities that are Twinkieness. This was to be a kind of junk food Earth Day, an eat-in with plenty of seltzer.



CHEF MARC HAYMON

And so our tasters set about their task.

The first *faux* Twinkie to be examined was baked by **Marc Haymon** of the Westbury Hotel. Chef Haymon's presentation was particularly impressive — his plastic-wrapped pairs of Twinkie-like logs came complete with authentic slick-cardboard backing.

"Basically, I tried to imitate the plasticity of [a Twinkie]," Haymon explained. "I started with fresh sponge cake but I screwed it up on purpose. I made it fall, I over-whipped the batter and I added shortening — not butter." Chef Haymon simulated a Twinkie's

three "cream holes" by poking his version with a chopstick. However, Chef Haymon confessed, this method did not allow him to recreate the continuous artery of whiteness extending evenly through the length of a factory-produced Twinkie.

The tasters were thrilled with the realistic look of Haymon's Twinkies. One expert likened the color to "a little prairie dog," while another hailed Haymon's effort as "visually perfect," if a little too large. Upon tasting one, a panelist, who found the cake and its filling "disparate but complementary," summed up the consensus by saying that Haymon's slightly refined entry "comes close but misses the junky Twinkie feeling."

The panel then turned its attention to a pair of elegant Twinkie knockoffs, both presented on silver trays by **Cynthia Peithman**, a pastry chef with Glorious Foods, the caterers. Her first, an iced sponge-cake cylinder with candied orange-peel garnish — a slimmer, tarted-up Twinkie, a Twinkie married into society — was deemed "totally sticky" for its generous finger residue. One taster commented, "Too extreme — requiring multiple Wash'n Dries in lunch box." Chef Peithman's Twinkie was singled out and admired, however, as a pastry that "goes its own way." Its subtle flavors

and squishy textures proved it to be a prankish, truly postmodern amalgam of high and low art.



CHEF CYNTHIA PEITHMAN

Chef Peithman's second Twinkie, a simpler, undressed version of her first entry, revealed its ingenuity of structure. In an attempt to mimic the airtight form of the Hostess Twinkie,

Peithman very cleverly plugged each end of her rolled sponge-cake tube with small, well-turned dowels of cake (after loading the tube with cream). Though one taster commented that Peithman's second Twinkie lacked "oomph," the panel agreed that neither of Peithman's Twinkies would look out of place at a benefit dinner at the Temple of Dendur.

P. Quint Smith's Twinkie variant was equally innovative. The chef, who works at Shelby, solved the dilemma of Twinkie form by baking his sponge cake in a floured water glass, then piping in *two* kinds of cream — one chocolate, one orange. A cross section of the dessert revealed that the orange filling had been piped through a circular hole, while the chocolate cream formed a straight line, more or less.

"I made a Winkie, not a Twinkie," Smith explained. "It looks like it's winking at you when you cut it in half."

Chef Smith's presentation — several Saran-swaddled Winkies neatly arranged in an



CHEF P. QUINT SMITH

EXTREME COLD

A Twinkie was placed in a conventional freezer for 24 hours. Upon removal, the Twinkie was not found to be frozen solid, but its physical properties had noticeably "slowed." Its characteristic sponginess reduced, the cake held a dent when squeezed by a technician's fingers, even when only moderate pressure was applied. The filling was found to be the approximate consistency of acrylic paint, while exhibiting the mercurylike property of not adhering to practically any surface. It was noted that the Twinkie had generously absorbed freezer odors.

EXTREME HEAT

A Twinkie was exposed to a gas flame for 2 minutes. While the Twinkie smoked and blackened and the filling in one of its "cream holes" boiled, the Twinkie did not catch fire. It did, however, produce the same "burning rubber" aroma noticed during the irradiation experiment.

CORNER



TAKING SHACK CAKES
TOO SERIOUSLY?

Empire Strikes Back lunch box—was lauded by the entire panel (the chef had gone so far as to cauterize the edges of his wrappers in an effort to simulate industrial shrink-wrapping). But one taster found the cake “dry and chalky; a little tame,” provoking the panelist to term the entry “a Canadian Twinkie.” Most of the other tasters (with the exception of the youngest panelist, age five, who proclaimed the chocolate a “good idea”) found the bicolored-cream approach disconcerting.

Nick Malgieri's two interpretive Twinkies were perhaps the most daring entries. The first, a traditional Sicilian pastry called the Dito d'Apostolo, or “Apostle's Finger”—which, for some tasters, evoked unappetizing images of dusty, digit-filled reliquaries—consisted of sponge cake baked in a parchment-paper tube, injected with a custard-type filling and laced

with lemon icing. Malgieri, a dessert expert who teaches at Peter Kump's New York Cooking School, made a claim for the Finger as a putative historical antecedent to the Twinkie—a Pilt-down Twinkie.

Indeed, the Finger was praised for its Twinkie-like heft, but was generally considered too refined and good-tasting to be of the Twinkie phylum, even as a de-evolutionary ancestor. In the oxymoronic phrase of one taster, the pastry resembled a “European Twinkie.”

Malgieri described his second creation—accurately—as “sort of a giant crème-filled ladyfinger.” “Doesn't bounce back,” one judge said of the unusually flat pastry's lack of resilience. “It holds a dent,” noted another. By and large, Malgieri's entries were found to be the most edible, if least Twinkie-like, entries. “Nice mutants,” concluded one uncomplaining taster.



CHEF NICK MALGIERI

Having already sampled six ersatz Twinkies—plus real ones—the overstimulated panelists circled the final platter with no little trepidation.

These last were the Stern Twinkies, created by Jane and Michael Stern. Disconcertingly, the Stern Twinkies were perhaps the least appetizing-looking of all the entries. “Bloodless,” said one taster, describing their color. “A retard,” proclaimed another. “It does look a little like it was made in a crafts class,” admitted Michael. “And we went through three or four versions to get to this,” added Jane.

However, upon tasting the Stern Twinkies, the critics suddenly sang an altogether different tune: “Good Twinkieness!” “Almost a Twinkie!” “A little salty, like the real thing!” “Remarkable simulation—the vegetarian's Twinkie!” *Vegetarian*, yes; but most decidedly not, it was pointed out, *all-natural*—see [recipes, page 100](#).

And that was it. Eight kinds of Twinkie in just under 20 minutes, ending literally with whimpers.

—Rachel Urquhart



CHEFS JANE AND
MICHAEL STERN



A Twinkie was dropped into a large beaker filled with tap water. The Twinkie floated momentarily, then began to list and sink, eventually reaching equilibrium with one tip breaking the water's surface. Viscous yellow tendrils ran off its lower half—possibly consisting of a water-soluble artificial coloring.

After 2 hours, the Twinkie had bloated substantially, increasing its volume by perhaps 30 percent. Its coloring was now a very pale tan—in contrast to the yellow, urine-like water that surrounded it. The Twinkie bobbed when touched, and had a gelatinous texture.

After 72 hours, the Twinkie was found to have bloated to roughly 200 percent of its original size. Precipitates had appeared: the water had turned opaque and a small, fan-shaped spray of filling had leaked from one of the “cream holes.”

Unfortunately, efforts to extract the Twinkie for further analysis were abandoned when, under light pressure from a pair of surgical forceps, the Twinkie disintegrated into an amorphous cloud of debris. A distinctly sour odor was noted.

SUMMARY OF RESULTS

Contrary to the expectations of skeptics, Twinkies did exhibit some of the usual properties of a nutritive substance—noticeably going “stale” on a windowsill and blackening when exposed to heat and microwave radiation. On the other hand, the Twinkie's survival of a 120-foot drop, along with some of the unusual phenomena observed in connection with the “creamy filling” and artificial coloring, should give pause to those observers who would unequivocally categorize the Twinkie as “food.” Further clinical inquiry is required before any definitive conclusions can be drawn.

—Bruce Handy

SPY'S CELEBRITY PRO-AM

IRONMAN NIGHTLIFE DECATHLON CHAMPIONSHIP

II

When we kicked off the first SPY Pro-Am Ironman Nightlife Decathlon a year ago this month, we had no idea that we would forever transform the face of urban revelry. In the course of last year's spirited competition, our judges followed three eminently qualified but happily oblivious finalists on their social rounds for a single evening. We then tabulated each contestant's performance in ten basic party-guy behavioral categories. But the world is not that innocent anymore, and so successful was Ironman I that in 1989 no such unself-conscious competitors could be found. This year potential Ironmen (and there are scores, maybe hundreds of them) have been out in force. Our squad of anonymous, highly trained Ironman-spotters had no choice, therefore, but to put in long hours at nightclubs, restaurants and parties all year long, to scrutinize comings and goings and ferret out extraordinary party-guy behavior wherever and, fatiguingly, whenever it occurred.

Because our judging could no longer be confined to a single, intrusive evening, the 1989 decathlon's categories have been amended: nightly "Hours Logged" and "Venues Visited" ratings, for example, have no meaning in a competition of this duration and scale. New indexes of partying behavior, however—such as "Manhan-

dling" and "Public Feeding"—were created to make the yearlong judging rigorous and, more important, responsible.

Before moving on to this year's long-awaited results, a few handicapping considerations to keep in mind: Last year's first- and second-place finishers, the hardworking magazine journalist-cartoonist ANTHONY HADEN-GUEST and the hardworking author-decorating buff CARL BERNSTEIN, have had more time to train for the decathlon this year. In 1988 both writers' socializing styles were crimped somewhat by the specter of actual book deadlines. Though BERNSTEIN and HADEN-GUEST performed astonishingly well last year in the face of this shared professional obstacle (both were frequently pressed to combine work and play by gathering research material from a variety of only-available-at-night sources), each is now unburdened. HADEN-GUEST's long-awaited and fashionably late book on Lebanon, *Zigzag*—a book that includes an account of his own kidnapping in Beirut—was canceled by Simon & Schuster and is now up for auction. And BERNSTEIN's *Loyalties*, a bittersweet memoir of his par-



ents' involvement with the Communist Party, was published earlier this year to a great number of reviews. And now, let's get to the playing field!

ROUND TWO *Unembarrassed Anachronistic Dancing*

(New Category for 1989)

This year's most distinguished female candidate—the uptown, middle-aged version of Dianne Brill, and a woman determined to maintain her logolike, circa 1971 hairstyle—is would-be rich wife **Gloria Steinem**. After a year of mingy single-digit scores accumulated here and there at fundraisers, Steinem went on a dancing streak at a New York City Ballet gala and scored a whopping **27 points** in a single night.

(1) With Edmund Muskie-esque Shearson Lehman executive

Robert Towbin

as her makeshift

John Travolta,

the former femi-

nist cleared the

floor by launch-

ing into a partic-

ularly lusty, al-

most Tantric



ROUND ONE *Studied Indifference*

(New Category for 1989)

Time was when the nightlife professional had an unembarrassed give-and-take with his partner in promotion, the paparazzo. *Here we are, we're sort of famous, take our picture, then maybe we'll become more sort of famous*, the faces smiling out of decades' worth of party snapshots seem to be saying. (1) Witness

postadolescent novelists **Jay McInerney** and **Bret Easton Ellis**—here with walking docudrama Marla Hanson—obediently facing the camera in the manner of trained chimps. These days, however, the two spokesmen for their respective generations find themselves increasingly occupied with more important matters. Such as cultivating the Woody Allen-ish appearance of lamely trying to circumvent flashbulbs even as the pictures are being taken; such as trying to act as if they're *not* competing with each other to become an Ironman finalist.

McInerney and **Ellis**, neither of whom made last year's Ironman semifinals, and striving no doubt to best the mark set by editor of his generation and a 1988





Stare—or, anyway, its Sullen, Dopey Semiliterate version—to other aspiring Ironmen, such as fellow erstwhile phenomenon **Matt Dillon**. (Last year this willful coyness probably unfairly kept **Jay** out of the running. But the Ironman judging committee is onto him now—especially since their confidential briefing booklets included a *Newsday* article about how, one night at '21, **McInerney** explained that he had become a "stay-at-home kind of guy," holing up in Vermont to finish his next novel, *Party's End*, a brilliant-sounding epithet for the Manhattan nightclub scene and homage to Ford Madox Ford's *Parade's End*.)



On another adventure, **McInerney**, trying to improve his Ironman standing by traveling with a Farrah Fawcett-haired **Morgan Entrekin** look-alike, does his marvelous *I really do try to stay out of the public eye* routine again, by (4) fleeing down a superdiscreet back staircase at the Red Zone and (5) slipping into a taxi with an Ironman photographer already in place in the passenger's seat.

Another gambit favored by Ironman hopefuls is pretending they want to be anonymous. (6) Here, and pal **Entrekin** (*right*) "try" to hide from hilariously wearing elaborate disguises.

These youngish aspirants could have from last year's champ, *Über-Ironman Haden-Guest* (7), here taking time out from editing table-side: if



tend to be anonymous photographers, simply cover face with hands. **SCORE McInerney: -15** for disavowal of nightlife during party. **10** for clever name of forthcoming novel. **15** for riding in photographer-appointed taxicab. *Ellis: -5* for sleeping at night and in public. *Haden-Guest: 10* for paparazzo demurral—cum—invitation.

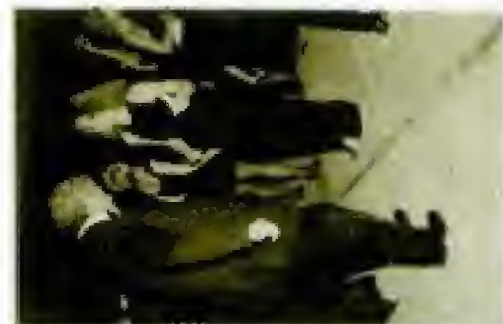
Ironman runner up; **McInerney** 10 points for attempting to improve his Ironman standing by traveling with a Farrah Fawcett-haired **Morgan Entrekin** look-alike, does his marvelous *I really do try to stay out of the public eye* routine again, by (4) fleeing down a superdiscreet back staircase at the Red Zone and (5) slipping into a taxi with an Ironman photographer already in place in the passenger's seat.



Perhaps mindful of the way champion-for-three-decades **Haden-Guest**'s innovative turn on the dance floor with a willing chair impressed last year's judges, **Donald "Stinky" Trump** (3) got into the Ironman running this year with a flashy set of disco moves *à trois*. **SCORE: 10** points to **Trump** for ingenuity. **-5** points for standing still, maypole-fashion, and expecting his no-doubt-hired young partners to scamper round him.



Like legitimacy purchaser and *Staying Alive* nut **Mort Zuckerman** (4), dancer turned walker and snazzy-white-suit buff **Peter Martins** earned **25** points for being so consistently in demand and so incredibly generous about spreading that ultrasnuggly disco-Danish masculinity around to many, many lucky dance partners.

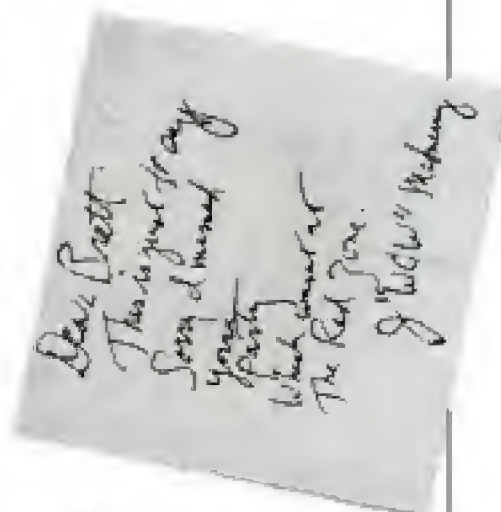


(5) Here, with high-strung ballerina—other woman **Heather Watts**, who scored **10** points this year by virtue of her chronic clinging proximity to **Martins**.



Close-up: Writers at Work at Play

Jay McInerney, maintaining a furious schedule attending parties in order to tell reporters that he is not attending parties anymore, can't keep himself away from pen and paper in public. Even when a simple shout across a nightclub table would suffice, this dedicated young Byron is compelled to commit his memorable salutations to paper. Take **McInerney's** heartfelt note of regret to his friend and



fellow Ironman competitor **Bret Easton Ellis** (left), signed a "WOW" **MCINERNEY**. Is it a kind of distended postmodern haiku, a special blank verse whose meter is known only to the tight-knit group of literary lights whom **McInerney** has called "a galaxy of our own"? We leave the exegesis to the literary critics, but our judges say: **10 points** for **J. "WOW" McInerney's** kinky new nickname.

ROUND THREE
Manhandling Division

For Excellence and Braveness in Executing Physical Displays of Affection Exceeding Generally Accepted Social Norms



None of our judges was surprised to see this category swept by that most emotionally demonstrative of Ironguys, **Anthony Haden-Guest**, seen here (1-3) with his hands full on three randomly chosen evenings. (4) Even though he lost points one night for mistakenly nuzzling talent-free painter Mark Kostabi (the charmingly indiscriminate **Haden-Guest** assumed he was grabbing just another vaguely racy-looking female bystander), the champ remains the champ. **SCORE: 30 points** for 12 months of consistently extreme groping. -5 for touching Kostabi.

A disappointing manhandling performance was turned in by (5) Antichrist-part-time promoter **R. Couri Hoy**, here attempting to raise his score by embracing a whole tableful of partners, strategically including a 1988 Ironman runner-up, hardworking, hair-obsessed book-industry oddity **Morgan "Fairchild" Entekin** (who confessed, in a McInerneyesque aside to one Ironman-spotter this year, that he was "too old for this [relent-



ROUND FOUR
Unbelievably Funny Party Tricks

(No Chattering Teeth Allowed)

SCORE: (1-2) 10 points each to generational spokesmen **Jay "WOW" McInerney** and **Bret Easton Ellis** for thinking up hilarious ways of amusing their jaded friends using only a simple cigarette as a prop. (3) And **7 points** to **Haden-Guest** for coaxing amorous giggles out of an entranced unidentified companion by making comic use of a wine bottle as an aid to superfunny eye-crossing. (4) **15 points** to **Donald Trump** for the latest in his famous series of side-splitting "Who invited her?" gags, including very funny finger-punch gesture.



A Decathlon Hoax



It's a mystery to us, but a rumor has been circulating that spy has added a new category to the competition: breast-biting. Among the misguided contenders who figured they were racking up valuable points fast: (1) feral nightlife creature **R. Couri Hay**, here sinking his teeth into Jerry Zipkin's counterfeiter



niece, Nancy Zipkin; (2) club owner **Peter Stringfellow**, who balked at the last moment; and (3) leathery Ironperson hopeful **Carmen D'Alessio**, who solicited the teeth of an anonymous bystander, exposing the comparatively human-textured white skin of her unradiated armpit. No score.

ROUND FIVE

Venues Visited, Women Chatted Up

Creative Solutions



Last year's second-place decathlon finisher, **Carl Bernstein**, has distinguished himself in this year's competition with his stunning flexibility. (1: In recent months, for instance, our judges have spotted him in a versatile, at-home-anywhere undershirt-and-tuxedo-jacket combination.) At the party at The Rainbow Room celebrating the publication of *Loyalties*, **Bernstein** had lots of tricks up his sleeve to boost his total score



on the scene, the thoughtful author also provided a small, portable (albeit life-size) cardboard cutout of himself, cocktail in hand, for female guests (such as, 4, **Bernstein's** French girlfriend Maguy and, 5, club hostess Nell Campbell) to nuzzle. It was a clever point-getting ruse, but after much deliberation the Ironman Governing Committee ruled that points derived from the cardboard-cutout photographs



(given that the party was in his honor, his decathlon subtotal for the evening was automatically doubled). First, in order to maximize paparazzo time *and* spellbinding chitchat about dead Communists with glamorous future sources, **Bernstein** has perfected the extraordinarily difficult skill of continuing his fascinating conversation with his female interlocutor even as he turns to stare straight into the camera lens (2, with dancer Lucia Hwong, and, 3, with his sister Mary.) Second, according to one Ironman-spotter



were invalid. **SCORE: 10 points** for maximizing photo-and-fascinating-party-conversation time. **15 points** (invalid) for prodigious number of photographs taken with women. (6) **7 points** for **Bernstein** allowing himself to be photographed only with men shorter than he is, as he demonstrates here, whispering Ironman training tips into the ear of expertly moussed, preternaturally boyish *Us* magazine editor in chief Jann Wenner. *Total points* (17) \times 2 (special center-of-attention bonus!) = **34 points**

AND NOW, IT'S TIME FOR ...

-10 points to **Jay McInerney** for overextreme disingenuous Just Say No posture. In mock-horrified reaction to a piece of drug paraphernalia on the table, **Jay** dons an air-purifying gas-mask helmet



Answer: Decathlon judges say ... +10

... "YOU MAKE THE CALL!"

and looks ridiculous. **OR +10 points** to **Jay McInerney** for jaunty and amusing *Slaves of New York*-inspired party headwear. Does **Jay** lose or gain points? *You make the call!*

ROUND SIX

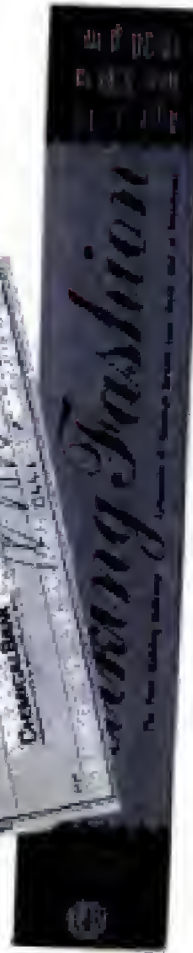
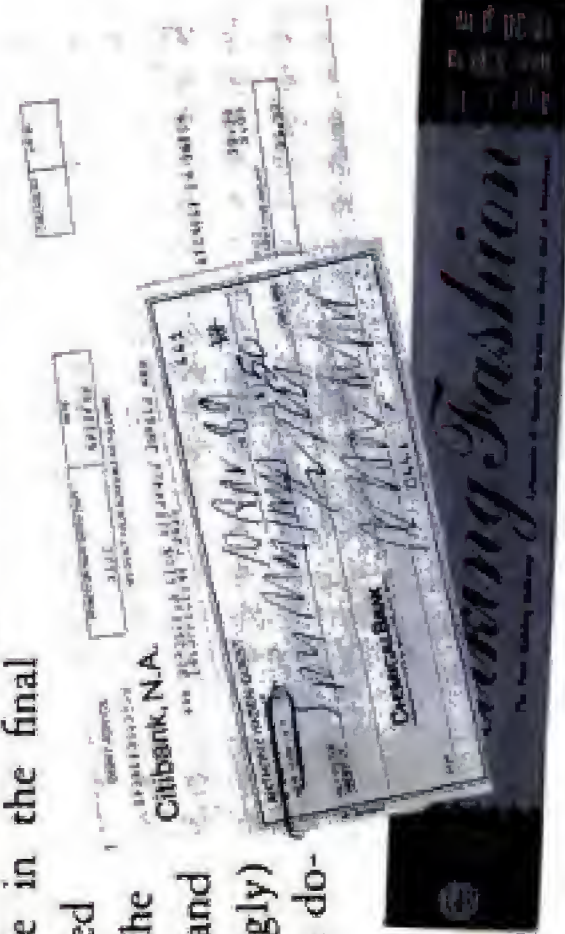
Thrift Division

Funds Squandered in Pursuit of a Good Time



Due to the refinements in this year's Ironman judging, it was not possible to gauge precisely how many drinks, food items, cabs and gratuities our contestants paid for on a *per noctem* basis. Last year, remember, the awesome **Haden-Guest** spent one glorious night on the town, visiting 3 venues, consuming 7 drinks and chatting with 12 A-list celebrities, all at a cost of \$1.14 per hour. Even with our revised rules, however, this year's judges discovered that the champ still has the Frugality Trophy clinched. On April 11 (scant days before

he allegedly gave up drinking and began the digression into sobriety that seriously endangered his place in the final standings) **Haden-Guest** attended SPY's fashion show to benefit the ACLU. After phoning twice and unsuccessfully (but charmingly) asking that the ticket price—a donation of \$50 per couple—be waived for such a super-important VIP media figure as himself, the constitutionally thrifty journalist realized that in the waning weeks of Ironman scoring he would simply have to spend some money. A check was exchanged for the coveted tickets. A good time was had by **Haden-Guest** and an unidentified female well-wisher. And **Haden-Guest's** \$50 check to benefit the ACLU bounced. **SCORE: 15 points** to **Haden-Guest**.



ROUND SEVEN

Public Feeding

Real Ironman Avoid the Shrimp Bowl

Though eating at parties is the Nightlife Decathlon equivalent of steroid use (food intake offsets valuable Drinks Consumed points), for reasons that seem to have something to do with the seventies revival, delicatessens were *the* party venue for 1989. Training hard, **Jay McInerney** joined Patty Hearst Shaw at the opening of Golden Deli (5 points). And



the superexclusive get-together-cum-nosh to celebrate the launch of deli avatar Jackie Mason's new restaurant drew a whole slew of impressive Ironman rookies. (1) **Donald Trump**, resplendent in a surely very expensive supershiny tie, does what he does best: evaluate top goods. And that shrimp he's chewing with his no-doubt top teeth is certainly the biggest and sweetest available anywhere, at any cost. -10 points for nourishing himself in public.

(2) Meanwhile, over at the Waldorf, too-rich-and-too-thin Ironman contender **Nancy Kissinger** furtively gnaws a tiny piece of bread. (-5 points for dispelling convincing illusion that her only nourishment consists of chain-smoking.)



After a shaky start, **Malcolm Forbes** caught our spotter's eye and became a surprise front-runner. His training secret? Get on Bobby Zarem's mailing list and ride a Harley-Davidson to facilitate speedy gliding from uptown to downtown. Recently **Forbes** has been spied often at the white-hot Zarem-publicized Hard Rock Cafe, at Red Zone and at a symptom of the Irony Epidemic called Peggy Sue's, through whose doorway he has paraded the grizzled Coasters of three generations. (1) At a Zarem-pull Phyllis Diller, Lauren Hutton and Brooke Shields. **Forbes** party at Elaine's for survivor Esther Williams's new swimwear line, **Forbes** up **10 points** by *not* falling for this year's decathlon hoax and resisting Williams's apparent invitation to engage in some vampirish breast-biting. (2) #



LEAN TO THE
II
On the sidelines at the Red Zone, the
Heather Hutton and Monique Van Vooren — wisl

ently felt so much anxiety about his technique (Ironman-spotters report that he discussed his decathlon standing *even during competition evenings*) that ultimately he choked.

But remember . . . nobody's a loser! And now, some special bonus awards: **MVP: TAMA JANOWITZ** (final score: 16), who facilitated outstanding performances from her competitors by being the hostess and/or raison d'être for eight parties this year. **Rookie of the Year: ABE "I'M WRITING AS BAD AS I CAN" ROSENTHAL** (final score: 20). **Old Timer's Trophy: MALCOLM FORBES*** (final score: 32). **Best Comeback Contender: JAY McINERNEY** (final score: 55), who didn't even make the finals last year, presumably because he was not yet in the throes of researching the forthcoming *Party's End*. **The Judging Committee's pick for 1990: GLORIA STEINEM** (final score: 27), who, with authorized and unauthorized biographies in the works, should be at the top of her form, self-promotion-wise.

See you next year at Ironman III, where we expect to have Ironman Emeritus **HADEN-GUEST** as color commentator and honorary judge! D

*Although the greatest number of points in this division was scored by a contestant named Walter Monheit, the honor goes to Forbes. Monheit works by day as a sex messenger, and all Spy Publishing Partners employees and their immediate families, as well as nightclub owners and members of the nightlife press, are ineligible to compete in the Celebrity Pro-Am Nightlife Decathlon. Void where prohibited by law.

THE LONG

AND THE SHORT OF IT

Long sentences. Short style. Sonnets hard-boiled.

Long to write. Short to read.

BY HENRY "DUTCH" HOLLAND

Pendlebury, who reads everything from *Greyhound Express* to *Splash*, was immersed in the latter when he let out a fearful cry that rang through the entire Balmoral private hotel. It was caused,

I soon learned, by something Susan Sontag had let fly in an interview: "Christopher Lehmann-Haupt is a hack," she said. "He probably spends twenty minutes writing his reviews." Pendlebury found this shocking, and so, frankly, did I. Reviews like the one Lehmann-Haupt did (for *The New York Times*) of Richard Saul Wurman's *Information Anxiety* simply do not get written in 20 minutes. Or do they?

"This book invites you into its pages," he begins, "but once you get there it's like quicksand." But Lehmann-Haupt doesn't "get there" right away. In paragraph two he's still reading the dust jacket. In paragraph three he admires the design. In paragraph four he says the book is one "that you can circle at a distance or barely dip your toe in." In paragraph five he basically recaps The Review So Far. In paragraph six, nearly halfway through his allotted space, he's ready to get to work:

"But I assumed that a book attractive enough to browse in would be a book attractive to read. So I jumped into the middle of the quicksand with both eyes."

May I have that brandy, please?

He *what?* Whose eyes? Why did Lehmann-Haupt have them? Was he *holding* them? Were they in his pocket? No, don't even tell me.

The only pleasure in reading *Esquire* these days is in discovering anew why you don't read *Esquire* these days. Many of the most compelling reasons to be found in April's issue — the issue *before* the almost-too-embarrassing-to-carry-around SEX AND OTHER PLEASURES issue — were supplied by editor in chief Lee Eisenberg himself.

"Suddenly," writes Eisenberg in his Backstage column, "there is a near-consensus that the country's fragile place in the global market needs immediate, nonpartisan attention." I remember that morning well. It was early spring, and although the day was lovely, as I walked to the corner newsstand I felt somehow burdened, burdened by the lack of consensus regarding immediate, nonpartisan attention to the country's fragile place in the global market. But when I got back to my rooms — *everything had changed.*

Eisenberg later tries his hand at a manly baseball essay. "This will not be, I hope, another elegy," he begins. He has had it "up to [his not-very-far-off-the-ground] neck" with pastorals, madrigals and sonnets about the game: "Here's *my* high hard one: stuff a chili dog in your mouth and let me watch!" (Lee!) And don't hand him "any more guff that baseball is a 'literary sport' or a 'thinking man's sport.'" Having



thus laid waste to baseball clichés, Eisenberg says he'll allow himself just one, "the single cliché that has enough sweep, arc, wisdom, and truth to matter: *Baseball is a game of fundamentals.*"

By which he means, it turns out, that "baseball is about time, and it's about space." "Baseball is a game that marches to its own organist." "Baseball is flashback." "Everything else in our lives comes and goes. Baseball endures." "Baseball is continuity." "Baseball is not just then, it is now." "Baseball was a better first love than my first love. It is an older friend than my oldest friend." And "at the end of the day, when the lights go on, baseball is that thing we picked up along the way that we carried with us longer than any other. And I include religion, the love of a good woman, and just about any hobby you can think of." Yes, by golly, it *is* refreshing to read a cliché-free rumination on baseball.

Are skirts getting shorter? Sentences are. Again. The latest outbreak started with the inimitable William H. Honan gushing over Madeline Kahn a while back in *The New York Times*: "She flashes a devilish smile and then adds musically: 'It's very complex.' And you laugh. Without really knowing why. Because it is complex."

Honan passed the baton to his colleague Michael Brenson, who began a *Times* art review, " 'Toward Form' is a nice little show. It is about process. Its selections are revealing."

Then came Steven Reddicliffe, reviewing a restaurant called Aquavit for *7 Days*: "Huge plates of herring and salmon and venison. Cloudberries, blueberries, and brambleberries. All kinds of aquavit."

But here is a happy antidote to all those stops and starts—the first sentence of Barbara Grizzuti Harrison's review, in *The New York Observer*, of a biography of James Baldwin. Better get comfortable:

The jacket photograph shows writer James Baldwin wearing a powder-blue shirt with a scalloped button flap; it's odd attire—the shirt doesn't quite fit, it's too big (and this somehow has the effect of calling painful attention to the fact that Baldwin's head is far too big for his lean body); and its starched daintiness, its new prettiness, is at striking, almost perverse odds with the taut and weary, I've-seen-it-all-and-then-some baby face of the artist . . . whose cigarette, for that matter, held in an elegant hand, looks like a flour-

ish, a photographer's prop that has never actually made it to his lips.

Here Harrison's confidence must have wavered. A colon, instead of a period, after *lips* would have opened up exciting new horizons—a whole second round of ellipses, asides, clauses, brackets, even a *New Yorker* assignment. The sentence could have been *much* longer. But, alas, Harrison's nerve failed her.

Not so the writers assigned to cover the Broadway production of *Metamorphosis*. They saw the potential in Kafka's famous first line—those words just sitting there waiting to be twisted cleverly—and they did not second-guess themselves. True, some critics couldn't *quite* go through with it. Clive Barnes of the *New York Post* was only brave enough to quote Kafka's "awesome opening sentence": "As Gregor Samsa awoke one morning from uneasy dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a gigantic insect." No comic riffing followed (this is why Barnes is at the *Post*). But look at what a few inventive writers did with Kafka's opening:

"As Mikhail Baryshnikov awoke one morning from uneasy dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a Broadway actor."

—Mervyn Rothstein in *The New York Times*

"After the current version . . . opens at the Barrymore Theatre on March 6, Steven Berkoff will most likely awaken the next morning to find himself transformed into a star."

—Ross Wetzsteon in *Manhattan, inc.*

"Franz Kafka's story . . . is almost as frightening and disturbing as what is enacted on the stage of the Barrymore Theatre, where talented actors wake to discover they are in a Steven Berkoff play."

—Howard Kissel in the *Daily News*


Any *New Republic* readers out there? Did either of you make it all the way to the end of Wilfrid Mellers's review of Gunther Schuller's *The Swing Era: The Development of Jazz, 1930–1945*? Mellers winged me early on with this broadside: "Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* and the neo-primitive elements in the artifacts of Picasso (to cite merely the supreme representatives) suggest that a reaction against the will-obsessed and ego-obsessed values of Western

civilization has been pervasive in our century." I staggered through another 20 lines or so—we Hollands are of deceptively tough stock—before Mellers finished me off with "European musical traditions, stemming from the watershed we call the Renaissance, effect, or hope to effect, a communication existing in time. Monophonic melody evolves into polyphony; which implies harmonic alternations of tension and relaxation; which involve functional tonality; which implies progression from A to Z." Now, *that*, as Maxine Sullivan used to say, is jazz.

It's not that movie critic J. Hoberman never writes well. It's just that too often he ends up chasing his tail. Hence this second installment of the Hoberman Quiz (the length of the series is entirely up to him). This month it was a little more difficult to choose the source material. I lingered over the opening paragraph of his review of *Powwow Highway* in the *Voice*, which contained a sentence that began, promisingly, "Pitched somewhere between magic realism and earnest regionalism . . ." (readers of last month's column will correctly place that in the neighborhood of "prole anecdotalism"). Though the review also boasted Hoberman's customary tribute to alliteration ("peripatetic pals," "primordial planet"), I finally settled on this excerpt from his review of *Heathers*, also in the *Voice*:

Articulating an adolescent hyperreality that's more pop and lurid than the teen Kafka of *Sixteen Candles*, the secular humanist verisimilitude of *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, and the morbid muck-taking of *River's Edge*, *Heathers* is a brazen provocation.

Match the movie with the description that fits it best.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. <i>Heathers</i> | a. morbid muck-taking |
| 2. <i>Fast Times at Ridgemont High</i> | b. adolescent hyperreality; a brazen provocation; relatively more pop and lurid |
| 3. <i>Sixteen Candles</i> | c. secular humanist verisimilitude |
| 4. <i>River's Edge</i> | d. teen Kafka |
- Burn down the film schools! 

(Answers to the Hoberman Quiz: 1b, 2c, 3d, 4a)

CHEESECAKE CONE SOUR

*"That glasnost girl" learns
the hard way that Playboy and
Soviet movie stardom don't mix*

BY ANNE WILLIAMSON

Last spring every newspaper, magazine and sleazy infotainment show, it seemed, was hot to do a story on the young Russian star of the film *Little Vera*.

About to be released in **SELLING** America, this was the first Soviet movie to include "explicit" (what Americans might consider *R*-rated) sex. And when it was learned that the star's eight-page spread in the May issue of *Playboy* would provide further evidence that Soviets were anatomically identical to the rest of us, her story took on an irresistibly lurid focus in the American press. And so Natalya Negoda, a previously unknown Soviet actress, arrived in New York in a blaze of April publicity—unprepared for the consequences of her walk on the wild side.

Not that the diminutive, brown-eyed Natasha was unfamiliar with controversy before her dive into American cheesecake. Her director, Vasily Pichul (in cahoots with his wife, screenwriter Maria Khmelik), had abandoned hollow Soviet Realism in favor of what is now known as the "realistic cinema," figuratively turning the camera on his audience; *Little Vera's* convincing tale of domestic violence, alcoholism, youthful alienation, sex and drugs had provoked unprecedented interest and outrage in the USSR. The film played to 50 million Soviets—a record—and Natasha's much-admired portrait of a desperate tart was a large part of the film's success.

The International Film Exchange Ltd., a

distributor of European films in America, had shared none of the Soviets' squeamishness about *Little Vera*. "When I saw that scene of the guy having a crucifix tattooed on his chest at the beach," Chris Wood, then executive vice president of IFEX, said later, "I told them, 'We'll take it.'" And it had taken but the briefest bat of a showman's eye for IFEX's vice president Robert Newman to muse, "Wouldn't it be great if we could get her on the cover of *Playboy*?" Thus began the Americanization of Natasha.

Because she stepped off Pan Am Flight 67 at JFK minus her luggage, flacks for IFEX and *Playboy* fluttered into action early the next morning, scurrying to find clothing for Natasha's first media date, a 7:15 a.m. taping with *Entertainment Tonight*. In the greenroom, examining outfits that to her Soviet taste seemed garish, Natasha resembled an increasingly glum Ninotchka. "I'm not here in a role for *Playboy*," she insisted. "The *Playboy* role is finished." Nevertheless, a drop-dead cleavage-enhancing red crepe suit with a single black button at the nipped waist—courtesy of an *E.T.* executive—was given a halfhearted "*Ladno*" ("Okay") minutes before taping began.

I never could imagine that
Americans would have such serious
sexual problems, as I really thought
them to be a liberated people"

A big press conference at the Russian Samovar restaurant on 52nd Street followed. Never told by her film's distributor that the conference was sponsored by *Playboy*, Natasha answered the shouted questions with an engaging straightforwardness. Outside, dozens of paparazzi surrounded her getaway car. Coming from a country where no one (except KGB agents) makes a living swarming around automobiles and snapping pictures, Natasha was understandably dazed.

Stories followed in the local New York newspapers, *The Washington Post*, *The Wall Street Journal*, *Time* and on the local TV

magazine shows. At IFEX there was a rush of calls from theater owners desperate for bookings. *Playboy*, of course, was ecstatic. But Natasha, confronted by epithets such as "the people's playmate" (*Life*) and "the first Soviet sex goddess" (*The New York Times*), was appalled, thinking she had come to America to promote her film, not her headlights. No one had told her that the serious American actresses she most admires—Meryl Streep and Jessica Lange—remain clothed outside the range of Panavision movie cameras. And no Russian girl, even a savvy one from a family of Moscow intelligentsia, could know that *Playboy's* most significant contribution to Hollywood, despite decades of cheerful effort and cloying copy, is Dorothy Stratten.

By the third day of her five-day stay in New York, Natasha was exhausted and continually popping Extra-Strength Tylenol. "I hate, I deeply hate, all this noise around the fact that I did a shoot for *Playboy*," she told *SPY*. "I never could imagine that Americans would have such serious sexual problems, as I really thought them to be a liberated people. This is all I am asked about. I am very worried about the tone of the commentary concerning me."

Was she worried about the response back home? (All of those in Moscow who cared to listen had heard reports on the BBC and Voice of America about "that *Playboy* thing," as one disgruntled Soviet put it.) "They won't make a big fuss about it," Natasha said. "They'll try to keep it under cover, quiet. Because the biggest question that will be raised is how could I—me, a woman of a socialist society—how could I accept to do such a thing?"

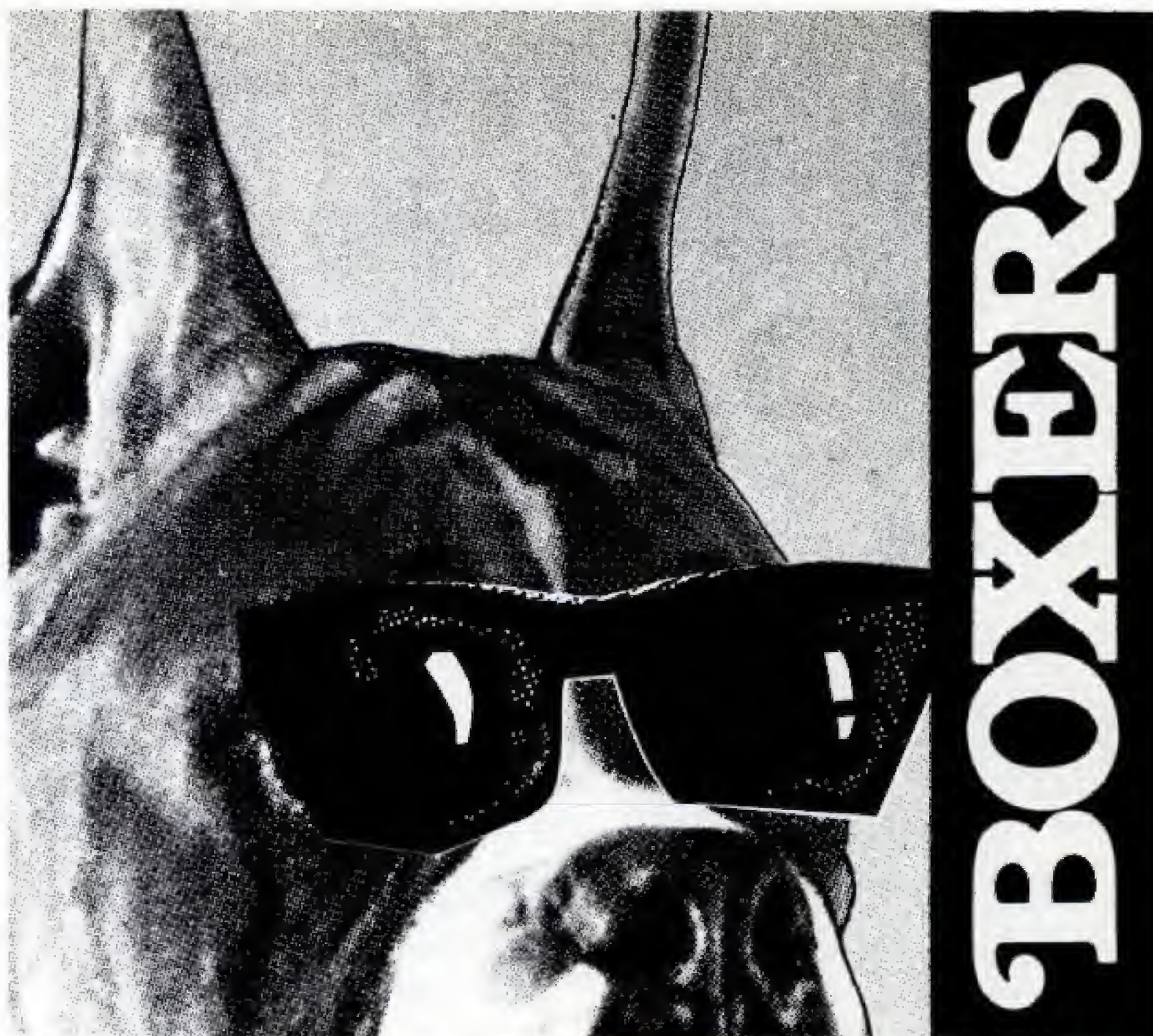
It's not that the Soviets are puritanical. Indeed, when *Playboy* described Natasha as "that *glasnost* girl, ripe and ready for sexual revolution," the magazine couldn't have been further off base: Russians are vastly ahead of Americans on the promiscuity front, sex and vodka being their only diversions—a reality repeatedly depicted in *Little Vera*. But as one former Muscovite put it, regarding Natasha's post-*Playboy* situation, "[For now] the Soviets are holding their noses because they have too many other problems to deal with, but they're not going to forget and one day they will get even, and it will be very easy because the Soviet public will not be behind her. It runs so badly against the grain of everything they believe in. I mean, a Russian girl baring her tits for a bourgeois Ameri-

can publication? Pamiat [a xenophobic, anti-Semitic Russian nationalist organization] would just love that."

"When I saw the magazine," said another Soviet, "I had just two thoughts. First, that the picture she is now working on will be her last. And second, that Natasha Negoda is an extraordinarily brave young woman." Indeed, contrary to many published reports and Natasha's hopeful iterations, the *Playboy* spread was done without the *explicit* permission of Sovexportfilm, which avoided the issue altogether—an ominous sign.

So, knowing the risks, why then did Natasha agree to the *Playboy* offer? Natasha says that she cannot answer this question with frankness. But consider that in Moscow there are no agents, no producers, no entertainment lawyers, no residuals, no points, no overtime, no on-the-set trailers, no entourages of hairstylists, masseuses and flunkies. And no big money: Soviet actors make between 8 and 56 rubles a day. Natasha was paid 2,000 rubles for her work in *Little Vera*, a sum worth about \$400—enough to buy a new bed, which is what Natasha did. Considering that for \$400 Natasha simulated the sex act and appeared naked for 50 million Soviets in perhaps the most depressing feature produced in 70 years of their cinema's history, it's not hard to understand why she would agree to appear for thousands of dollars before a mere several million Americans with her panties on—at worst, a day's worth of silly poses. "I was expecting something more original, something that would deal with my being Russian and an actress," she said glumly—echoing, one suspects, the disappointments of a long line of Playmate "actresses" before her.

And so, carrying a computer for her boyfriend and some American sportswear, bought in New York with her *Playboy* money, Natasha returned home to what in time may prove to be a ruined career. On the phone from Moscow a few weeks later, she is most interested in discussing the weather (late spring but cold). Pressed on Soviet reaction to her American adventures, she replies that "around the whole business there is but one thing—*tishina* ['silence']." She does report that Sovexport was especially curious to learn what moneys she may have received beyond gifts and favors from *Playboy*. And what did she tell them? Giving as good as she got, Natasha murmurs, "*Tishina*." ☛



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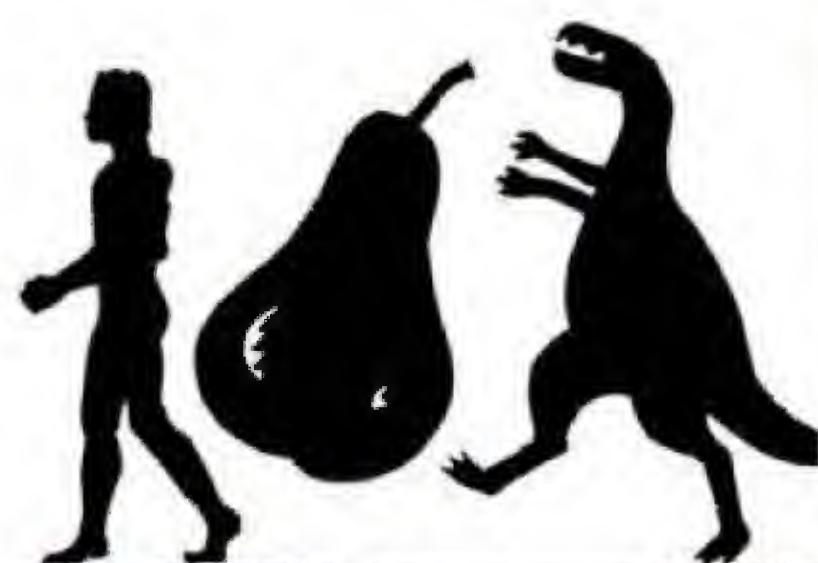
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GANG OF TWO

*Harper's Bazaar in the grip
of the Ferdinand and Imelda
Marcos of the fashion business*

BY JO STOCKTON

Tony and Michele Mazzola, the editor in chief and special-projects editor, respectively, of *Harper's Bazaar*, are not typical fashion people. Until recently, the rotund

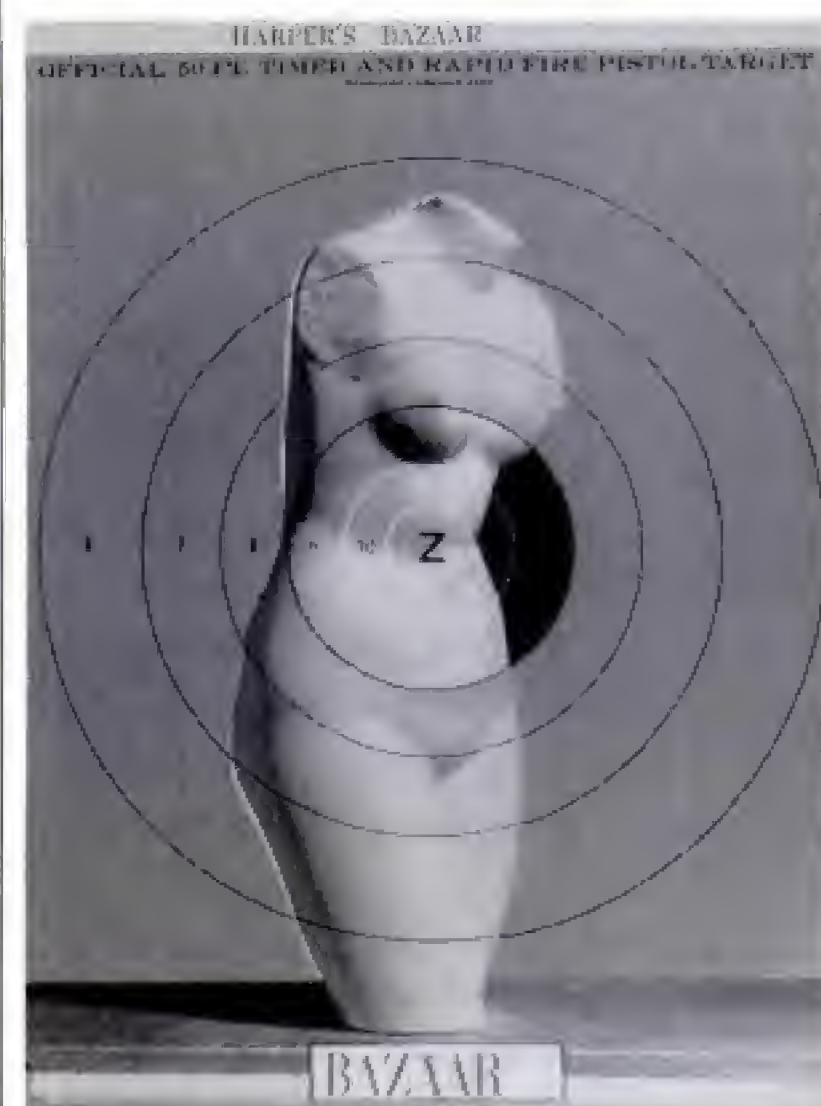
THE TRADE

Tony Mazzola had a sign on his office door that read IL DIRETTORE. His staff, no doubt out of reverence, referred to him as Il Duce.

No less shy and retiring is his lovemate and creative partner, who sports a Banana Republic-style wardrobe and a Tourette's-syndrome-style mouth. "Dog . . . dog . . . dog . . . fucking dog!" she has been heard to comment while casting her eye over the models in the latest *Vogue*. The two have been called the Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos of fashion.

Tony and Michele met while he was laboring under the considerable responsibility of being editor of *Town & Country*, which, along with *Bazaar*, is owned by the Hearst Corporation. One side of the story has it that Michele—a secretary there at the time, and a woman whose entrance into a room has been likened to a tugboat pulling into a berth reserved for a Boston Whaler—stalked her prey with a subtlety that could have come from a *Bazaar* feature on "How to Get and Keep Your Man": she attended meetings dressed in very, very short skirts. The other version of their romance has Tony, mad with passion over Michele's money—her maiden name is, after all, Morgan—being the pursuer. Either way, the gods smiled upon Tony and Michele, and in 1967 they were married. Tony took over *Bazaar* five years later.

Michele's approach to editing is as subtle as her rumored courtship ritual. She understands the value of communicating difficult design concepts clearly to her staff, and she has perfected the art of the visual aid. "This is what you're doing!" she screams, brandishing a spread from a nine-month-old issue of *Elle* in front of her fashion editors. But her deft stewardship is not limited to mimicking fashion spreads in other journals. If she doesn't like an article, any article, it is summarily killed. What's more, if her teenage daughter—who, *Bazaar* being the sort of family business it is, also reads manuscripts—doesn't like an article, it also gets killed. Michele's most biting editorial criticism is to say that something is "artsy-fartsy," or that it reads as if it were an exercise for a creative-writing class. And yet she has, on occasion, proved her open-mindedness toward artsy-fartsy creative-writing-class prose by suggesting that creative-writing teacher Gordon Lish try his hand at a piece for *Bazaar*. Tony, whose open-mindedness when it comes to writers borders on the extraordinary, once even suggested that



Edith Sitwell (who has been dead since 1964) write an article for the magazine.

But then, Tony is a hands-on manager as well as a visionary assigning editor. When an issue comes out, he circulates a copy annotated with his helpful comments on each article. A sheet is appended to the front of the issue for each editor to initial after reading. And Tony isn't the sort of editor who insists on having the last word: next to his comments he generously leaves enough room for editors to respond—

often, to apologize—in writing to his observations about their pieces.

Responding gracefully is not always easy. *Salo* [sic] was the adjective Tony came up with to describe a photograph he didn't like in one issue. In another, which had an article that referred to the obscure practice of auditing a class, Tony circled the word *audit* and wrote in the margin, "Don't you mean *edit* here?" The fact, however, that his editor-in-chief vocabulary doesn't extend all the way to the word *audit* has not damaged his lexical confidence: Tony is very comfortable declaring certain other words "overused" and therefore banned from the pages of *Bazaar*. The word *elegant* is one such taboo, and its appearance in a manuscript invariably elicits a favorite margin comment from Tony: "Yikes!"

Given their strong and idiosyncratic personalities, it is hardly strange that Tony and Michele have managed to make over the once sophisticated *Harper's Bazaar* in their own image. Long gone are the haunting photographs by Avedon and Horst, the innovative fashion direction by Diana Vreeland and the editorial authority of Nancy White. In their stead, the Mazzolas have introduced a dependable schedule of formulaic theme issues. January is the Smart Money issue; February is almost always the Sex and Love issue; March, Career; and so on.

And despite the boilerplate theme issues, the Mazzolas have made it much easier for magazine collectors intent on perusing the stalls on Fourth Avenue for rare back issues of *Bazaar*. Each yearly theme issue is made different (but not *too* different) from the ones that preceded it. For example, 1987's August OVER-40 SPECIAL! HOW TO LOOK YOUNGER EVERY DAY issue offered the cover line REVITALIZE: FAMOUS BEAUTIES TELL YOU HOW TO TAKE OFF WRINKLES, YEARS, INCHES, which, of course, is completely different from August 1985's OVER-40 & SENSATIONAL! HOW TO LOOK YOUNGER EVERY DAY issue, which featured the FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH BEAUTY BOOK: FAMOUS OVER-40 BEAUTIES TELL YOU HOW TO TAKE OFF POUNDS, WRINKLES, YEARS. (It's easy to spot the differences, really. Just think, 1987—*inches*, 1985—*pounds*.) Then there was the August 1986 OVER-40 AND TERRIFIC! LOOK & FEEL YOUNGER EVERY DAY issue, which had a STOP-THE-CLOCK TURN-ON SECRETS: OVER-40 BEAUTY STARS SHOW YOU HOW TO TAKE OFF INCHES, WRINKLES, CELLULITE

cover line. (The clever addition of *cellulite* is the key here.) The August 1984 40 IS FABULOUS! HOW TO LOOK YOUNGER & BETTER EVERY DAY issue promised a simple STOP-THE-CLOCK BEAUTY BOOK: GREAT BEAUTIES SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE. The 1988 OVER-40 & FABULOUS! HOW TO LOOK YOUNGER EVERY DAY issue was something of a watershed for *Bazaar*. There the editors broke with tradition and opted for a more general WRINKLES AWAY BEAUTY GUIDE: SMOOTH SECRETS FROM WORLD-FAMOUS SPECIALISTS cover line. There is a brilliance at work here, a characteristic Mazzola brilliance.

One would think that any editor with such vision would require—no, *demand*—complete control over his or her magazine. Alas, no. When, in an effort to retrieve some of the sophistication of the good old days, Hearst started running a series of nutty-chic black-and-white promotion ads for *Bazaar*, poor Tony reportedly got his first glimpse of the campaign in another magazine.

Tony and Michele's boundless creativity has unaccountably worked wonders on *Ba-*

If the new *Vogue* can show a few bare breasts, *Tony must reason*, then we can devote half an issue to see-through clothing and naked women

zaar's circulation. When Tony inherited the magazine in 1972, circulation had dipped to 400,000. By the mid-1980s it was up to almost 700,000. In 1988, despite fierce competition from *Elle* and a redesigned *Vogue*, it crawled up past 750,000, aided, no doubt, by the magazine's new advertising campaign. But Tony is fighting fire with fire. *If the new Vogue can show a few bare breasts*, Tony must reason, *then we can devote half an issue* (the May *Bazaar*) *to see-through clothing and naked women*. And when in doubt, Tony can always—as he has at editorial meetings in the past—exclaim, "What we really need is a new sex disease." Sex diseases, we must presume, sell fashion magazines. ☛

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HAPPY BIRTHDAY M.A.G. Love, J.D.

Hey Jimmy, it's your birthday and I'm happy to say . . . Remember that—LMH.

Happy Birthday Holly. Love Dave.

MUMMY—VERY HAPPY BIRTHDAY WISHES FOR THE 24th. Don't get too plastered. Thinking of you & with much love, KXXX.

SPW: Many happy returns from your fellow punmeister and favorite Pictionary partner . . . Lots of love, CMW.

HAPPY B-DAY STEVERINO! The best years are yet to come. Bye bye, Howard Eye.

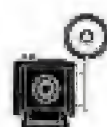


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SEE HOW THEY RUN

*When it became apparent that
CAA had a certain image problem,
Mike Ovitz came up with the solution*

BY CELIA BRADY

Oh, and another thing, Mike, you've got to learn the words to "Mame": It seems that Creative Artists Agency, Hollywood's ultramacho swaggerpack of Ninja buffs, ex-Marines, sadistic office-chair bullwhippers and breathless young protégés, has an image problem in the industry's gay community. The complaint leveled against CAA is that it has no overtly gay agents. This may have less to do with sexual preferences than with the fact that the next generation of master flesh-peddlers being groomed at the agency—many of them of the highly Aryan, blond-haired, horn-rimmed-glasses variety—have been encouraged by their *Überboss*, Mike "the Manipulator" Ovitz, to refrain from allowing any kind of quirk (sexual, religious, whatever) to mar the sort of stony, personality-free, business-isn't-everything-it's-the-only-thing image he wishes them to develop.

But in the spirit of CAA's being all things to (or at least skimming 10 percent off the earnings of) all people—including powerfully placed gay show business people—something had to be done. Unwilling to get too actively involved with the homosexual community himself, Ovitz ordered Jay Moloney, his apprentice agent and personal slave, *Get me Alan Hergott!* Hergott, of course, is the Hergott of the vastly influential West Hollywood law firm of Bloom, Dekom and Hergott, and a man evidently

comfortable among openly gay people. Ovitz subsequently put Hergott on retainer not for his expert legal advice but as an image-glossing consultant-apologist to gay Hollywood.

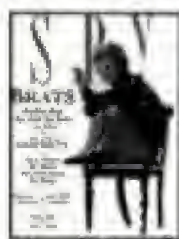
The ultrahigh security of CAA's new I. M. Pei-designed Beverly Hills fortress is in keeping with the parazealot, military-like atmosphere that long enlivened the old digs. Many of the agents have begun using those little lightweight mission-control headsets with the curved mouth-piece bar. They keep them on their heads even when people—at least, those people who don't meet a certain significance threshold—are visiting their offices. In mid-conversation an agent will stop disconcertingly and, Kreskin-like, say, "I have a call coming in," then launch into a conversation with the caller.

International Creative Management, meanwhile, continues in its valiant effort to remake itself and its employees in CAA's image—an L.A. version of *Charley's Aunt*. That does not necessarily mean bullwhipping office chairs, as CAA's Bill Haber does (he was recently weaned to a mere riding crop); or ending extrapersonal office relationships with gifts of color TV sets, as Ronnie Meyer does; or initiating PR outreach programs to homosexuals, as Mike Ovitz does. It *does* mean, in at least one instance, getting fitted for CAA-style control-freak headsets, but what it means most urgently is trying to make its staff work together as a synchronized powerhouse instead of as a confederation of competitive fiefdoms, as it has sometimes done in the past.

In addition to concentrating on films that ICM can lard with its own talent and therefore extract the sort of 15 percent packaging fees that CAA charges networks and studios, the agency is inviting its agents who are unwilling to go along with its new all-for-one, one-for-all team spirit to leave. Hence the departure from ICM's New York office of Erica Spellman, a tough but popular long-standing ICM hand who steadfastly refused to share her favorite "pocket" clients with the other agents.

A Midsummer Quiz: Will Sony buy (a) Columbia Pictures or (b) Universal Pictures? Will Disney chairman Michael Eisner buy Paramount Pictures's parent company, Gulf + Western, as he has recently joked about with intimates?

See you Monday night at Mortons. **D**



December 1986
BRATS

"Brats want everything—fame without achievement, money without employment, fun without effort. And brats get what they want."

March 1987
TRUE CONFESSIONS

"Hacking through the celebrity memoir glut. The sex! The drugs! The awkward prose!" Rock Hudson, Charles Manson, Tina Turner and much, much more in our easy-to-read foldout chart.

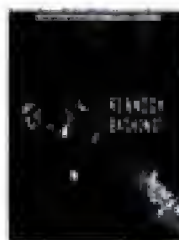


September 1987
THE MEN WHO DEFEND THE MOB

"Our American system of justice requires that every defendant, no matter how vicious or contemptible, receive the best legal defense possible."

October 1987
THE SPY 100

"Our annual catalog of the truly appalling, the unintentionally amusing and the unrelievedly banal."

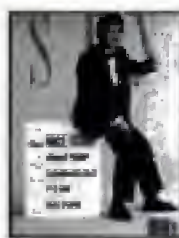


November 1987
KENNEDY BASHING

"In the age of Everythingscam and Whatevergate, how, after 18 years, can the Chappaquiddick cover-up remain so airtight? Good question."

March 1988
THE FILOFAX GENERATION

"They're always jotting, jotting, jotting, seemingly intent on committing to paper every facet of their existence and systematically cramming it all between the covers of their bulging 'planners.'"



April 1988
OUR NICE ISSUE

"Donald Trump—a heck of a guy. Glamorous Gals . . . Who Never Age. It's Fun . . . to live in Queens."

May 1988
WELCOME TO RAT CITY!

"It munches concrete, it swims like a fish, it multiplies faster than a rabbit. It can leap from rooftop to rooftop, it can pop in through the toilet. It's Rat; it numbers in the millions."

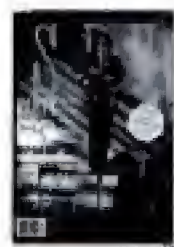


June 1988
COASTERS

"For the world's Coasters, there is no statute of limitations on the rewards and privileges of early success."

July/August 1988
PARTY GUYS!

"Nightlife Decathlon." SPY private eyes tailed the city's most relentless night crawlers for an evening and kept score. And the winner is . . .



September 1988
LIFE-STYLE HELL! OUR SPECIAL LOS ANGELES ISSUE

"The sex, the spandex, the pastels, the car phones, the irony shortage and the general uncensored dudeosity that make Los Angeles a shrine to vapid fun."



October 1988
THE SPY 100

"Our annual census of the 100 most annoying, alarming and appalling people, places and things."

November 1988
FEUDS!

"It's not enough for some people to be well-to-do and well known; they need to be well-to-do and well known and belligerent."



December 1988
SEVENTIES-SOMETHING

"A return to the decade of the mood rings, ultrasuede, sideburns and disco sex-machine Tony Orlando."

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MIDNIGHT

CONFECTIONS

Midlife rebellion and preschool indulgence are remarkably similar. But adults are expected to know better

BY ELLIS WEINER

I've been eating a lot of crap lately. By *crap* I mean various kinds of low-quality yummy-wretched junk. Little candies and

HOW TO BE A GROWN-UP mints, cookies, ice cream alone, ice cream in milk shakes, ice cream with gourmet ice cream sauce from the terrifying nether zone at the rear of the refrigerator, where the sentient cream cheese mold and scary pickles live. I made the sauce two months ago, but it's still good, because it lasts forever, so I'd better eat it now, before it goes bad. And little Swiss chocolates, with French labels, so really, it's cultural, like sight-seeing.

I look at this stuff I'm eating and I think two things. One is, *Have you no will-power? Must you bribe and tickle and coddle and reward yourself with these demeaning little self-destructive indulgences?* The other is, *You call this junk crap? You should have been here last September, when domestic pressures and professional aggravations were such that I was eating whole candy bars (Kit Kats, Mounds—intellectual stuff), glistening slutty bright-red-and-yellow Danishes, secret doughnuts. Now, that was crap.*

It was also childish. Not because I felt compelled to seek solace from life's problems in the arms of sticky buns and coffee cake, but because I didn't go far enough. Somewhere toward the end of this interval of living heck, when I realized I'd been consuming more sweets than usual, I began to wonder: *Isn't eating candy kind of dippy? Doesn't an adult, if he or she is a Real Man, do big, brawling, tempestuous*

things when confronted with frustration? Shouldn't I, instead of buying Zagnuts when no one is looking, be banging out of the house at three in the morning, driving in a fury to the local bar, ordering a Scotch and snarling, "Make it a double," knocking it back while scowling and muttering and self-lovingly bating myself, and then lurching back home, parking on the sidewalk and standing on the front walk bellowing incoherent defiance until nobly and heroically passing out cold in the bushes?

Too late—by the time I had saved up enough testosterone and cleared some space on my calendar for a good rampage, the problems had abated. I'm back now to maintenance levels of indulging in crap, as mentioned above. Not that I'm addicted, mind you. I can live without it. I can stop whenever I want.

But I have to want to want to stop, and sometimes I do. Call it discipline, call it good nutritional sense, call it minor-league—hell, Little League—self-denial. I stand at the bakery counter, ogling those luscious Boston cremes (my pathetic favor-

What do I want to be,

a man with self-control

or a guy who knows how to

have a good time?

ite—that anyone's favorite anything should feature the word *creme* is indeed perverted), and I rebound like a pinball through a rapid series of assessments: It's been a while since I've had one/Do you really need it?/What's the point of life* if not to have a stupid doughnut once in a while?/Displays of small discipline here build bank accounts of big discipline for future hard times/Haven't I earned this one by turning down the last one, in an act of admirable self-denial?/Exactly.

Thus a lover's quarrel between a man and his superego. On the one hand, enjoyment, if it isn't bad for you, is good for you. And I happen to know for a fact that, in my opinion, I'm basically pretty healthy: I'm not fat, my blood pressure is

okay, my cholesterol level is the envy of nations. In terms of eating a doughnut, I can take the hit, or the heat, or whatever it is that you're supposed to be able to take in order to get away with doing something that's probably wrong. Health is not a problem.

On the other self-flagellating hand, health is the problem. The fats, the sugars, the salts, the peppers—they're poison. But health is a mere pretext for engaging in the debate itself: If I reject this doughnut, will I get "points"? Does accepting it mean I've been "good to myself"? What do I want to be, a man with self-control or a guy who knows how to have a good time?

Because the answer is "both," the debate usually gets resolved via impulse or impatience. And regardless of how it comes out, I always regret the decision. Either I walk away and feel as if I've cheated myself or I gobble one up and feel like a pig. Let's face it: the unexamined life may not be worth living, but the overexamined doughnut gets stale.

And this is where the grown-up, who all this time has been standing in the wings chomping on an Alar-free green apple, comes in.

Come in, grown-up, and have a doughnut. *Why, thank you—is it made from healthful carrot cake and honey?* No, you nitwit, it's made from poison; want one anyway? *Sure! Thanks!*

Thus does the grown-up, whom we are prepared to dismiss as a prude and a drag, surprise us and, ideally, prompt us to hate ourselves even more. How much better for us if he threw the contemptible, delicious Boston "creme" in our face! But no—either he declines with gracious thanks or he takes it, does not giggle, "I really shouldn't," and eats the thing with unfeigned relish. Grown-up that he is, he is above, or beyond, or exempt from, discipline tests or self-challenge face-offs. He did all that when he was supposed to, in adolescence. They're not an issue anymore. He knows his reasons. He knows his values. He knows who he is.

And we know who he is, too. He is a grown-up. Thank God he doesn't exist, and if he does, we don't know him. He sounds insufferable, the son of a bitch. **D**

* With this one exception: beware anyone who talks about "life." He or she is trying to sell you something—if not a doughnut, then a series of ten motivational cassettes in a handsome vinyl binder.

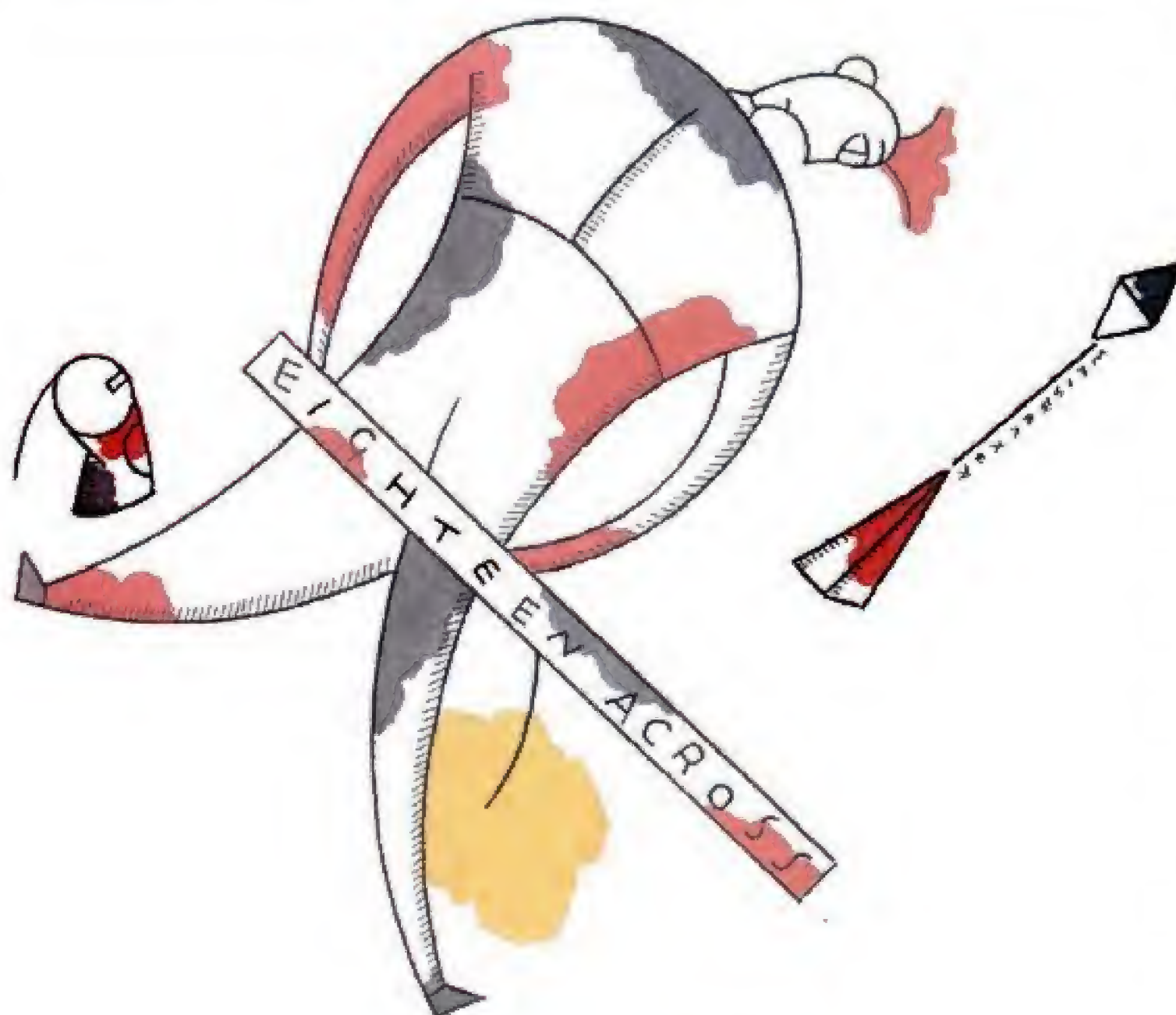
THE UN-BRITISH

Crossword Puzzle

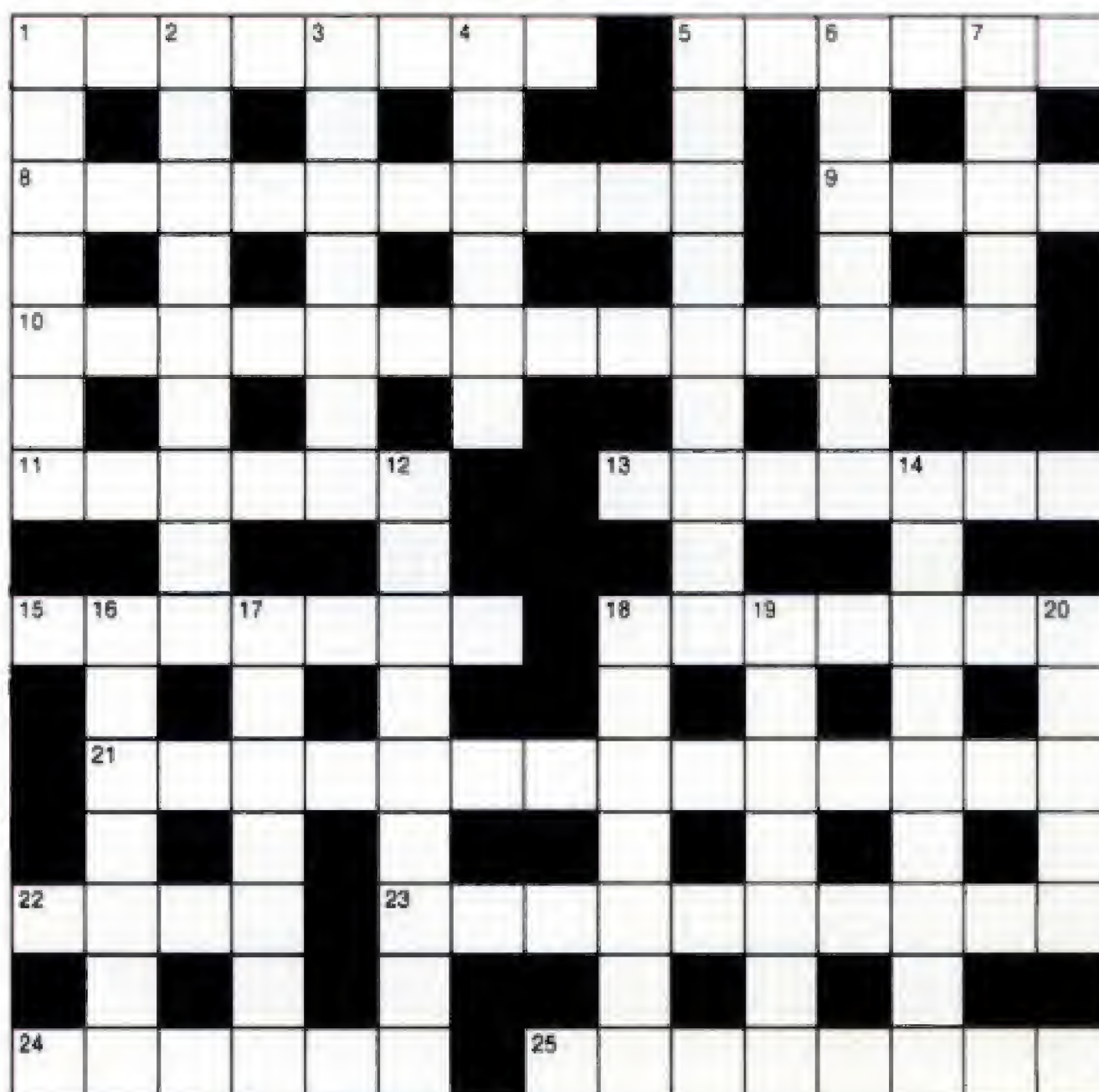
BY ROY BLOUNT JR.

ACROSS

1. Screw and slide down slope on tip of nose — all for Oval Office snack. (4,4)
5. In the second place, he sounds like a bobwhite. (6)
8. Gem adds tone to collard leaves (or putting areas). (10)
9. With 12, uncharitable African-American attitude toward Republicans — apologies to Dr. Thomas A. Harris. (2,2,5,4)
10. What we shall do, according to the song going around prisons and all true leaders, is make up to a fault. (14)
11. In trouble, obey doctor or Dickensian dad. (6)
13. Mays and Horton: what Bush campaign encouraged voters to get re Dukakis. (7)
15. Unfurls, scattering what the cremated are measured in. (7)
18. Ate Pole, reassembled: what anyone might do after drinking heavily. (3,1,3)
21. A native of the Nutmeg State who listens to country music is new to the French Communist pet. (7,7)
22. Be bothered by blues standard: "Trouble in — — — —." (4)
23. Hold a sated Rockefeller. (4,6)
24. Sounds like who? Mr. Charles? Hip, hip! (6)
25. Indignant assertion by farmer accused of overlooking mediocre performance. (1,2,2,3)



GOP Soul Train



DOWN

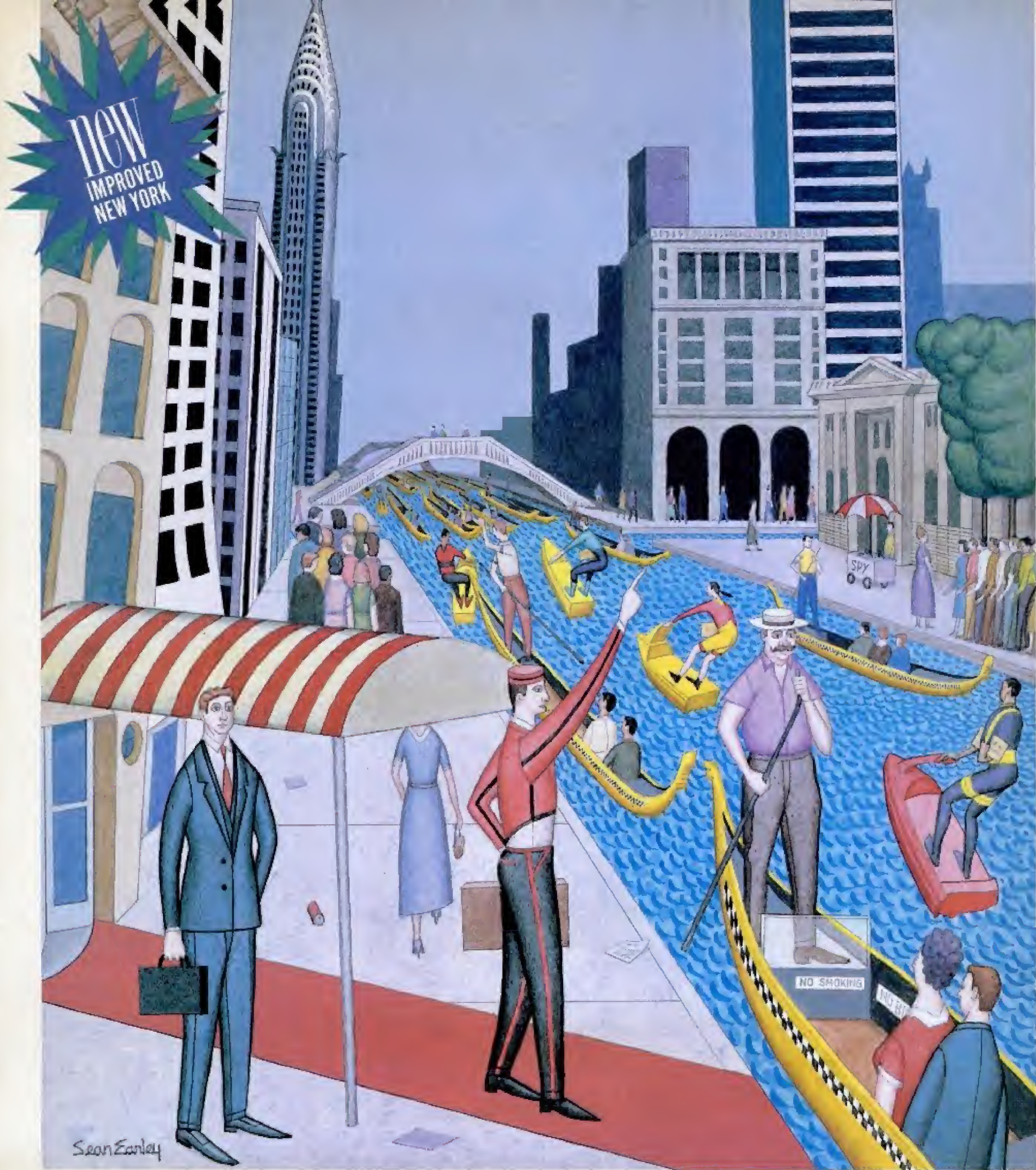
1. Oink! Drop wig in a mess. (3,4)
2. Around East, allude to cat who deals in smoke. (6,3)
3. What "Don't play that song" is to Lee Arwater: southern leader on guard with stick. (4,3)
4. With the beat, or close to the French. (2,4)
5. Of Barbara Bush's proportions (if she hopes to fill Nancy's shoes), or a large mattress's. (5-4)
6. Second first lady a large one in American League. (7)
7. Let's see, now, wasn't it a *Republican* secretary of Agriculture who said all black people want is "a tight pussy, — — — — shoes and a warm place to shit?" (5)
12. See 9 Across.
14. Lines less strange result in ailments. (9)
16. The Gipper joins Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations in rum brand. (3,4)
17. Tremble in horror to call for quiet source of milk. (7)
18. Long-playing prude, stirred, turned Alice Walker's color. (7)
19. Going on forever — as it would be if for Eve. (7)
20. The secretary of Health and Human Services and this will get you a ride on the subway. (5)

The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 121.

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIPPE WEISBECKER

JULY 1989 SPY 119

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THE AVENUE WE'RE TAKING YOU TO,

42nd Street, is now a genuine, fully operational canal. In our New, Improved New York, a trip from the East River to the Hudson is quick, soothing and—with the remaining martial-arts and porn theaters decorated in gay, nautical themes—even charming. The Aqua Velva-like sparkle of the water gives away the secret: the 42nd Street Canal is filled with chlorine-and-dye-enriched amusement-park water. It's deadly to drink, and (to avoid drought-restrictions violations) it's recycled every 17 minutes by huge turbines buried deep beneath the Daily News Building. So grab a checkered gondola (NO SMOKING, NO BILLS OVER \$20, NO DRAGGING YOUR HAND IN THE WATER) and bob along the Great Blue Way. New York's singing gondoliers aren't quite as mellifluous as those in Venice, but they can make electronic drum noises with their mouths, if you like. Watch out for the Jet Ski messengers; they're twice as fast and just as impolite as their two-wheeled counterparts. And best of all, when you finish your business in midtown you can take the Park Avenue Log Flume back downtown—from the Pan Am Building to Union Square in 30 wet, wonderful seconds. **D**

UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS

A band of youths from Harlem horribly assaulted a white jogger in Central Park in the spring, and what is a crossword puzzle to say? Remember when people speaking of urban race relations would forecast, with an awful knowingness, "a long hot summer"? Here's something I jotted down in July 1981:

A lot of white people I talk to lately, from Klansmen in Alabama to mediafolk in Manhattan, are assuming that within the next couple of months, when the Reagan cutbacks start hitting home, everybody is going to come down out of Harlem and do terrible things to white people.

For some reason the people who are assuming this are assuming it with a certain morbid (I would say) relish. Personally, I hope this wave of vengeance doesn't come down, at least not on me. No doubt, as a white person, I deserve it; and I would rather be forced to dance badly to Kool and the Gang until I drop than listen to a Klansman gloat. But the possibility looms that I might have to do both things, and that seems a bit much.

But that is my problem. I ought to be weighing broader questions, such as how a reign of youth gangs would affect the economy of New York City. Money ceases to mean anything if the only people who can hold on to it—and therefore have any demand for it—are muggers. Muggers will begin to mug for goods and services.

As we all know, the eighties, generally speaking, have developed differently. The predominant van-dals have been waves of Republicans unable—or rather, not required—to tell right from wrong. Republicans determined to take in all Americans, white and black, who have any money at all.

This spring a friend in Washington called and said, "I've just been to a party where I saw B.B. King jamming with one of two people who live here. Ron Brown or Lee Atwater. Guess which one." I didn't have to; I'd already seen the tag line in the Times the day after Bush's inauguration gala: LEE ATWATER, BLUESMAN.

Ron Brown, being a black Democrat, can't afford to play the blues. Lee Atwater, being a white Republican, can do any goddamned thing he wants to. Anything except—in the wake of the John Tower matter—drink or womanize (so where's he going to get material for the blues?) or serve on Howard University's board of trustees. Atwater was induced to withdraw from the Howard position by student protesters who accused him of appealing to racism in his management of the Bush campaign. Atwater himself protested, however, "I was unjustly maligned."

I'm an old home boy and I
Been unjustly maligned.
I'm an old home boy and I
Been unjustly maligned.
Yeah, we ran on Willie Horton but I
Didn't think y'all would mind.

Atwater added that he would continue to be "involved in minority concerns." Yes, but which minority? "That limited percentage of black voters either rich or ill-advised enough to feel that they can find a home under the vast delusory Republican umbrella" would be my definition. But I have no right to expect black people to find the Reagan afterglow party abhorrent—after all, wasn't Mrs. Reagan sweet to both Mr. T and that little kid on Diff'rent Strokes?

A black person said to me during the last campaign, in fact, that if the Democrats were going to nominate a boring technocrat wimp instead of Jesse Jackson, then she was going to vote for Bush. To me that's like saying to a bakery that offers nothing but bread, "No, no. If you can't sell me a pie, I'm going elsewhere and eat chalk."

But what do I know. The paper of record has determined the chairman of the Republican National Committee to be a bluesman. (Coming soon: SANDRA DAY O'CONNOR. TORCH SINGER.) I'd better wake up and smell the coffee. On the national level, we're about to realign into two parties, the Republicans and the Hopeless. You'd think the Hopeless would at least get to sing the blues, though. In fact, you'd think if there was one thing in America that couldn't be co-opted by the party of Dan Quayle, Goddamn it, it would be the blues. "Got Those Working on My Image, No Time to Hone My Backswing Blues."

My Washington friend's impression of Atwater is "a hard southern boy who has grown up doing whatever he had to, to rise." I'm not saying he can't play. But bluesmanship is doing whatever you have to, to play the blues. Republicans still don't get that, at least. —R.B.

ACROSS

- To screw is to *pork*, to slide down a slope is to *ski*, and the tip of nose is *n*.
- Dr. Thomas A. Harris wrote the pop-psychology best-seller *I'm OK, You're OK*.
- Obey MD rearranged ("in trouble"). *Dombey and Son*.
- Willie Mays (the baseball immortal), who did not work for the Bush campaign, and Willie Horton (not the former Detroit Tiger but the Massachusetts rapist), who did. In the movie *Personal Services* (based on the adult life of Madame

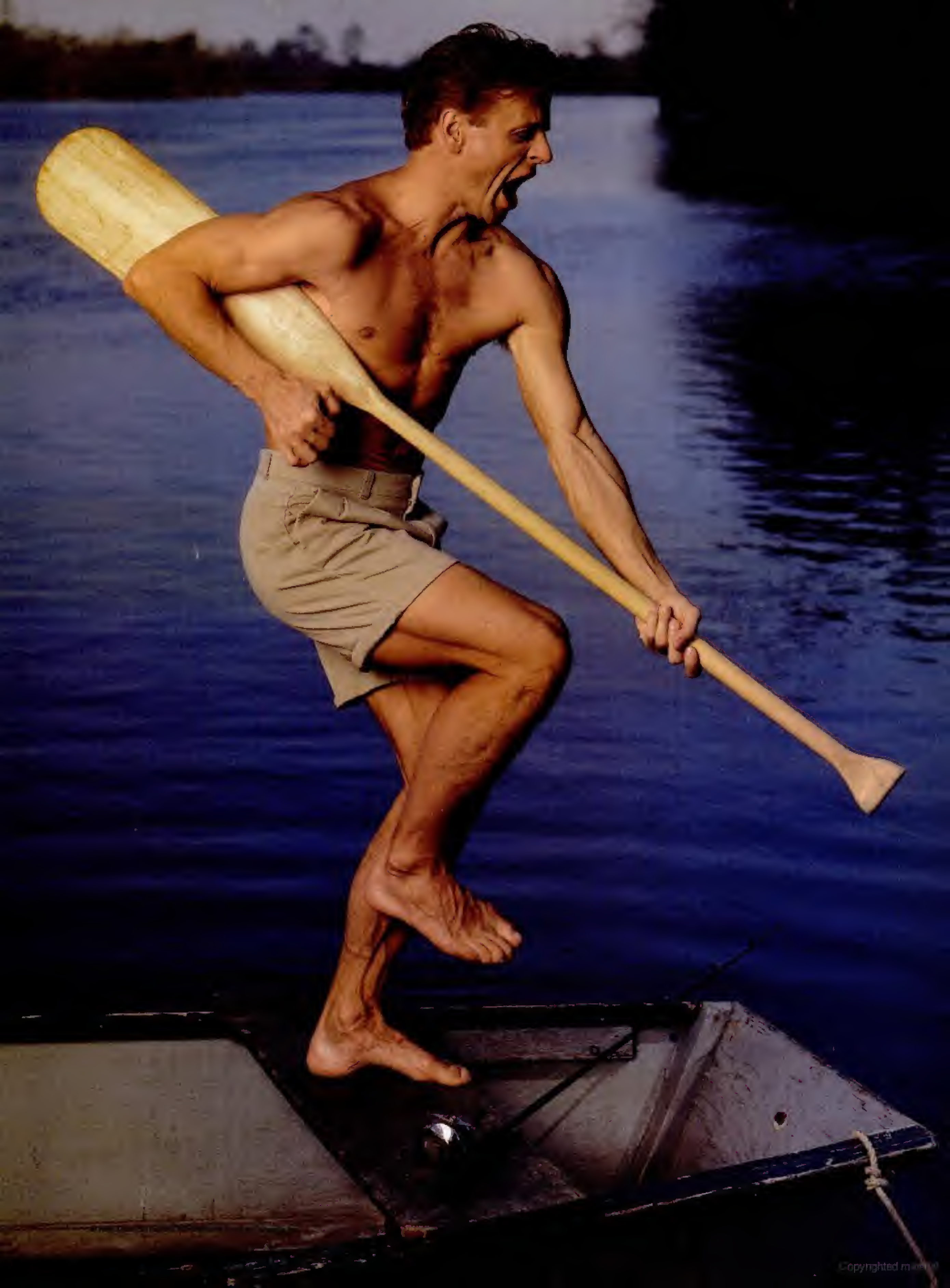
1	P	O	R	K	S	K	I	N		5	Q	U	A	Y	L	E
	I	E	O	N							U	B	O			
6	G	R	E	E	N	S	T	O	N	E		8	I	M	O	K
	W	F	G	I							E	G	S			
10	O	V	E	R	C	O	M	P	E	N	S	A	T	E		
	R		R	U	E						S	I				
11	D	O	M	B	E	Y				13	W	I	L	L	I	E
		A	O								Z	L				
16	U	R	N	S	F	U	L			18	P	E	E	A	L	O
		O	H	R							U	N	N	O		
		21	N	O	U	V	E	A	U	R	E	D	N	E	C	K
		R	D		O						P	L	S	E		
22	M	I	N	D		23	F	U	L	N	E	L	S	O	N	
	C	E	A								E	S	E			
24	H	O	O	R	A	Y				25	I	D	O	S	O	S

Sin, a brothel keeper, whose girlhood inspired the movie *Wish You Were Here*), the lead gets into an argument with her boyfriend about how he ought to be driving the car. On the basis of dogged reasonableness, he is winning—until she blows him away with this clincher: "You and your little willie just keep quiet." That is the level of argument on which the Bush campaign saddled Dukakis with a little-willie image by accusing him of coddling big, black Willies such as Horton.

- "New to the French" is *nouveau*, a Communist is a *red*, and to pet is to *neck*.
- Whether Nelson Rockefeller died sated or even held is not known, I believe.
- Might be mistaken for "I do so-so."

DOWN

- This was going to be *pigfoot*, so that I could suggest that a GOP blues singer would sing "Gimme a pigfoot and a Dom Perignon," but I couldn't find a word beginning with *t* for 11 Across.
- "Don't Play That Song" was an R&B hit for Ben E. King in 1962 (you can hear it on *Atlantic Rhythm and Blues*, Vol. 4) and later for Aretha Franklin, and no doubt Lee Atwater can play it; but it might also be an admonition. *Southern* leader is *s*, plus *on*, *g* for *guard*, and *cue* (a pool stick).
- Abigail Adams: *a*, *big*, and *I* in *AL*.
- To attribute this set of properties to black people alone, as Earl Butz (of Gerald Ford's Cabinet) did, was mighty white of him. As it is of me, no doubt, to insist on thinking of profound black music (not Whitney Houston) as somehow essentially non-Republican. Let's forget the blues for a minute. Look at Jesse Jackson. The Republicans called him for a warm chat. And the Democrats wouldn't even *nominate* him. Look at former Klansman and newly elected Republican legislator David Duke. The Republicans came right out and denounced David Duke. And the Democrats wouldn't even *nominate* him.
- The only tangible good the Bush administration has done for black people so far is to provide presumably nice-paying gigs for Sam Moore, Bo Diddley and other R&B oldsters. This hardly makes up for the \$500,000 in severance pay and deferred compensation from the Morehouse School of Medicine that Louis Sullivan—wishing to avoid any conflict of interest—offered to give up to become the one black member of the Bush Cabinet. And that's not all Sullivan's been willing to give up. Because his views on abortion aren't doctrinaire, the Bush team made a point of surrounding—not to say gelding—him with anti-choice subordinates. He'd said before that he personally disagreed with Bush's stance on abortion, but here he was vowing he would support it. In his tone of voice Sullivan seemed to carry the same deep-measured gravity that black civil-rights spokesmen used to. But what he was saying was, he was going against his own beliefs to hold a job. Of course, hey—white people do that all the time. Why should distinguished blacks be expected to have more moral authority than distinguished people of any other race? In this sort of color blindness may reside the long-sought George Bush vision thing. ☐



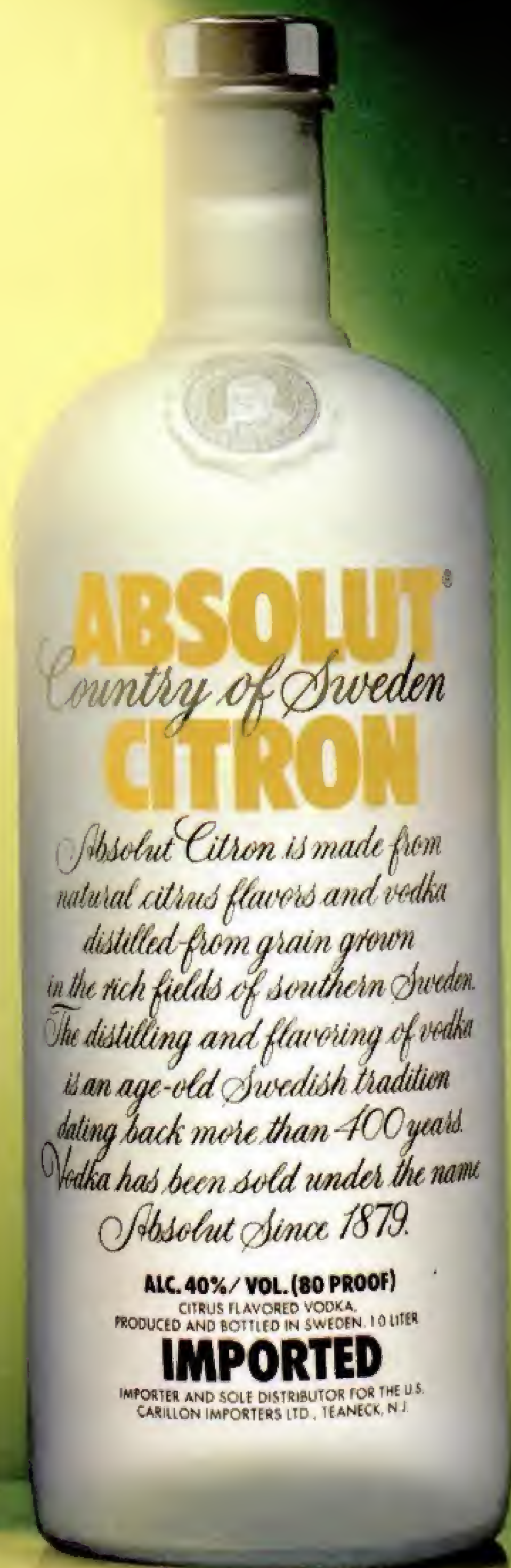
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